ENGLANDS HEROICALL EPISTLES.

NEVVLY CORRECTED.
VVith *Idea.*

By *Michaell Drayton.*

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold
at his shop in Fleetstreete, neere Saint
Dunstones Church. 1602.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reader.

SEeing theſe Epiſtles are now to the world made publique, it is imagined that I ought to bee accountable of my priuate meaning, cheefely for mine owne diſcharge, leaſt beeing miſtaken, I fall in hazard of a iuſt and vniuerſall reprehenſion, for

Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel exceptumque ſiniſtre.

Three poynts are eſpecially therefore to be explained. Firſt, why I entitle this worke Englands heroicall Epiſtles; thē why I obſerue not the perſons dignitie in the dedication; laſtly, why I haue annexed notes to euery Epiſtles end. For the firſt, the title I hope carrieth reaſon in it ſelfe, for that the moſt and greateſt perſons herein were Engliſh, or elſe, that theyr loues were obtained in England. And though (heroicall) be properly vnderſtood of demi-gods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whoſe parents were ſaid to be the one celeſtiall, the other mortall, yet is it alſo tranſferred to them, who for the greatnes of mind come neere to Gods. For to be borne of a celeſtiall Incubus, is nothing elſe but to haue a great and mightie ſpirit, farre aboue the earthly weakeneſſe of men, in which ſence Ouid (whoſe imitator I partly profeſſe to be) doth alſo vſe heroicall. For the ſecond, ſeeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two Epiſtles, but haue theyr ſtates ouermatched by them who are made to ſpeake in the Epiſtles, howeuer the order is in dedication, yet in reſpect of theyr degrees in my deuotion, and the cauſe before recited, I hope they ſuffer no diſparagement, ſeeing euery one is the firſt in theyr particuler inte-

reſt, hauing in ſome ſort, ſorted the complexion of the Epiſtles, to the character of their iudgements to whō I dedicate them, excepting onely the blamefulnes of the perſons paſsion, in thoſe poynts wherein the paſsion is blamefull. Laſtly, ſuch manifeſt difference being betwixt euery one of them, where or howſoeuer they be marſhalled, how can I be iuſtly appeached of vnaduiſement. For the third, becauſe the worke might in truth be iudged brainiſh, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue enterwouen matters hiſtoricall, which vnexplaned, might defraud the minde of much content, as for example, in Queene Margarites *Epiſtle to* VVilliam de la Pole,

My Daizie flower, which once perfum'd the ayre,

Margarite *in French ſignifies a Daizie, which for the alluſion to her name, this Queene did giue for her deuiſe; and this as others more, haue ſeemed to me not vnworthy the explaning.*

Now, though no doubt I had neede to excuſe other thinges beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially, the reſt I ouerpaſſe to eſchue tedious recitall, or to ſpeake as malicious enuy may, for that in truth I ouerſee them. If they be as harmleſly taken as I meant them, it ſhall ſuffice to haue onely touched the cauſe of the title of the dedications, and of the notes, whereby emboldned to publiſh the reſidue, (theſe not being accounted in mens opinions reliſhleſſe) I ſhal not laſtly be afrayd to beleeue & acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

6 OC 62 M. D.

To M. *Michaell Drayton.*

HOw can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, throwne his Inke away,
Deteſts the world and company of men,
Becauſe they grow more hateſull day by day.
Yet with theſe broken reliques, mated mind,
And what a iuſtly-greeued thought can ſay:
I giue the world to know, I nere could find,
A worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe verſe, an obiect for the proudeſt eye;
Diſdaine thoſe which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them they know not how they ſhould diſcry,
The ſecret paſsions of a wittie louer.
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe ſhall know,
vvhom Beauty ſchooles to hold the blind Boyes bow.

Once I had vow'd, (ô who can all vowes keepe?)
Hence-forth to ſmother my vnlucky Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dies. Then doe as kindsfolks vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my now-dying-ſtile,
As I haue op'ned thy ſweet babes ere-while.

E. Sc. Gent.
Duris decus omen.

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To M. *Michaell Drayton.*

LOng haue I wiſh'd and hop'd my weaker Muſe,
(In nothing ſtrong but my vnhappie loue)
vvould giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the world as, named, Poets vſe;
But ſtill her fruitleſſe boſome doth refuſe
To bleſſe me with indifferencie of praiſe,
Not daring (like to many) to abuſe,
That title which true worth ſhould onelie raiſe:
Thus bankerout and diſpairing of mine owne,
I ſet my wiſh and hope (kind friend) on thee,
vvhoſe fruite approu'd, and better fortune knowne,
Tels me thy Muſe, my loues ſole heire muſt be;
So barren wombs embrace their neighbours yong,
So dumbe men ſpeake by them that haue a tong.

Thomas Haſſell Gent.

6 0C62

To M. *Michaell Drayton.*

NOw I perceaue *Pythagoras* deuin'd,
VVhen he that mocked *Maxim* did maintaine,
That ſpirits once ſpoil'd, reueſted were againe;
Though chang'd in ſhape, remaining one in mind;
Theſe loue-ſicke Princes paſsionate eſtates,
VVho feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That *Ouids* ſoule reuiues in *Drayton* now,
Still learn'd in loue, ſtill rich in rare conceites;
This pregnant ſpirit affecting further skill,
Oft alt'ring forme, from vulgar wits retir'd,
In diuers Ideoms mightilie admir'd,
Did proſecute that ſacred ſtudie ſtill;
VVhile to a full perfection now attain'd,
He ſings ſo ſweetly that him ſelfe is ſtain'd.

VVilliam Alexander.-Scotus.

6 0062

To the excellent Ladie *Lucie*, Countesse of Bedford.

MAdam, after all the admired wits of this excellent age, which haue laboured in the sad complaints of faire and vnfortunate Rosamond, and by the excellency of inuention, haue sounded the depth of her sundry passions: I present to your Ladiship this Epistle of hers to King Henry, whom I may rather call her louer then beloued. Heere must your Ladishippe behold variablenes in resolution: woes constantly grounded: laments abruptly broken off: much confidence, no certainty, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers: and many deformed cares, in one vniformed Epistle. I striue not to affect singularity, yet would faine flie imitation, & prostrate mine own wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye must modell foorth what my pen hath layd together, much would she say to a King, much would I say to a Countesse, but that the method of my Epistle must conclude the modesty of hers: which I wish may recommend my euer vowed seruice to your honour.

Michaell Drayton.

The Epiſtle of *Roſamond* to King *Henrie* the ſecond.

(***)

¶ The Argument.

Henry *the ſecond of that name, King of England, the ſonne of* Geffrey Plantaginet, *Earle of Anjou, and* Maude *the Empreſſe, hauing by long ſute and princely gifts, wonne (to his vnlawfull deſire) faire* Roſamond, *the daughter of the Lord* VValter Clyfford, *and to auoyde the danger of* Ellinor *his iealous Queene, had cauſed a Labyrinth to be made within his Pallace at VVoodſtocke, in the center whereof, he had lodged his beauteous paramore. VVhilſt the King is abſent in his warres in Normandie, this poore diſtreſſed Lady, incloſed in this ſolitarie place, tutcht with remorſe of conſcience, writes vnto the King of her diſtreſſe and miſerable eſtate, vrging him by all meanes and perſwaſions, to cleere himſelfe of this infamie, and her of the griefe of minde, by taking away her wretched life.*

IF yet thine eyes (great *Henry*) may endure
Theſe tainted lines, drawne with a hand impure,
vvhich faine would bluſh, but feare keepes bluſhes back,
And therefore ſuted in diſpayring black,
This in loues name, ô that theſe lips might craue,
But that ſweet name (vile I) prophaned haue,

Puniſh my fault, or pittie mine eſtate,
Reade it for loue, if not for loue, for hate.
If with my ſhame thine eyes thou faine wouldſt feede,
Heere let them ſurfeit, on my ſhame to reede;
This ſcribled paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble mee;
As this pure ground, whereon theſe letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule offence,
So cleere and ſpotleſſe was mine innocence.
Now like theſe marks which taint this hatefull ſcroule,
Such the black ſinnes which ſpot my leprous ſoule,
O *Henry*, why by loſſe thus ſhould'ſt thou win?
To get by conqueſt? to enrich with ſinne?
VVhy on my name this ſlaunder dooſt thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a King?
Fame neuer ſtoopes to things but meane and poore,
The more our greatnes, makes our fault the more.
Lights on the ground, themſelues doe leſſen farre,
But in the ayre, each ſmall ſparke ſeemes a ſtarre.
VVhy on a womans frailtie would'ſt thou lay
This ſubtile plot, mine honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy
vvith vile expence of kingly maieſtie?
Twas not my minde conſented to this ill,
Then had I beene tranſported by my will,
For what my body was enforſt to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my ſoule did not conſent vnto;
For through mine eyes had ſhe her liking ſeene,
Such as my loue, ſuch had my Louer beene.
True loue is ſimple, like his mother Truth,

Kindly

Kindly affection, youth to loue with youth;
No sharper corsiue to our blooming yeeres,
Then the cold badge of vvinter-blasted haires.
Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,
But canst not keepe back age, with time it growes.
Though honour our ambitious sex doth please,
Yet in that honour, age a foule disease,
Nature hath her free course in all, and then,
Age is alike in Kings, and other men,
vvhich all the world will to my shame impute
That I my selfe did basely prostitute;
And say that gold was fuell to the fire,
Gray haires in youth not kindling greene desire.
O no; that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree,
That subtile Serpent, that seducing deuill,
vvhich bad me tast the fruite of good and euill;
That *Circe*, by whose magick I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd;
That viperous hag, the foe to her owne kinde,
That wicked spirit vnto the weaker minde;
Our frailties plague, our natures onely curse,
Hels deep'st damnation, the worst euills worse.
But *Henrie*, how canst thou affect me thus
T'whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless name, with *Henries* name I found,
Cut in the glasse with *Henries* Diamond,
That glasse from thence faine would I take away;
But then I feare the ayre would me betray;
Then doe I striue to wash it out with teares,
But then the same more euident appeares.

Then doe I couer it with my guiltie hand,
VVhich that names witnes doth againſt me ſtand;
Once did I ſinne, which memory doth cherriſh,
Once I offended, but I euer perriſh.
VVhat griefe can be, but time doth make it leſſe?
But infamie time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes to paſſe the tedious irkeſome howres,
I climbe the top of VVoodſtocks mounting towres,
vvhere in a Turret ſecretly I lye
To view from farre ſuch as doe trauaile by,
vvhether (me thinks) all caſt theyr eyes at mee
As through the ſtones my ſhame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch hate the harmeleſſe walls doe view,
As vnto death theyr eyes would me purſue.
The married women curſe my hatefull life,
vvhich wrong a lawfull bed, a Queene, a wife;
The maydens wiſh I buried quick may die,
The lothſome ſtaine to their virginitie.
VVell knew'ſt thou what a monſter I would bee
vvhen thou didſt build this Labyrinth for mee,
vvhoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way,
Be like the courſe wherein my youth did ſtray;
Onely a Clue to guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I, circuler in ſin.
As in the Tarras heere this other day
My mayd and I did paſſe the time away,
Mongſt many pictures which we paſſed by,
The ſilly girle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſt *Lucrece* picture, and deſires to know
vvhat ſhe ſhould be herſelfe that murdred ſo?
VVhy girle (quoth I) this is that Romane dame,

Not

Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine owne guiltineſſe betray;
vvith that I ſend the pratling girle away,
Leaſt when my liſping guiltie tongue ſhould hault,
My lookes ſhould be the Index to my fault.
As that life blood which from the hart is ſent,
In beauties fielde pitching his crimſon Tent,
In louely ſanguine ſutes the Lilly cheeke,
vvhilſt it but for a reſting place doth ſeeke;
And changing often-times with ſweet delight,
Conuerts the white to red, the red to white.
The louely bluſh, the palenes doth diſtaine,
The palenes makes the bluſh more faire againe;
Thus in my breſt a thouſand thoughts I carry,
vvhich in my paſsion diuerſly doe varry.
VVhen as the ſunne hales towards the VVeſterne ſlade,
And the trees ſhadowes three times greater made,
Forth goe I to a little Current neere,
vvhich like a vvanton traile creepes here and there,
vvhere with mine angle caſting in my baite,
The little fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
vvith fearefull nibbling flie th'inticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lyes therein.
Things reaſonleſſe thus warnd by nature be,
Yet I deuour'd the baite was layd for me;
Thinking thereon, and breaking into grones,
The bubling ſpring which trips vpon the ſtones,
Chides me away, leaſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that natiue puritie.
Roſe of the World, ſo doth import my name,
Shame of the World, my life hath made the ſame.

And to th'vnchaſt this name ſhall giuen be,
Of *Roſamond*, deriu'd from ſinne and me.
The *Clyffords* take from me that name of theyrs,
Famous for vertue many hundred yeeres.
They blot my birth with hatefull baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuſe,
Nor will a ſtrumpet ſhall theyr name abuſe.
Heere in the garden wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the fountaine ſtands,
vvith all her Nimphes got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chaunce eſpide her;
This ſacred Image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphoſd man purſu'd
By his owne hounds; ſo by my thoughts am I,
vvhich chaſe me ſtill, which way ſo ere I flie.
Touching the graſſe, the honny-dropping dew,
vvhich falls in teares before my limber ſhue,
Vpon my foote conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, vvhy went'ſt thou vnto ill?
Thus to no place in ſafety can I goe,
But euery thing doth giue me cauſe of woe.
In that faire Casket of ſuch wondrous coſt
Thou ſent'ſt the night before mine honour loſt,
Amimone was wrought, a harmeles mayd,
By *Neptune* that adulterous God betrayd;
Shee proſtrate at his feete begging with prayers,
vvringing her hands, her eyes ſwolne vp with teares;
This was not the entrapping baite of men,
But by thy vertue gentle warning then;
To ſhew to me for what intent it came,

Leaſt

Leaſt I therein ſhould euer keepe my ſhame.
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
vvat *loues* loue *I-o*, turnd into a Cow.
Yet was ſhee kept with *Argus* hundred eyes,
So wakefull ſtill be *Iunos* iealouſies ;
By this I well might haue forewarned beene,
T'haue cleerd my ſelfe to thy ſuſpecting Queene,
vvho with more hundred eyes attendeth mee
Then had poore *Argus* ſingle eyes to ſee.
In this thou rightly imitateſt *loue*,
Into a beaſt thou haſt transformd thy loue.
Nay worſer farre ; (degenerate from kinde)
A monſter, both in body and in mind.
The waxen Taper which I burne by night,
vvith his dull vapory dimnes mocks my ſight ;
As though the damp which hinders his cleere flame,
Came from my breath, in that night of my ſhame,
vvhen it did burne as darkenes vgly eye,
vvhen ſhot the ſtarre of my virginitie.
And if a ſtarre but by the glaſſe appeare,
I ſtraight intreate it not to looke in heere ;
I am already hateſull to the light,
It is enough, betray me not to night.
Then ſith my ſhame ſo much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that by onely murdring me;
And let it iuſtly to my charge be layde,
Thy royall perſon I would haue betrayd ;
Thou ſhalt not neede by circumſtance t'accuſe mee,
If I denie it, let the heauens refuſe mee.
My life's a blemiſh which doth cloude thy name,
Take it away, and cleere ſhall ſhine thy fame.

Yeeld to my ſute, if euer pittie moou'd thee,
In this ſhew mercy, as I euer lou'd thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Well knew'ſt thou what a monſter I would bee,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for mee.

IN the *Cretean* Labyrinth a monſter was incloſed, called a *Minotaur*, the hyſtorie whereof is well knowne, but the Labyrinth was framed by *Dædalus*, vvith ſo many intricate wayes, that being entred, one could either hardlie or neuer returne, being in manner of a maze ſaue that it was larger, the waies being walld in on euery ſide, out of the which *Theſeus* by *Ariadnes* helpe (lending him a clue of thred) eſcaped. Some report that it was a houle, hauing one halfe beneath the ground, another aboue, the chamber doores therein ſo deceitfullie enwrapped, and made to open ſo manie ſundry wayes, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſſible to returne.

Some haue held it to haue beene an Allegory of mans life, true it is that the compariſon will hold, for what liker to a Labyrinth then the maze of life? But it is affirmed by antiquitie, that there was indeede ſuch a building, though *Dædalus* being a name applyed to the workmans excellencie, make it ſuſpected: for *Dædalus* is nothing els but ingenious, or artificiall. Heerevpon it is vſed among the auncient Poets, for any thing curiouſlie wrought.

Roſamonds Labyrinth, whoſe ruins together with her vvell beeing paued with ſquare ſtone in the bottome, and alſo her Tower from which the Labyrinth did runne, (are yet remaining) was altogether vnder ground beeing vaults arched and walled with brick and ſtone, almoſt inextricably wounde one within another, by which if at any time her lodging were layd about by the queene, ſhee might eaſilie auoyde perrill imminent, and if neede be, by ſecrete iſſues take the ayre abroade, manie furlongs round about Woodſtocke in Oxfordſhire, wherein it was ſituated. Thus much for *Roſamonds* Labyrinth.

Whoſe ſtrange Meanders turned euery way.

Meander is a riuer in *Lycia*, a prouince of *Natolia*, or *Aſia minor*, famous for the ſinuoſitie and often turning thereof, riſing from certaine

taine hils in *Mæonia*, hereupon are intricate turnings by a transumtiue and metonimicall kind of speech, called *Mæanders*, for this Riuer did so strangely path it selfe, that the foote seemed to touch the head.

Rose of the world, so doth import my name,
Shame of the world my life hath made the same.

It might be reported, howe at *Godstowe* where this Rose of the world was sumptuously interred, a certaine Bishop in the visitation of his Diocesse, caused the monument which had beene erected to her honour, vtterly to be demolished, but be that seuere chastilement of *Rosamond* then dead, at this time also ouerpassed, least shee shoulde seeme to be the *Shame of the world.*

Henry to *Rosamond.*

WHen first the Post arriued at my Tent,
And brought the Letters *Rosamond* had sent,
Thinke frō his lips, but what sweet cōfort came,
vvhen in mine eare he softly breath'd thy name
Straight I enioyne him of thy health to tell,
Longing to heare my *Rosamond* did well;
VVith new enquiries then I cut him short
vvhen of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest hast my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe spoke out of his lips;
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To loose no time whild I vnript the seale.
The more I read, still doe I erre the more,
As though mistaking somwhat said before.
Missing the poynt, the doubtfull sence is broken,
Speaking againe, what I before had spoken,
Still in a swound, my hart reuiues and faints,
Twixt hopes, dispaires, twixt smiles, and deepe complaints.

As

As theſe ſad accents ſort in my deſires,
Smooth calmes, rough ſtormes, ſharp froſts, & raging fires,
Put on with boldnes, and put backe with feares,
My tongue with curſes, when mine eyes with teares.
O how my hart at that black line did tremble,
That blotted paper ſhould thy ſelfe reſemble;
O were there paper but neere halfe ſo white,
The Gods thereon their ſacred lawes would write
vvith pens of Angells wings, and for their inke,
That heauenly Nectar, their immortall drinke.
Maieſticke courage ſtriues to haue ſuppreſt
This fearefull paſsion ſtird vp in my breſt,
But ſtill in vaine the ſame I goe about,
My hart muſt breake within, or woe breakes out,
Am I at home purſu'd with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?
Is meager Enuie ſtabbing at my throne,
Treaſon attending when I walke alone?
And am I branded with the curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemn'd by dreadfull counſels dombe?
And by the pride of my rebellious ſonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my birth, vnfortunate my life,
Vnkind my children, moſt vnkind my wife.
Griefe, cares, old age, ſuſpition to torment me,
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me,
So many woes, ſo many plagues to finde,
Sicknes of body, diſcontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, ioy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken, and afflicted;
Of all reliefe hath fortune quite bereft me?

Onely

Onely my loue vnto my comfort left me,
And is one beautie thought ſo great a thing,
To mittigate the ſorrowes of a King?
Barr'd of that choiſe the vulgar often proue,
Haue we (then they) leſſe priuiledge in loue?
Is it a King, the wofull widdow heares?
Is it a King, dries vp the Orphans teares?
Is it a King, regards the Clyants cry?
Giues life to him by law condemnd to die?
Is it his care, the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the Nurſe her babie whilſt it ſleepes?
And that poore king, of all theſe hopes preuented,
Vnheard, vnhelp'd, vnpitted, vnlamented,
Yet let me be with pouertie oppreſt,
Of earthly bleſsings robd, and diſpoſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd, reiected, and reuild,
From Kingdome, Country, and from Court exild;
Let the worlds curſe vpon me ſtill remaine,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt againe;
All miſeries that wretched man may wound,
Leaue for my comfort, onely *Roſamond*,
For thee ſwift time her ſpeedie courſe doth ſtay,
At thy commaund the Deſtenies obay;
Pittie is dead, that comes not from thines eyes,
And at thy feete, euen mercie proſtrate lyes;
If I were feeble, rheumatick, or cold,
Theſe were true ſignes that I were waxed old,
But I can march all day in maſsie ſteele,
Nor yet my armes vnweldy weight doe feele,
Nor wak'd by night, with bruiſe or bloody wound,
The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground;

For very age had I laine bedred long,
One ſmile of thine againe could make me yong.
VVere there in Art a power but ſo diuine
As is in that ſweet Angell-tongue of thine,
That great Enchantreſſe which once tooke ſuch paines,
To force young blood in *Æſons* wither'd vaines,
And from Groues, Mountaines, and the mooriſh Fen,
Vs'd all the hearbs, ordayn'd to vſe of men,
And in the powerfull potion that ſhe makes,
Puts blood of men, of birds, of beaſts, of ſnakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone ſo far,
To ſeeke the ſoiles where all thoſe ſimples are,
One accent from thy lips, the blood more warmes,
Then all her philters, exorciſmes, and charmes.
Thy preſence hath repaired in one day,
vvhat many yeeres and ſorrowes did decay,
And made freſh beauties faireſt branches ſpring
From wrinkled furrowes of times ruining.
Euen as the hungry vvinter-ſtarued earth,
vvhen ſhe by nature labours towards her birth,
Still as the day vpon the darke world creepes,
One bloſſome forth after another peepes,
Till the ſmal flower whoſe roote is now vnbound
Gets from the froſtie priſon of the ground,
Spreading the leaues vnto the powerfull noone,
Deck'd in freſh colours, ſmiles vpon the ſunne.
Neuer vnquiet care lodg'd in that breſt,
vvhere but one thought of *Roſamond* did reſt;
Nor thirſt, nor trauaile, which on warre attend,
Ere brought the long day to deſired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine liue

vvhere

vvhere hope of thee, did any comfort giue,
Ah what iniuſtice then is this of thee
That thus the guiltleſſe dooſt condemne for me?
vvhen onely ſhe (by meanes of my offence)
Redeemes thy purenes, and thy innocence,
vvhen to our wills perforce obey they muſt,
That iuſt in them, what ere in vs vniuſt;
Of what we doe, not them account we make,
The fault craues pardon for th'offenders ſake,
And what to worke a Princes will may merrit,
Hath deep'ſt impreſsion in the gentleſt ſpirit;
If't be my name that doth thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne names friend;
And if't be that which thou dooſt onely hate,
That name, in my name, laſtly hath his date.
Say tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it.
Say that of all names tis a name of woe,
Once a Kings name, but now it is not ſo.
And when all this is done, I know twill grieue thee,
And therefore (ſweet) why ſhould I now belieue thee?
Nor ſhould'ſt thou thinke thoſe eyes with enuie lower,
vvhich paſsing by thee, gaze vp to thy tower;
But rather praiſe thine owne which be ſo cleere,
vvhich from the Turret like two ſtarres appeare;
Aboue the ſunne doth ſhine, beneath thine eye,
Mocking the heauen to make another skye.
The little ſtreame which by thy tower doth glide,
vvhere oft thou ſpend'ſt the wearie euening tide,
To view thee well his courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoone away;

And

And with salutes thy selfe would gladly greete,
And offer vp those small drops at thy feete,
But finding that the enuious banks restraine it,
T'excuse it selfe, doth in this sort complaine it,
And therefore this sad bubling murmur keepes,
And in this sort within the channell weepes.
And as thou dooſt into the water looke,
The fish which see thy shadow in the brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the lustre of thine eye.
And that sweet name which thou so much dooſt wrong,
In time shall be some famous Poets song;
And with the very sweetnes of that name,
Lyons and Tygers, men shall learne to tame.
The carefull mother from her pensiue breſt
vvith *Rosamond* shall bring her babe to rest;
The little birds, (by mens continuall sonnd)
Shall learne to speake, and prattle *Rosamond*,
And when in Aprill they begin to sing,
vvith *Rosamond* shall welcome in the spring;
And she in whom all rarities are found,
Shall still be sayd to be a *Rosamond*.
The little flowers which dropping honied dew,
vvhich (as thou writ'ſt) doe weepe vpon thy shue,
Not for thy fault (sweet *Rosamond*) doe mone,
But weepe for griefe that thou so soone art gone,
For if thy foote tuch Hemlock as it goes,
That Hemlock's made more sweeter then the Rose,
Of *Ioue* or *Neptune* how they did betray,
Nor speake of *I-o*, or *Amimone*,
vvhen she for whom *Ioue* once became a Bull,

Com-

Compar'd with thee, had beene a tawny trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he, nor ſhe, neere halfe ſo white as thou.
Long ſince (thou knowſt) my care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealous *Ellenor*,
The Labyrinths conueyance guides thee ſo,
(vvhich onely *Vahan*, thou and I doe know)
If ſhe doe guard thee with a hundred eyes,
I haue an hundred ſubtile *Mercuries*,
To watch that *Argus* which my loue doth keepe,
Vntill eye, after eye, fall all to ſleepe.
Thoſe ſtarres looke in by night, looke in to ſee,
vvondring what ſtar heere on the earth ſhould be.
As oft the moone amidſt the ſilent night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly light,
And by the curtaine help'd mine eye to ſee
vvhat enuious night and darknes hid from mee;
vvhen I haue wiſh'd that ſhe might euer ſtay,
And other worlds might ſtill enioy the day,
vvhat ſhould I ſay? vvords, teares, and ſighes be ſpent,
And want of time doth further helpe preuent:
My campe reſounds with fearefull ſhocks of war,
Yet in my breaſt the worſer conflicts are;
Yet is my ſignall to the battailes ſound,
The bleſſed name of beautious *Roſamond*.
Accurſed be that hart, that tongue, that breath,
Should thinke, ſhould ſpeake, or whiſper of thy death.
For in one ſmile, or lower from thy ſweet eye,
Conſiſts my life, my hope, my victorie.
Sweet VVoodſtocke, where my *Roſamond* doth reſt,
Bleſſed in her, in whom thy King is bleſt;

For

For though in Fraunce a while my bodie be,
(Sweet Paradice) my hart remaines in thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Am I at home pursued with priuate hate,
And warre comes raging to my Pallace gate?

Robert Earle of Leicester, who tooke part with young King *Henry*, entred into England with an Armie of 3. thousand Flemmings, & spoiled the Countries of Norfolke and Suffolke, being succoured by manie of the Kings priuate enemies.

And am I branded with the curse of Rome?

King *Henry* the second, the first *Plantaginet*, accused for the death of *Thomas Becket*, Archbishop of Canterburie, slaine in the Cathedrall Church, was accursed by Pope *Alexander*, although hee vrg'd sufficient proofe of his innocencie in the same, and offered to take vpon him any pennance, so he might escape the curse and interdiction of the Realme.

And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich Normandie with Armies ouer-runne.

Henry the young King, whom King *Henry* had caused to be crowned in his life, (as he hoped) both for his owne good and the good of his Subiects, which indeede turned to his owne sorrowe, and the trouble of the whole Realme, for he rebelled against him, and raising a power, by the meanes of *Lewes* King of Fraunce, and *William* king of Scots, who tooke part with him, inuaded Normandie.

Vnkind my children, most vnkind my wife.

Neuer King more infortunate then King *Henry*, in the disobedience of his children: first *Henry*, then *Geffrey*, then *Richard*, then *Iohn*, all at one time or other, first or last, vnnaturally rebelled against him: then the iealousie of *Ellinor* his Queene, who suspected his loue to *Rosamond*, which grieuous troubles, the deuout of those times, attributed to happen vnto him iustly. for refusing to take vppon him the gouernment of Ierusalem, offered vnto him by the Patriarcke there; which country was mightilie afflicted by the Souldane.

Whiles

Which onely Vahan *thou and I doe know.*

This *Vahan* was a Knight whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Pallace at Woodstock, & much of the Kings iewels & treasure, to whom the King committed many of his secrets, & in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his loue vnto his charge.

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King *Iohn* to *Matilda*.

¶ The Argument.

After that King Iohn *had assaied by all meanes possible, to win the faire & chast* Matilda, *to his vnchast and vnlawful bed, and by vniust courses and false accusation had banished the Lord* Robert Fitzwater *her noble Father, and many other of his allies, who iustlie withstoode the desire of this wanton King, seeking the dishonour of his faire and vertuous daughter; this chast Lady, still solicited by this lasciuious King, flies vnto* Dunmowe *in Essex, where in a Nunnery she becomes a Nunne, whether the King (still persisting in his sute) solicites her by his Epistle; her reply confirmes her vowed and inuincible chastitie, making knowne to the King her pure vnspotted thoughts.*

WHen these my Letters come vnto thy view,
Thinke them not forc'd, or faind, or strange, or new,
Thou know'st no way, no meanes, no course exempted,
Left now vnsought, vnproou'd, or vnattempted,
All rules, regards, all secret helps of Art,
vvhat knowledge, wit, experience can impart;
And in the old worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good dayes for loue, times, howres, & minutes noted;

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vvhat knowledge, wit, experience can impart;
And in the old worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good dayes for loue, times, howres, & minutes noted;

And where Arte left, loue teacheth more to finde,
By ſignes in preſence to expreſſe the minde.
Oft hath mine eye told thine eye, beautie grieu'd it,
And begd but for one looke to haue relieu'd it,
And ſtill with thine eyes motion, mine eye mou'd,
Labouring for mercy, telling how it lou'd.
If bluſh'd, I bluſh'd, thy cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My red, thy red, my whitnes anſwered thine;
If ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, alike both paſsion proue,
But thy ſigh is for griefe, my ſigh for loue;
If a word paſt, that inſufficient were,
To helpe that word, mine eyes let forth a teare,
And if that teare did dull or ſenceleſſe proue,
My hart would fetch a ſigh, to make it moue.
Oft in thy face, one fauour from the reſt
I ſingled forth, that likes my fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both thoſe lik'd before;
Then one that doth deriue all wonder thence,
Then one whoſe rarenes paſſeth excellence.
VVhilſt I behold thy Globe-like rowling eye,
Thy louely cheeke (me thinks) ſtands ſmiling by
And tels me, thoſe but ſhadowes and ſuppoſes,
And bids me thether come and gather Roſes;
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to mee
To come to it, if wonders I will ſee
Now haue I done, and now thy dimpled chin
Againe doth tell me I but new begin,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy lip,
Leaſt wondring leaſt, the great'ſt I ouerſlip.
My gazing eye, on this and this doth ceaze,

vvhich surfets, yet cannot desire appease.
Then like I browne, (ô louely browne thy haire)
Onely in brownenes, beautie dwelleth there.
Then loue I blacke, thine eye-ball black as Iet,
Then cleere, that ball is there in Christall set,
Then white, but snow, nor swan, nor Iuorie please,
Then are thy teeth more whiter then all these;
In browne, in black, in purenes, and in white,
All loue, all sweets, all rarenes, all delight;
Thus thou vile theefe, my stolne hart hence doo'st carry,
And now thou flies't into a Sanctuarie;
Fie peeuish girle, ingratefull vnto nature,
Did she to this end frame thee such a creature
That thou her glory should'st increase thereby,
And thou alone doost scorne societie?
VVhy, heauen made beauty like herselfe to view,
Not to be lock'd vp in a smoky Mew,
A rosy-tainted feature is heanens gold,
vvhich all men ioy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begun
That so rare beautie should not liue a Nun.
But if this vow thou needs wilt vndertake,
O were mine armes a Cloister for thy sake,
Still may his paines for euer be augmented,
This superstition that at first inuented,
Ill might he thriue, that brought this custome hether,
That holy people might not liue together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
vvhen holy women, liu'd with holy men;
But Kings in this, yet priuiledg'd may be,
Ile be a Munke, so I may liue with thee.

VVho would not riſe to ring the mornings knell,
vvhen thy ſweet lips might be the facring bell?
Or what is he not willingly would faſt,
That on thoſe lips, might feaſt his lips at laſt?
VVho vnto Mattens earely would not riſe,
That might reade by the light of thy faire eyes?
On worldly pleaſures who would euer looke,
That had thy curles his beades, thy browes his booke?
VVert thou the Croſſe, to thee who would not creepe?
And wiſh the Croſſe, ſtill in his armes to keepe.
Sweet girle, Ile take this holy habite on mee,
Of meere deuotion that is come vpon mee,
Holy *Matilda*, thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy ſeruaunt, and my bed thy ſhrine.
VVhen I doe offer, be thy breſt the Altar,
And when I pray, thy mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The beads that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet kiſſes,
vvhich we will number, if one pleaſure miſſes,
And when an *Auie* comes to ſay Amen,
vve will begin, and tell them or'e againe,
Now all good fortune giue me happy thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t'abſolue thee after ſhrift.
But ſee how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while,
Thou took'ſt this vow to equall my deſire
Becauſe thou wouldſt haue me to be a Frier,
And that we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy ſiſter, and a holy brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe vnto me alone,
Shee is moſt chaſt, that's but enioyd of one.
Yea, now thy true deuotion doe I find,

And ſure in this I much commend thy mind;
Els heere thou dooſt but ill enſample giue,
And in a Nunry thus thou ſhouldſt not liue.
Is't poſsible the houſe that thou art in
Should not be tucht, (though with a veniall ſin)
vvhen ſuch a ſhe-prieſt comes her maſſe to ſay,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray.
vvel may we wiſh they would their harts amend,
vvhen we be witnes that theyr eyes offend,
All creatures haue deſires, or elſe ſome lie,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Dooſt thou not thinke our aunceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe religious Cels did firſt deuiſe?
As Hoſpitalls were for the ſore and ſicke,
Theſe for the crook'd, the hault, the ſtigmatick,
Leaſt that their ſeede mark'd with deformitie,
Should be a blemiſh to poſteritie.
VVould heau'n her beautie ſhould be hid from ſight,
Nere would ſhe thus herſelfe adorne with light,
VVith ſparkling lamps; nor would ſhe paint her throne
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd vpon;
And when the golden glorious ſun goes downe,
vvould ſhee put on her ſtar-beſtudded crowne;
And in her masking ſute the ſpangled skie,
Come forth to bride it in her reuelrie;
And gaue this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her faſhion.
All things that faire, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer themſelues of purpoſe to be ſeene;
In ſinks and vaults, the vgly Toades doe dwell,
The deuils ſince moſt vgly, they in hell;

Our mother earth, nere glorious in her fruite,
Till by the ſun clad in her Tinſell ſute.
Nor doth ſhee euer ſmile him in the face,
Till in his glorious armes he her embrace;
vvhich proues ſhe hath a ſoule, ſence, & delight
Of generations feeling appetite.
vvell hipocrite (in faith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
vvhat ere thy tongue ſay, thy hart ſaith no leſſe.
Note but this one thing, (if nought els perſwade)
Nature of all things male, and female made,
Shewing herſelfe in our proportion plaine,
For neuer made ſhe any thing in vaine;
For as thou art, ſhould any haue beene thus,
Shee would haue left enſample vnto vs.
The Turtle that's ſo true and chaſt in loue,
Shewes by her mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue,
Th'arabian bird, that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſt becauſe ſhe is alone;
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes doe,
But therefore made a Martyr in deſire,
And doth her pennance laſtly in the fire;
So may they all be roſted quicke that be
Apoſtataes to nature, as is ſhee.
Find me but one, ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(vvoo'd, ſu'd, & ſought, by him that now ſeekes thee)
But of thy minde, and heere I vndertake
Straight to erect a Nunry for her ſake;
O hadſt thou taſted of theſe rare delights
Ordaind each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights,
To haue their beauties, and their wits admird,

(vvhich

(vvhich is by nature, of your ſexe deſired)
Attended by our traines, our pompe our port,
Like Gods ador'd abroade, kneeld to in Court,
To be ſaluted with the cheerefull cry,
Of highnes, grace, and ſoueraigne maieſtie;
But vnto them that know not pleaſures price,
Al's one, a priſon, and a Paradice.
If in a dungion, cloſd vp from the light,
There is no difference twixt the day and night,
vvhoſe pallate neuer taſted daintie cates,
Thinks homely diſhes princely delicates.
Alas poore girle, I pitty thine eſtate,
That now thus long haſt liu'd diſconſolate;
VVhy now at length let yet thy hart relent,
And call thy Father back from baniſhment;
And with thoſe princely honours heere inueſt him
That aukeward loue, not hate hath diſpoſſeſt him.
Call from exile, thy deere alies and friends,
To whom the furie of my griefe extends;
And if thou take my counſaile in this caſe,
I make no doubt thou ſhalt haue better grace,
And leaue that *Dunmow*, that accurſed Cell,
There let black night and melancholie dwell;
Come to the Court, where all ioyes ſhall receiue thee,
And till that howre, yet with my griefe I leaue thee.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle of King *Iohn* to *Matilda*, is much more poeticall then hiſtoricall, making no mention at al of the occurrents of the time, or ſtate, touching onely his loue to her, & the extremitie of his paſſions forced by his deſires, rightly faſhioning the humour of this king:

as

as hath been truely noted by the best and most autenticall Writers; whose nature and disposition, is trulieſt discerned in the course of his loue; first iesting at the ceremonies of the seruices of those times, thē going about by all strong and probable arguments, to reduce her to pleasures and delights, next with promises of honor, which he thinketh to be last and greatest meane, & to haue greatest power in her sexe; with promise of calling home of her freends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

Matilda to King *Iohn.*

NO sooner I, reciu'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But suddaine feare my bloodlesse vaines doth fill,
As though diuining of some future ill;
And in a shiuering extasie I stood,
A chilly coldnes runnes through all my blood;
Opening thy letters, I shut vp my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet brest,
As though thy hard, vnpittying hand had sent mee.
Some new deuised torture to torment me;
vvell had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not:
And that proud beauty, which inforst me hether,
Had with my name, now perished together:
But ô (I see) our hoped good deceaues vs,
But what we would forgoe, that sildome leaues vs;
Thy blamefull lines bespotted so with sin,
Mine eyes would clense, ere they to reade begin
But I to wash an Indian goe about,
For ill so hard set on, is hard got out.

I once

I once determin'd, ſtill to haue beene mute,
Onely by ſilence to refell thy ſute,
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For ſome will ſay that ſilence doth conſent:
Deſire, with ſmall incouraging growes bold,
And hope, of euery little thing takes hold.
I ſet me downe at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen, nor paper can I find;
For dread and paſsion, or ſo powerfull ore me,
That I deſcerne not things that ſtand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the waxe,
This at commaund, and now inuention lacks,
This ſentence ſerues, and that my hand out-ſtrikes,
That pleaſeth well, and this as much miſlikes,
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note;
I hope, diſpaire, take courage, faint, diſdaine,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I faine:
Now thus it muſt be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, ſhamefaſt, feareleſſe, doubtfull, timerous;
My faint hand writing, when my full eye reedes,
From euery word ſtrange paſsion ſtill proceedes.
O when the ſoule is fettered once in wo,
Tis ſtrange what humors it doth force vs to;
A teare doth drowne a teare, ſigh, ſigh doth ſmother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other;
Th'ouer-watched weakenes of a ſicke conceite,
Is that which makes ſmall beauty ſeeme ſo great,
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
vvhich crook'd ſeeme ſtraight, if ſtraight ſeeme contrarie,
And this our vaine imagination ſhowes it

As it conceiues it, not as iudgement knowes it,
(As in a Mirrhor, if the ſame be true)
Such as your likenes, iuſtly ſuch are you;
But as you change your ſelfe, it changeth there,
And ſhowes you as you are, not as you were;
And with your motion doth your ſhadow moue,
If frowne or ſmile; ſuch the conceite of loue.
VVhy tell me, is it poſsible the mind
A forme in all deformitie ſhould finde?
VVithin the compaſſe of mans face we ſee
How many ſorts of ſeuerall fauours be;
And that the chin, the noſe, the brow, the eye,
If great, if ſmall, flat, ſharpe, or if awry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
And makes a mighty difference in the face;
And in the world, ſcarce two ſo likely are
One with the other which if you compare,
But being ſet before you both together,
A iudging ſight doth ſoone diſtinguiſh eyther.
How woman-like a weakenes it it then?
O what ſtrange madnes ſo poſſeſſeth men
Bereft of ſence; ſuch ſenceleſſe wonders ſeeing,
vvithout forme, faſhion, certaintie, or being?
For which ſo many die to liue in anguiſh,
Yet cannot liue if thus they ſhould not lanquiſh;
That comfort yeelds not, & yet hope denies not,
A life that liues not, and a death that dies not;
That hates vs moſt, when moſt it ſpeakes vs faire,
Doth promiſe all things, alwayes paies with ayre,
Yet ſometime doth our greateſt griefe appeaſe,
To double ſorrow after little eaſe.

Like that which thy lasciuious will doth craue,
vvhich if once had, thou neuer more canst haue;
vvhich if thou get, in getting thou doost wast it,
Taken, is lost, and perrish'd if thou hast it;
vvhich if thou gain'st, thou nere the more hast wone,
I loosing nothing, yet am quite vndone;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King restores, though he a kingdome gaue me.
Doost thou of Father and of friends depriue me?
And tak'st thou from me, all that heauen did giue me?
vvhat nature claimes, by blood, alies, or neernes,
Or friendship challenge, by regard or deernes.
Mak'st me an Orphan ere my Father die?
A vvofull widdow in virginitie?
Is thy vnbrideled lust the cause of all?
And now thy flattering tongue bewayles my fall.
The dead mans graue with fained teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill,
To harbor hate in shew of sweetest things,
So in the Rose the poisned serpent stings.
To lurke farre off, yet lodge destruction by,
The Basiliske doth poyson with the eye;
To call for ayde, and then to lie in waite,
So the Hiena murthers by deceite;
By sweet intic̣ements, suddaine death to bring,
So from the Rocks th'alluring Mermaids sing;
In greatest wants, t'inflict the greatest woe,
This is the vtmost tyrannie can doe.
But where (I see) the tempest thus preuailes,
vvhat vse of Ankors, or what neede of sailes;
Aboue vs blustring winds, and dreadfull thunder,

The

The waters gape for our destruction vnder;
Heere on this side the furious billowes flie,
There rocks, there sands, and dangerous whir-pooles lie.
Is this the meane that mightines approues,
And in this sort doe Princes wooe their Loues;
Mildnes would better sute with maiestie
Then rash reuenge, and rough seueritie.
O in what safetie Temperance doth rest
Obtayning harbour in a soueraigne brest.
VVhich if so praisefull in the meanest men,
In powerfull Kings, how glorious is it then?
Alas, and fled I hether from my fo,
That innocence should be betrayed so?
Is Court and Country both her enemie
And no place found to shroud in chastitie?
Each house for lust, a harbour, and an Inne,
And euery Cittie a receite for sinne;
And all doe pittie beautie in distresse,
If beautie chast, then onely pittiesse.
Thus is she made a tempting stale to lust,
Or vnreleeued, needsly perrish must.
Lasciuious Poets, which abuse the truth,
vvhich oft teach age to sinne, infecting youth,
For the vnchast make trees & stones to mourne,
Or as they please, to other shapes doe turne;
Cinyras daughter, whose incestеous mind,
Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kind;
Long since by them is turn'd into a Mir,
vvhose dropping liquor euer weepes for her;
And in a fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her fault so vile and monsterous before;

Silla,

Silla, which once her Father did betray,
Is now a bird, (if all be true they say.)
She that with *Phœbus* did the foule offence,
Now metamorphiz'd into Frankensence.
Other, to flowers, to odors, and to gum,
At least *Ioues* Lemmon is a starre become;
And more; they faine a thousand fond excuses,
To hide their scapes, and couer theyr abuses,
The virgin onely they obscure and hide
vvhilst the vnchast, by them are deifide;
Yet if a *Vestals* name be once expresst,
She must be set together with the rest.
I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last,
That fauour soone is vanished and past;
That Rosie-blush, lapp'd in a Lilly-vale,
Now with the Morphew ouer-grownè and pale,
And downe my cheekes with showers of swelling teares,
Remaine the furrowes that continuance weares,
And in the circles of my withered eyes,
In aged wrinkles beautie buried lyes;
And in my grace, my presence, iesture, cheere,
Ruine, distresse, woe, anguish, doth appeare.
That brest, that hand, that cheeke, that eye, that brow,
Faded, decayed, fallen, darkned, wrinkled now;
Such was my beauty once, now is it such,
Once thought most rare, now altred more then much;
Nor I regard all that thou canst protest,
My vow is taken, I a Nun profest.
This *Vestall* habite doth content me more,
Then all the robes that yet I euer wore.
Had *Rosamond*, (a recluse of our sort)

Taken

Taken our Cloister, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy vale,
vvhich she (alas) too loosely set to sale,
She neede not like an vgly Minotaur,
Haue beene lock'd vp from iealious *Ellenor*,
But beene as famous by thy mothers wrongs,
As by thy father subiect to all tongues.
To shadow sinne, might can the most pretend,
Kings, but the conscience, all things can defend.
A stronger hand restaines our wilfull powers,
A will must rule aboue this will of ours,
Not following what our vaine desires doe wooe
For vertues sake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my Father chose to liue exild,
Before his eyes should see my youth defild?
And to withstand a Tyrants lewd desire,
Beheld his Towers and Castles razd with fire:
Yet neuer tuch'd with griefe, so onely I,
Exempt from shame might with true honor die.
And shall this iewell which so deerely cost,
Now after all, by my dishonour lost?
No, no, his reuerend words, his holy teares,
Yet in my soule too deepe impression beares
His latest fare-well at his last depart,
More deepely is ingraued in my hart,
Nor shall that blot, by me his name shall haue,
Bring his gray haires with sorrow to his graue,
Better his teares to fall vpon my Tombe,
Then for my birth to curse my mothers wombe.
Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge heere at all.
Dunmow can giue my body buriall.

If

If all remorceleſſe, no teare-ſhedding eye,
My ſelfe will moane my ſelfe; ſo liue, ſo dye.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle, containeth no particuler points of hiſtorie, more then the generality of the argument layeth open, for after the baniſhment of the Lord *Robert Fitzwater*, and that *Matilda* was become a Recluſe at Dunmowe, (from whence this replie is imagined to bee written,) the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his ſute, *Matilda* with this chaſt & conſtant deniall, hopeth yet at length to finde ſome comfortable remedy, and to rid her ſelfe of doubts, by taking vpon her this monaſtick habite, & to ſhew that ſhe ſtill beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his luſt, ſhe remembreth him of her Fathers baniſhment, & the lawleſſe exile of her alies and friends.

Doſt thou of Father and of friends depriue me?

Then complaining of her diſtreſſe, that flying thether, thinking there to find releefe, ſhe ſees her ſelfe moſt aſſaild where ſhe hoped to haue found moſt ſafety.

Alas, and fled I hether from my foe,
That, &c.

After againe, ſtanding vpon the preciſe points of conſcience, not to caſt off this habite ſhe had taken.

My vow is taken, I a Nun profeſt.

And at laſt laying open more particulerly the miſeries ſuſtained by her Father in England, the burning of his Caſtles and houſes, which ſhe proueth to be for her ſake: as reſpecting onely her honour, more then his natiue Countrey and his owne fortunes.

And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Towers and Caſtles ſet on fire.

Knitting vp her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant reſolution.

Though Dunmow *giue no refuge heere at all,*
Dunmow *can giue my body buriall.*

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Lady, the Lady *Anne Harrington*: wife to the honourable Gentleman, Sir Iohn Harrington *Knight.*

MY singuler good Lady, your many vertues knowne in generall to all, and your gracious fauours to my vnworthy selfe, haue confirmed that in mee, which before I knew you, I onelie saw by the light of other mens iudgements. Honour seated in your breast, findes herselfe adorned as in a rich pallace, making that excellent which makes her admirable; which like the Sunne (from thence) begetteth most precious things of this earthly worlde, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. Worth is best discerned by the worthie, deiected mindes want that pure fire which should giue vigor to vertue. I referre to your great thoughts, (the vnpartiall Iudges of true affection) the vnfained zeale I haue euer borne to your honorable seruice; and so rest your Ladiships humbly to commaund.

6 0362

Mich: Drayton.

Queene

Queene *Isabell* to *Mortimer.*

¶ The Argument.

Queene Isabell, *(the wife of* Edward *the second, called* Edward Carnaruan,*) beeing the daughter of* Phillip de Beau, *King of Fraunce, forsaken by the King her husband, who delighted onely in the companie of* Piers Gaueston, *his minion and fauorite; and after his death seduced by the euill counsaile of the* Spensers. *This Queene thus left by her husband, euen in the glory of her youth, dreWe into her especiall fauour* Roger Mortimer, *Lorde of VVigmore, a man of a mightie and inuinsible spirit. This Lord* Mortimer *rising in armes against the King, With* Thomas *Earle of Lancaster, and the Barons, Was taken ere he could gather his power, and by the King committed to the Tower of London. During his imprisonment, he ordained a feast in honour of his birth-day, to which he inuited Sir* Stephen Segraue, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and the rest of the officers, Where, by meanes of a drinke prepared by the Queene, hee cast them all into a heauie sleepe, and With Ladders of cords beeing ready prepared for the purpose, he escapeth, and flieth into Fraunce, Whether shee sendeth this Epistle, complaining her owne misfortunes, and greatly reioycing at his safe escape.*

THough such sweet comfort comes not now from her
As Englands Queene hath sent to *Mortimer.*
Yet what that wants, which might my power approue,
If lines can bring, thys shall supply with loue,

Me thinks affliction ſhould not fright me ſo,
Nor ſhould reſume theſe ſundry ſhapes of woe;
But when I faine would find the cauſe of this,
Thy abſence ſhewes me where the errour is.
Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad ſorrow then poſſeth euery ſence,
But finding thy deere blood preſeru'd thereby,
And in thy life, my long-wiſh'd libertie,
vvith that ſweet thought my ſelfe I onely pleaſe
Amidſt my griefe, which ſomtimes giues me eaſe
Thus doe extreameſt ils a ioy poſſeſſe,
And one woe makes another woe ſeeme leſſe.
That bleſſed night, that milde-aſpected howre,
vvherein thou mad'ſt eſcape out of the Tower,
Shall conſecrated euer-more remaine;
VVhat gentle Planet in that howre did raigne;
And ſhall be happy in the birth of men,
vvhich was chiefe Lord of the Aſcendant then.
O how I feard that ſleepy iuyce I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent;
Or that ſome vnſeene miſterie might lurke,
vvhich wanting order, kindly ſhould not worke;
Oft did I wiſh thoſe dreadfull poyſoned lees,
That clos'd the euer-waking Dragons eyes,
Or I had had thoſe ſence-bereauing ſtalkes
That grow in ſhady *Proſerpines* darke walkes;
Or thoſe blacke weedes on *Lethe* bankes below,
Or *Lunary* that doth on *Latmus* flow;
Oft did I feare this moiſt and foggie clime,
Or that the earth, waxt barraine now with time,
Should not haue hearbes to help me in this caſe,

Such

Such as doe thriue on Indias parched face.
That morrow, when the bleſſed ſunne did riſe,
And ſhut the lids of all heauens leſſer eyes,
Forth from my pallace by a ſecret ſtayre
I ſteale to Thames, as though to take the ayre;
And aske the gentle flood as it doth glide,
Or thou didſt paſſe or perriſh by the tide?
If thou didſt perriſh, I deſire the ſtreame
To lay thee ſoftly on her ſiluer teame,
And bring thee to me to the quiet ſhore,
That with her teares, thou might'ſt haue ſome teares more.
VVhen ſuddainly doth riſe a rougher gale,
vvith that (me thinks) the troubled waues looke pale,
And ſighing with that little guſt that blowes,
vvith this remembrance ſeeme to knit theyr browes.
Euen as this ſuddaine paſsion doth affright me,
The cheereſull ſunne breakes from a clowde to light mee;
Then doth the bottome euident appeare,
As it would ſhew me, that thou waſt not there,
VVhen as the water flowing where I ſtand,
Doth ſeeme to tell me, thou art ſafe on land.
Did Bulloyne once a feſtiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicile, and Nauarre?
vvhen Fraunce enuied thoſe buildings (onely bleſt)
Grac'd with the Orgies of my bridall feaſt,
That Engliſh *Edward* ſhould refuſe my bed
For that inceſtuous ſhameles *Ganimed*?
And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To ſet that girle-boy, wanton *Gaueſton*.
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glaſſe aſſures me no ſuch difference is,

That a foule witches baſtard ſhould thereby
Be thought more worthy of his loue then I.
VVhat doth auaile vs to be Princes heyres,
vvhen we can boaſt our birth is onely theyrs?
vvhen baſe diſſembling flatterers ſhall deceiue vs,
Of all our famous Aunceſtors did leaue vs;
And of our princely iewels and our dowers,
vvee but enioy the leaſt of what it ours;
vvhen Minions heads muſt weare our Monarchs crownes,
To raiſe vp dunghils with our famous townes;
vvhen beggers-brats are wrapt in rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings impt with our Eagles plumes;
And match'd with the braue iſſue of our blood,
Alie the kingdome to theyr crauand brood.
Did *Longshanks* purchaſe with his conquering hand,
Albania, Gaſcoyne, Cambria, Ireland?
That young *Carnaruan* (his vnhappy ſonne)
Should giue away all that his Father wonne?
To backe a ſtranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue alies and branches of the crowne?
And did great *Edward*, on his death-bed giue
This charge to them which afterwards ſhould liue,
That that proude *Gaſcoyne*, baniſhed the Land,
No more ſhould tread vpon the Engliſh ſand?
And haue theſe great Lords in the quarrell ſtood,
And ſeald his laſt will with theyr deereſt blood,
That after all this fearefull maſſaker,
The fall of *Beauchamp*, *Laſy*, *Lancaſter*,
Another faithleſſe fauorite ſhould ariſe
To cloude the ſunne of our Nobilities?
And gloried I in *Gaueſtons* great fall,

That

That now a *Spenſer* ſhould ſucceede in all?
And that his aſhes ſhould another breed,
vvhich in his place and empire ſhould ſucceede;
That wanting one a kingdoms wealth to ſpend,
Of what that left, thys now ſhall make an end;
To waſt all that our Father won before,
Nor leaue our ſonne a ſword to conquer more.
Thus but in vaine we fondly doe reſiſt,
vvhere power can doe (euen) all things as it liſt,
And with vniuſt men to debate of lawes,
Is to giue power to hurt a rightfull cauſe;
vvhilſt parlements muſt ſtill redreſſe theyr wrongs,
And we muſt ſtarue for what to vs belongs;
Our wealth but fuell to theyr fond exceſſe,
And we muſt faſt to feaſt theyr wantonneſſe.
Think'ſt thou our wrongs then inſufficient are
To moue our brother to religious war?
And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquytaine;
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce,
Thus all accur, to put backe all excuſe.
The ſiſters wrong, ioynd with the brothers right,
Me thinks might vrge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe people ſenceleſſe of our harmes
vvhich for our country ought haue manag'd armes?
Is the braue Normans courage now forgot?
Or the bold Brittaines loſt the vſe of ſhot?
The big-bon'd Almaines, and ſtout Brabanders,
Theyr warlike Pikes, and ſharp-edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the Pickards let theyr Crosbowes lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Theſſalie?

Or if a valiant Leader be theyr Lacke,
vvhere thou art preſent, who ſhould driue them backe?
I doe coniure thee by what is moſt deere,
By that great name of famous *Mortimer*,
By auncient *VVigmors* honourable Creſt,
The Tombes where all thy famous Grandſires reſt;
Or if then theſe, what more may thee approue,
Euen by thoſe vowes of thy vnfained loue,
That thy great hopes may moue the Chriſtian King,
By forraine Armes ſome comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the power of traytors that rebell
Againſt the right of princely *Iſabell*.
Vaine vvitleſſe woman, why ſhould I deſire
To adde more heate to thy immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of hate,
To ſhake the pillers of thine owne eſtate,
vvhen whatſoeuer we intend to doe,
To our misfortune euer ſorts vnto;
And nothing els remaines for vs beſide,
But teares and coffins (onely) to prouide,
VVhen ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* beares that name
Time ſhall not blot out our deſerued ſhame;
And whilſt cleere Trent her wonted courſe ſhall keepe,
For our ſad fall, her chriſtall drops ſhall weepe.
All ſee our ruine on our backs is throwne,
And to our ſelues our ſorrowes are our owne.
And *Torlton* now whoſe counſell ſhould direct
The firſt of all is ſlaundred with ſuſpect;
For dangerous things diſſembled ſildome are
vvhich many eyes attend with buſie care.
VVhat ſhould I ſay? my griefes doe ſtill renew,

And but begin when I ſhould bid adiew,
Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And ſtill I ſtay, the more I ſtriue to goe.
As accents iſſue forth, griefes enter in,
And where I end, mee thinks I but begin:
Till then fayre time ſome greater good affoords,
Take my loues payment in theſe ayrie words.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

O how I feard that ſleepie drinke I ſent,
Might yet want power to further thine intent.

Mortimer beeing in the Tower, and ordayning a feaſt in honour of his byrth-day, as hee pretended, and inuiting there-vnto ſir *Stephen Segraue*, Conſtable of the Tower, with the reſt of the officers belonging to the ſame, he gaue them a ſleepie drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes he got libertie for his eſcape.

I ſteale to Thames, as though to take the ayre,
And aske the gentle ſtreame as it doth glide,

Mortimer, being got out of the Tower, ſwam the riuer of Thames into Kent, whereof ſhe hauing intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three yeeres.

Did Bulloyne once a feſtiuall prepare,
For England, Almaine, Cicile and Nauarre?

Edward Carnarnan, the firſt Prince of Wales of the Engliſh blood, married *Iſabell*, daughter of *Phillip* the faire at Bulloyne, in the preſence of the Kings of Almaine, Nauarre, and Cicile, with the chiefe Nobilitie of Fraunce, and England, which marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding pompe and magnificence.

And in my place, vpon his regall throne,
To ſet that girle-boy, wanton Gaueſton.

Noting the effeminacie & luxurious wantonneſſe of *Gaueſton*, the Kings Minion; his behauiour and attire euer ſo womanlike, to pleaſe the eye of his laſciuious Prince.

That a foule Witches bastard should thereby

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobilitie, in the disgrace of *Piers Gaueſtone*, that his mother was conuicted of witchcraft,& burned for the same, and that *Piers* had bewitched the King.

Albania, Gascoyne, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scorland so called of *Albanact*, the second sonne of *Brutus*, and Cambria, Wales,so called of *Camber* the third son,the foure Realmes & countries,brought in subiection by *Edward Longshankes*.

When of our princely Iewels and our dowers,
We but enioy the leaſt of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigalitie of King *Edward*, giuing vnto *Gaueſton* the iewels & treasure which was left him by the auncient Kings of England; and enriching him with the goodly Manor of Wallingford,assigned as parcel of the dower,to the queens of this famous Ile.

And ioyn'd with the braue issue of our blood,
Alie our kingdome to their crauand brood.

Edward the second,gaue to *Piers Gaueſton* in mariage, the daughter of *Gilbert Clare*,Earle of Gloceſter,begot of the Kings sister, *Ione* of Acres, maried to the said Earle of Gloceſter.

Should giue away all that his Father won
To backe a ſtranger.

King *Edward* offered his right in Fraunce to *Charles* his brother in law, and his right in Scotland to *Robert Bruſe*,to be ayded against the Barrons, in the quarrell of *Piers Gaueſton*.

And did great Edward *on his death-bed giue*

Edward Longſhanks, on his death-bed at Carlile,commanded yong *Edward* his sonne,on his blessing, not to call backe *Gaueſton*, which (for the misguiding of the Princes youth) was before banished by the whole counsell of the Land.

That after all this fearefull maſſaker,
The fall of Beuchamp, Lasy, Lancaster.

Thomas, Earle of Lancaster, *Guy*,Earle of Warwick, & *Henry* Earle of Lincolne, who had taken their oaths before the deceased King at his death, to withstand his sonne *Edward* if hee should call *Gaueſtone* from exile,being a thing which he much feared: now seeing *Edward*

to

to violate his Fathers cõmaundement, rise in Armes against the king, which was the cause of the ciuill war, & the ruine of so many Princes.

And gloried I in Gaueſtons *great fall*
That now a Spenſer *ſhould ſucceed in all.*

The two *Hugh Spensers*, the Father & the sonne, after the death of *Gaueston*, became the great fauourites of the King, the sonne beeing created by him lord Chamberlaine, & the father Earle of Winchester.

And if they were, yet Edward *doth detaine*
Homaage for Pontiu, Guyne, and Aquitaine.

Edward Longshanks, did homage for those Citties and Territories to the French King, which *Edward* the second neglecting moued the French King, by the subornation of *Mortimer*, to cease those Countries into his hands.

By auncient Wigmors *honourable Creſt,*

Wigmore in the marches of Wales, was the auncient house of the *Mortimers*, that noble and couragious familie.

That ſtill ſo long as Borrough *beares that name.*

The Queene remembreth the great ouerthrowe giuen to the Barons, by *Andrew Herckley*, Earle of Carlill, at Borrough bridge, after the battaile at Burton.

And Torlton *now, whoſe counſels ſhould direct.*

This was *Adam Torlton*, Bishop of Herford, that great Polititian, who so highly fauoured the faction of the Queene and *Mortimer*, whose euill counsell afterward wrought the destruction of the King.

Mortimer to Queene *Iſabell.*

AS thy salutes my sorrowes doe adiourne,
So backe to thee their interest I returne;
Though not in so great bountie (I confesse)
As thy heroicke princely lines expresse;
For how should comfort issue from the breath
Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death?
From murthers rage thou didst me once repriue,

Now

Now in exile, my hopes thou dooſt reuiue;
Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue.
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I giue it back to you;
Nere my eſcape had, I aduentur'd thus,
As did the skie-attempting *Dædalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafety to my flight,
Haue made a night of day, a day of night.
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring wall,
vvhich held without, my hopes, within, my fall,
Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazing eyes with feare to looke vpon,
But that thy beauty (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new life into this ſpirit of mine.
Drawne by the ſunne of thy celeſtiall eyes.
vvith fiery wings made paſſage through the skies,
The heauens did ſeeme the charge of me to take,
And ſea and land befriend me for thy ſake;
Thames ſtopt her tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadſt charg'd her that it ſhould be ſo,
The hollow murmuring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, whilſt all things ſlept;
One billow bore me, and another draue me,
This ſtroue to helpe me, and that ſtroue to ſaue me;
The briſling Reedes, mou'd with the ayre did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me,
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heauie cheere,
And would not let one little ſtarre appeare,
But ouer all, her ſmokie mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled vp the world;

And the pure ayre became ſo clame and ſtill
As it had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing diſpoſd vnto my reſt,
As when on Seas the *Alcion* builds her neſt.
VVhen thoſe rough waues which late with fury ruſht,
Slide ſmoothly on, and ſodainly are huſht;
Nor *Neptune* lets his ſurges out ſo long
As Nature is in bringing forth her yong;
Nor let the *Spenſers* glory in my chance
That I ſhould liue an exile heere in France:
That I from England baniſhed ſhould be,
But England rather baniſhed from me:
More were her want, Ffance our great blood ſhould beare,
Then Englands loſſe ſhould be to *Mortimer*.
My Grandſire was the firſt ſince *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round-table rectifi'd againe;
To whoſe great Court at Kenelworth did come
The peereleſſe knighthood of all Chriſtendome:
vvhoſe Princely order, honoured England more
Then all the conqueſts ſhe atchiu'd before.
Neuer durſt Scot ſet foote on Engliſh ground,
Nor on his backe did Engliſh beare a wound,
vvhilſt *VVigmore* flouriſht in our Princely hopes,
And whilſt our Enſigne march'd with *Edwards* troupes:
vvhilſt famous *Longſhanks* bones (in fortunes ſcorne)
As ſacred reliques to the field were borne;
Nor euer did the valiant Engliſh doubt,
vvhilſt our braue battailes guarded them about.
Nor did our wiues and wofull mothers mourne
The Engliſh blood that ſtained *Banocksburne*,
vvhilſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,

vvhole

vvhole dayes and nights in banquetting were ſpent:
Vntill the Scots (which vnder ſafegard ſtood)
Made lauiſh hauocke of the Engliſh blood?
And battered helmes lay ſcattered on the ſhore,
vvhere they in conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand Kingdoms will we ſeeke from far,
As many Nations waſt with ciuill war,
vvhere the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-nimph ſings,
Or well-rigd ſhips ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling wings,
And drag their ankors through the ſandy foame,
About the world in euery Clime to roame,
And thoſe vnchriſtned Countries call our owne,
vvhere ſcarce the name of England hath beene knowne;
And in the dead-ſea ſinke our houſes fame,
From whoſe ſterne waues we firſt deriu'd our Name,
Before foule black-mouth'd infamie ſhall ſing
That *Mortimer* ere ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſterne-viſag'd furie backe,
To ſeeke his ſpoile, who ſought our vtter ſacke:
And come to beard him in our natiue Ile,
Ere he martch forth to follow our exile.
And after all theſe boiſtrous ſtormie ſhocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie Rocks.
Nor will we come like Pyrats, or like theeues,
From mountaine Forreſts, or ſea-bordering Cleeues,
But fright the ayre with terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field aduance our plumy Creſt,
And martch vpon faire Englands flowrie breſt;
And Thames which once we for our life did ſwim,
Shaking our dewy treſſes on her brim,

Shall

Shall beare my Nauie; vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the powerfull tide;
vvhich fertile Essex, and faire Kent shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant lee,
vvhen on her stemming poope she proudly beares,
The famous Ensignes of the Belgicke peeres.
And for the hatefull sacreligious sin
vvhich by the Pope he stands accursed in,
The Cannon text shall haue a common glosse,
Receits in parcels, shall be paid in grosse.
This doctrine preach'd, *who from the Church doth take,*
At least shall treble restitution make:
For which Rome sends her curses out from farre,
Through the sterne throate of terror-breathing warre,
Till to th'vnpeopled shores she brings supplies
Of those industrious Romaine Colonies.
And for his homage, by the which of old
Proud *Edward* Guyne and Aquitaine doth hold,
Charles by inuasiue armes againe shall take,
And send the English forces o're the Lake;
vvhen *Edwards* fortune stands vpon this chaunce,
To loose in England, or expuls'd from Fraunce;
And all those townes great *Longshanks* left his son,
Now lost againe, which once his father won.
VVithin their strong perculliz'd Ports shall lie,
And from their walls his sieges shall defie.
And by that firme and vndissolued knot,
Betwixt the neighbouring French, and bordering Scot,
Bruse now shall bring his redshanks from the seas,
From th'Iled Orcad's, and the Hebrydes,
And to his VVesterne Hauens giue free passe,

To

To land the vvarlike Iriſh *Galiglaſſe*,
Marching from Tweede to ſwelling Humber ſands,
vvaſting along the Northerne netherlands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his power ſuſtaine,
Conſum'd with ſlaughter in his bloody raigne,
Our warlike ſword ſhall driue him from his throne,
vvhere he ſhall lie for vs to tread vpon;
And thoſe great Lords now after theyr attaints,
Canonized amongſt the Engliſh Saints;
And by the ſuperſtitious people, thought,
That by their Reliques, miracles are wrought,
And thinke that flood much vertue doth retaine,
vvhich tooke the blood of famous *Bohun* ſlaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
To make the people more abhor theyr King.
Nor ſhall a *Spenſer*, (be he nere ſo great)
Poſſeſſe our VVigmore, our renowned ſeate.
To raze the auncient Trophies of our race,
vvith our deſerts theyr monuments to grace;
Nor ſhall he leade our valiant marchers forth,
To make the *Spenſers* famous in the North;
Nor be the Gardants of the Brittiſh pales,
Defending England, and preſeruing VVales.
At firſt our troubles eaſily recul'd,
But now growne head-ſtrong hardly to be rul'd;
vvith graueſt counſell all muſt be directed,
vvhere plaineſt ſhewes are openly ſuſpected;
For where miſhap our error doth aſſault,
There doth it eaſilieſt make vs ſee our fault.
Then (ſweet) repreſſe all fond and wilfull ſpleene,
Two things to be a woman, and a Queene;

Keepe

Keepe close the cyndars, least the fire should burne,
It is not this which yet must serue our turne.
And if I doe not much mistake the thing,
The next supply shall greater comfort bring;
Till when I leaue my Princesse for a while,
Liue thou in rest, though I liue in exile.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp in death.

Roger Mortimer Lorde of Wigmore, had stoode publiquely condemned, for his insurrection with *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster, and *Bohun* Eale of Herford, by the space of three moneths: and as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to haue beene shortly after, which he preuented by his escape.

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst giue.

At what time the two *Mortimers*, this *Roger* Lord of Wigmore, and his vncle *Roger Mortimer* the elder, were apprehended in the West, the Queene by meanes of *Torlton* Bishop of Hereford, and *Becke* Bishop of Duresme, and Patriarke of Ierusalem, being then both mightie in the state, vpon the submission of the *Mortimers*, somewhat pacified the King, and now secondly she wrought meanes for his escape.

Leauing the cords to tell where I had gone,

With strong ladders made of cords prouided him for the purpose, he escaped out of the Tower, which when the same were found fastened to the walls, in such a desperate attempt they bred astonishment to the beholders.

Nor let the Spensers *glory in my chance.*

The two *Hugh Spensers*, the Father, and the Sonne, then beeing so highly fauoured of the King, knew that their greatest safety came by his exile, vvhose high and turbulent spirit, could neuer brooke any corriuall in greatnes.

My Grandsire was the first since Arthurs *raigne,*
That the round-table rectifi'd againe.

Roger Mortimer, called the great Lorde *Mortimer*, Grandfather

to

to this *Roger*, which was afterward the first Earle of March, reerected againe the Round-table at Kenelwoorth, after the auncient order of King *Arthurs* table, with the retinue of a hundred Knights, & a hundred Ladyes in his house, for the entertayning of such aduentures as came thether from all parts of Christendome.

Whilst famous Longshanks *bones in Fortunes scorne.*

Edward Longshanks willed at his death, that his body should bee boyled the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should be borne to the warres in Scotland, which he was perswaded vnto by a prophecie, which told that the English should still be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones were carried in the field.

The English blood that stained Banocksburne.

In the great voyage *Edward* the second made against the Scots, at the battell at Striueling neere vnto the riuer of Banocksburne in Scotland, where there was in the English campe such banquetting & excesse, such riot and misorder, that the Scots, (who in the meane time laboured for aduantage) gaue to the English a great ouerthrow.

And in the Dead-sea, sincke our houses fame,
From whose, &c.

Mortimer, so called of *Mare Mortuum*, and in French *Mort mer*, in English the *Dead-sea*, which is said to be where Sodome & Gomorra once were, before they were destroyed by fire from heauen.

And for that hatefull sacrilegious sin
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.

Gaustelinus and *Lucas*, two Cardinalls, sent into England frō Pope *Clement*, to appease the auncient hate betweene the King and *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster, to whose Embassy the King seemed to yeeld, but after theyr departure he went back from his promises, for which hee was accursed at Rome.

Of those industrious Romaine Colonies.

A Colony is a sort or number of people, that come to inhabite a place before not inhabited, whereby hee seemeth heere to prophecie of the subuersion of the Land; the Pope ioyning with the power of other Princes, against *Edward*, for the breach of his promise.

Charles *by inuasiue Armes againe shall take.*

Charles

Charles the French King, mooued by the wrong done vnto hys sister, ceazeth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by *Mortimer*, who solicited her cause in Fraunce, as is expressed before in the other Epistle, in the glosse vpon this poynt.

And those great Lords now after theyr attaints,
Canonized among the English Saints.

After the death of *Thomas* Earle of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be doone by his reliques: as they did of the body of *Bohun* Earle of Herford, slaine at Borough bridge.

FINIS.

¶ To my worthy and honoured friend, Maister *VValter Aston.*

(·.·)

SIR, though without ſuſpition of flatterie I might in more ample and freer tearmes, intymate my affection vnto you, yet hauing ſo ſenſible a taſt of your generous and noble diſpoſition, which without this habit of ceremony can eſtimate my loue: I will rather affect breuitie, though it ſhoulde ſeeme my fault, then by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion ſetled in your iudgement and diſcretion. I make you the Patron of this Epiſtle of the Black-Prince, *which I pray you accept, till more eaſier howers may offer vp from me ſome thing more worthy of your view, and my trauell.*

Yours truly deuoted,
Mich: Drayton.

Edward

Edward the blacke Prince to *Alice* Counteſſe of Salisburie.

¶ The Argument.

Alice, Counteſſe of Salisburie, remaining at Roxborough Caſtle, in the North, in the abſence of the Earle her husband, who was by the Kings commaund ſent ouer into Flaunders, and there deceaſed ere his returne. This Lady being beſieged in her Caſtle by the Scots, Edward *the blacke Prince being ſent by the King his Father to relieue the North-parts with an Armie, and to remoue the ſiege of Roxborough, there fel in loue with the Counteſſe; when after ſhe returned to London, hee ſought by diuers and ſundry means to winne her to his youthfull pleaſures, as by forcing the Earle of Kent her Father, & her Mother, vnnaturally to become his Agents in his vaine deſire; where after a long and aſſured trial of her inuincible conſtancie, hee taketh her to his wife, to which end, hee onelie frameth this Epiſtle.*

REceiue theſe papers, from thy wofull Lord,
vvith far more woes, then they with words are ſtor'd,
vvhich if thine eye with raſhnes doe reproue,
They'le ſay they came from that imperious loue.
In euery Letter thou maiſt vnderſtand,
vvhich Loue hath ſign'd and ſealed with his hand;
And where no farther proceſſe he refers,
In blots ſet downe, for other Characters,
This cannot bluſh, although you doe refuſe it,

Nor will reply how euer you ſhall vſe it;
Al's one to this, though you ſhould bid diſpaire,
This ſtill intreates you, this ſtill ſpeakes you faire;
Haſt thou a liuing ſoule? a humaine ſence?
To like, diſlike, proue, order, and diſpence,
The depth of reaſon, ſoundly to aduiſe,
To loue things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe;
The tuch of iudgement, which ſhould all things proue,
And haſt thou touch'd, yet not allow'ſt my loue.
Sound moues his ſound, voyce, doth beget his voyce,
One Eccho makes another to reioyce,
One well-tun'd ſtring, ſet truly to his like,
Strooke neere at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our affections iar?
vvhat oppoſition doth beget this war?
I know that nature franckly to thee gaue,
That meaſure of her bountie that I haue,
And with that ſence ſhe lent, ſhe likewiſe lent
Each one his organ, each his inſtrument,
But euery one, becauſe it is thine owne,
Doth priſe it ſelfe, vnto it ſelfe alone.
Thy daintie hand when it, it ſelfe doth tuch,
That feeling tels it there was neuer ſuch;
VVhen in thy glaſſe, thine eye it ſelfe doth ſee,
That thinks there's none, like to it ſelfe can be,
And euery one, doth iudge it ſelfe diuine,
Becauſe that thou dooſt challenge it for thine;
And each it ſelfe, *Narciſſus* like doth ſmother,
And loues it ſelfe, not like to any other;
Fie be not burnd thus in thine owne deſire,
Tis needleſſe beautie ſhould it ſelfe admire,

The ſunne, by which all creatures lightned be,
And ſeeth all, it ſelfe yet cannot ſee;
And his owne brightnes, his owne foile is made,
And doth become the cauſe of his owne ſhade.
VVhen firſt thy beautie by mine eye was prou'd,
It ſaw not then, ſo much to be belou'd,
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each looke of one, doth many beauties make;
In little cerclets firſt it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine eyes,
And in his Gyring compaſſe as it goes,
So more and more, the ſame in greatnes growes,
And as it yet at libertie is ſet,
The motion ſtill doth other formes beget;
Vntill at length, looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but beautie to behold.
Art thou offended that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cauſe, th'effect is ſoone remou'd;
Indent with beautie, how farre to extend,
Set downe deſire, a limmit where to end,
Then charme thine eyes, theyr glaunces ſhall not wound,
Teach reaſon how, the depth of loue to ſound;
If thou doe this, nay then thou ſhalt doe more,
And bring to paſſe what neuer was before;
Make anguiſh ſportiue, crauing all delight,
Mirth ſolemne, ſullen, and inclind to night,
Ambition lowly, enuie ſpeaking well,
Loue his reliefe of nigardize to ſell;
Our warlike fathers did theſe forts deuiſe,
As ſureſt holds againſt our enemies,
The ſafeſt places for your ſexe to reſt,

Feare ſoone is ſetled in a womans breſt,
Thy breaſt is of another temper farre,
And then thy Caſtle fitter for the warre.
Thou dooſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy Caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy breſt,
That keepes out foes, but doth thy friends incloſe,
But thy breſt keepes out both thy friends and foes;
That may be batter'd, or be vndermin'd,
Or by ſtraite ſiege, for want of ſuccour pin'd,
But thy hart is, inuinſible to all,
And more defenſiue then thy Caſtle wall;
Of all the ſhapes that euer *Ioue* did proue,
vvhere-with he vs'd to entertaine his loue,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden ſhower,
He raind himſelfe on *Danae* in her Tower,
Nor did I euer enuie his commaund,
In that he beares the thunder in his hand;
But in that ſhowrie ſhape I cannot be,
And as he came to her, I come to thee,
Thy tower with foes, is not begert about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without,
One haire of thine more vigor doth retaine
To binde thy foe, then with an yron chaine;
VVho might be gyu'd in ſuch a golden ſtring,
vvould not be captiue, though he were a King,
Hadſt thou all India heap'd vp in thy Fort,
And thou thy ſelfe beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'le follow thee, and let the treaſure lie.
I cannot think what force thy tower ſhould win,
If thou thy ſelfe dooſt guard the ſame within,

Thine

Thine eye retaines artillarie at will,
To kill who euer thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds theyr harts
Then they can thee, though with a thouſand darts,
For there entrenched little *Cupid* lies,
And from thoſe turrets all the world defies,
And when thou letſt downe that tranſparant lid,
Of entrance there an Armie doth forbid.
And as for famine, thou needs neuer feare,
vvho thinks of want when thou art preſent there;
Thy onely ſight giues ſpirit vnto the blood,
And comforts life, though neuer taſting foode.
And as thy ſouldiers keepe theyr watch and ward,
So chaſtitie thy inward breaſt doth guard;
Thy modeſt pulſe ſerues as a larum bell,
VVhich watched by a wakefull Sentinell
Is ſtirring ſtill with euery little feare,
vvarning if any enemie be neere;
Thy vertuous thoughts, when all the others reſt,
Like carefull skouts paſſe vp and downe thy breſt,
And ſtill they round, about that place doe keepe,
VVhilſt all the bleſſed gariſon doe ſleepe.
But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou haſt robd, and flieſt vnto this hold:
I thought as much, and didſt this Fort deuiſe,
That thou in ſafety, heere might'ſt tyrannize.
Yes, thou haſt robd the heauen and earth of all,
And they againſt thy lawleſſe theft doe call;
Thyne eyes with mine, that wage continuall warrs,
Borrow their brightnes of the twinckling ſtarrs;
Thy breath, for which mine ſtill in ſighes conſumes

Hath

Hath rob'd ſweet flowers, rich odors, and perfumes,
Thy cheeke, for which mine all this penance proues,
Steales the pure whitnes both from Swannes and Doues.
Thy lips from mine, that in thy maske be pent,
Haue filch'd the bluſhing from the orient;
O mightie Loue! bring hether all thy power,
And fetch this heauenly theefe out of her Tower,
For if ſhe may be ſuffered in this ſort,
Heauens ſtore will ſoone be hoarded in this Fort.
VVhen I arriu'd before that ſtate of loue,
And ſaw thee on the battlement aboue,
I thought there was no other heauen but there,
And thou an Angell didſt from thence appeare,
But when my reaſon did correct mine eye,
That thou wert ſubiect to mortalitie,
I then excus'd the Scot before had done,
No maruaile though, he would the fort haue wone,
Perceiuing well thoſe enuious walls did hide
More wealth then was in all the world beſide;
Againſt thy foe, I came to lend thee ayde,
And thus to thee my ſelfe, my ſelfe betrayd;
He is beſieg'd, the ſiege that came to raiſe,
There's no aſſault that not my breſt aſſayes,
Loue growne extreame, doth finde vnlawful ſhifts,
The Gods take ſhapes, and doe allure with gifts,
Commaunding *Ioue*, that by great *Stix* doth ſweare,
Forſworne in loue, with Louers oathes doth beare,
Loue cauſeleſſe ſtill, doth aggrauate his cauſe,
It is his lawe to violate all lawes;
His reaſon is, in onely wanting reaſon,
And were vntrue, not deeply tuch'd with treaſon;

Th'vn-

Th'vnlawfull meanes, doth make his lawfull gaine,
Hee ſpeakes moſt true, when he the moſt doth faine;
Pardon the faults that haue eſcap'd by mee,
Againſt fayre vertue, chaſtitie, and thee;
If Gods can theyr owne excellence excell,
It is in pardoning mortalls that rebell.
VVhen all thy tryalls are enroul'd by fame,
And all thy ſexe made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captiue, ſhall be brought hereby
To adorne the tryumph of thy chaſtitie;
I ſue not now thy Paramore to be,
But as a husband to be linck'd to thee.
I am Englands heyre, I thinke thou wilt confeſſe,
VVert thou a Prince, I hope I am no leſſe;
But that thy birth doth make thy ſtocke diuine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt, my blood as good as thine;
Diſdaine me not, nor take my loue in ſcorne,
vvhoſe brow a crowne heereafter may adorne.
But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt reſtore,
Onely I craue, what ere I did intend,
In faithfull loue, now happily may end.
Farewell ſweet Lady, ſo well maiſt thou fare
To equall ioy with meaſure of my care;
Thy vertues more, then mortall tongue can tell,
A thouſand, thouſand times, farewell, farewell.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Receaue theſe papers from thy wofull Lord.

Bandello, by whom this hiſtory was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples cuſtome in that climbe, rather to faile ſometime in

in the truth of circumstance, then to forgoe the grace of their cõceit; in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the Satyrist.

Et quicquid Græcia mendax,
Audet in historia.

Thinking it to be a greater tryall, that a Countesse should be sude vnto by a King, then by the sonne of a King, and consequently, that the honor of her chastitie should be the more, hath causd it to be generally taken so; but as by *Polidore*, *Fabian*, and *Froisard*, appeares the contrarie is true. Yet may *Bandello* be very well excused as beeing a stranger, whose errors in the truth of our historie are not so materiall, that they should neede an inuectiue, least his wit should be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not lesse were euery part a fiction. Howbeit, least a common errour should preuaile against a truth, these Epistles are conceiued in those persons who were indeed the actors: to wit, *Edward* surnamed that *Black Prince*, not so much of his complexion, as of the dismall battels which he fought in Fraunce, (in like sence as we may say a black day) for some tragicall euent, though the sunne shine neuer so bright therein. And *Alice* the Countesse of Salisbury, who as it is certaine was beloued of Prince *Edward*, so it is as certaine that many points now current in the receiued story can neuer hold together, with likelihood of such enforcement, had it not been shewed vnder the title of a King.

And when thou let'st downe that transparent lid.

Not that the lid is transparent, for no part of the skin is transparent, but for the gemme which that closure is sayd to containe is transparent, for otherwise how could the mind vnderstand by the eye, should not the images slide through the same, and repleniſh the stage of the fantasie? but this belongs to *Opticks*. The Latines call the eye lid *cilium* (I will not say of *celando*) as the eye brow *supercilium*, and the haire on the eye lyds *palpebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which haue their distinct and necessary vses.

Alice

Alice Counteſſe of Salisburie, to the blacke Prince.

AS one would grant; yet gladly would denie,
Twixt hope and feare, I doubtfully reply;
A womans weakenes, leaſt I ſhould diſcouer,
Anſwering a Prince, and writing to a louer;
And ſome ſay loue, with reaſon doth diſpence,
And wreſt our plaine words to another ſence:
Thinke you not then, poore women had not neede
Be well aduis'd to write, what men ſhould reede,
vvhen being ſilent moouing but awry,
Giues cauſe of ſcandall and of obloquy;
vvhilſt in our harts, our ſecret thoughts abide,
Th'inuenom'd tongue of ſlaunder yet is tide,
But if once ſpoke, deliuered vp to fame,
Hers the report, but ours returnes the ſhame.
About to write, yet newly entring in,
Me thinks I end, ere I can well begin;
VVhen I would end, then ſomthing makes me ſtay,
And then me thinks, I ſhould haue more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remaineth in my breſt;
For want of words that cannot be expreſt;
vvhat I would ſay; and ſaid to thee I faine,
Then in thy perſon I reply againe,
Then in thy cauſe, vrge all I can obiect,
Then what againe, mine honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry paſsions doe I try?
Striuing to hate, you forcing contrarie;

Being

Being a Prince, I blame you not to proue,
The greater reaſon to obtaine your loue.
That greatnes which doth challenge no deniall,
The onely reſt that doth allow my triall:
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capitall.
To men is granted priuiledge to tempt,
But in that charter, women be exempt:
Men win vs not, except we giue conſent;
Againſt our ſelues, except our ſelues are bent.
VVho doth impute it is a fault to you?
You proue not falſe, except we be vntrue;
It is your vertue, being men to trie,
And it is ours, by vertue to denie.
Your fault it ſelfe, ſerues for the faults excuſe,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
Beauty a begger, fie it is too bad,
vvhen in it ſelfe ſufficiencie is had,
Not made a lure t'intice the wandring eye,
But an attire t'adorne ſweet modeſtie.
If modeſtie and women once doe ſeuer,
Farewell our fame, farewell our name for euer.
Let *Iohn* and *Henry*, *Edwards* inſtance be,
Matilda and faire *Roſamond* for me:
A like both woo'd, alike ſu'd to be wonne,
Th'one by the Father, th'other by the Sonne.
Henry obtaining, did our weakenes wound,
And layes the fault on wanton *Roſamond*;
Matilda chaſt, in life, and death all one,
By her deniall, layes the fault on *Iohn*,
By theſe we proue, men acceſſarie ſtill,

But

But women onely principals of ill.
VVhat prayſe is ours, but what our vertues get?
If they be lent, ſo much we be in debt,
vvhilſt our owne honours, vertue doth defend,
All force too weake, what euer men pretend;
If all the world elſe, ſhould ſuborne our fame,
Tis we our ſelues that ouerthrow the ſame;
And how ſo ere, although by force you win,
Yet on our weakenes ſtill returnes the ſin.
You are a vertuous Prince, ſo thought of all,
And ſhall I then, be guiltie of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Then ſuch a ſinne, vpon my ſoule ſhould lie.
VVhere is great *Edward*? whether is he led?
At whoſe victorious name, whole Armies fled.
Is that braue ſpirit, that conquer'd ſo in France,
Thus ouercome, and vanquiſh'd with a glance?
Is that great hart, that did aſpire ſo hie,
So ſoone tranſperſed with a womans eye?
He that a King, at Poycters battell tooke,
Himſelfe led captiue with a wanton looke?
Twice as a bride, to Church I haue beene led,
Twice haue two Lords, enioy'd my Bridall bed;
How can that beauty yet, be vndeſtroy'd,
That yeeres haue waſted, and two men enioy'd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Princes ſtore,
Of which two ſubiects were poſſeſs'd before?
Let Spaine, let Fraunce, or Scotland ſo prefer,
Their infant Queenes, for Englands dowager,
That blood ſhould be, much more then halfe diuine,
That ſhould be equall euery way with thine:

Yet

Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reproue you,
As mine owne life, ſo deerely do I loue you.
My noble husband, which ſo loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuerend *Mountague*,
Nere mothers voice, did pleaſe her babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell;
I haue made ſhort the houres, that time made long,
And chain'd mine eares, vnto his pleaſing tong,
My lips haue waited, on your praiſes worth,
And ſnatch'd his words, ere he could get them forth;
vvhen he hath ſpoke, and ſomthing by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay;
I kept in mind, where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him, the reſidue to tell;
Oft he would ſay, how ſweet a Prince is hee.
vvhen I haue prais'd him but for praiſing thee,
And to proceed, I would entreat and wooe,
And yet to eaſe him, helpe and prayſe thee too:
Muſt ſhe be forc'd, t'exclaime th'iniurious wrong?
Offred by him, whom ſhe hath lou'd ſo long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſweare,
Edward will bluſh, when he his fault ſhall heare.
Iudge now that time doth youths deſire aſſwage,
And reaſon mildly quench'd the fire of rage.
By vpright iuſtice, let my cauſe be tride,
And be thou iudge if I not iuſtly chide.
That not my Fathers graue and reuerent yeeres,
His bending knee, his cheeke-bedewing teares,
His prayers, perſwaſions, nor entreats could win,
To free himſelfe as guiltleſſe of my ſin.
My mothers cries, her ſhreeks, her pittious mones,

Her deepe-fetch'd ſighs, her ſad hart-breaking grones,
Thy luſtfull rage, thy tyranny could ſtay;
Mine honours ruine, further to delay;
Haue I not lou'd you? ſay can you ſay no,
That as mine owne preſeru'd your honour ſo.
Had your fond will, your foule deſires preuail'd,
vvhen you by them my chaſtitie aſſail'd:
Though this no way could haue excus'd my fault,
True vertue neuer yeelded to aſſault,
Yet what a thing were this it ſhould be ſaid,
My parents ſin ſhould to your charge be laid:
And I haue gain'd my liberty with ſhame,
To ſaue my life, made ſhipwrack of my name.
Did Roxborough once vaile her towring fane,
To thy braue enſigne, on the Northerne plaine?
And to thy trumpet ſounding from thy Tent,
Often replie with ioy, and merriment?
And did receiue thee as my ſoueraigne liege
Comming to ayde, thou ſhouldſt againe beſiege,
To raiſe a foe, but for my treaſure came
To plant a foe, to take my honeſt name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the Scot,
And wouldſt haue wone more then he could haue got:
That did ingirt me readie ſtill to flie,
But thou laid'ſt batterie to my chaſtitie:
O modeſtie, didſt thou me not reſtraine,
How I could chide you in this angrie vaine:
A Princes name, (heauen knowes) I doe not craue,
To haue thoſe honours, *Edwards* ſpouſe ſhould haue;
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought
In my chaſt breſt to harbour ſuch a thought,

As

As to be worthy to be made a Bride,
An Empresse place by mighty *Edwards* side,
Of all the most vnworthy of that grace,
To waite on her that should enioy that place.
But if that loue, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equall his vertues, and my chast desire:
If it be such as we may iustly vaunt,
A Prince may sue for, and a Lady graunt:
If it be such as may suppresse my wrong,
That from your vaine vnbridled youth hath sprong,
That faith I send, that I from you receaue,
The rest vnto your Princely thoughts I leaue.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

Twice as a Bride I haue to Church beene led.

THe two husbands of which she maketh mention, obiecting Bigamay against her selfe, as beeing therefore not meete to be maried with a Batcheler-Prince, were Sir *Thomas Holland* Knight, & Sir *William Mountague*, afterward made Earle of Salisburie.

That not my Fathers graue and reuerent yeeres.

A thing incredible, that any Prince should be so vniust to vse the Fathers meanes for the corruption of the daughters chastitie, though so the historie importeth, her Father being so honourable, and a man of so singuler desert, though *Polidore* would haue her thought to be *Iane*, the daughter to *Edmund* Earle of Kent, Vncle to *Edward* the third, beheaded in the Protectorship of *Mortimer*, that daungerous aspirer.

And I haue gain'd my libertie with shame.

Roxborough is a Castle in the North, mistermed by *Bandello* Salisburie Castle, because the king had giuen it to the Earle of Salisburie, in which her Lord being absent, the Countesse by the Scots was besieged, who by the cõming of the English Armie were remoued. Heere first the Prince saw her, whose liberty had been gained by her shame,

name, had she been drawne by dishonest loue to satisfie his appetite, but by her most prayse-worthy constancie she conuerted that humor in him to an honourable purpose, & obtained the true reward of her admired vertues.

The rest vnto your princely thoughts I leaue.

Least any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it shall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are vttered concerning her, whose name is said to haue been *Aelips*, but that beeing reiected as a name vnknowne among vs, *Froisard* is rather belieued, who calleth her *Alice*. *Polidore* contrariwise as before is declared, names her *Iane*, who by Prince *Edward* had issue, *Edward* dying young, and *Richard* the second King of England, though (as he saith) she was deuorced afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinitie prohibiting to marrie, the truth whereof I omit to discusse, her husband the Lord *Montague*, being sent ouer with the Earle of Suffolke into Flaunders by King *Edward*, was taken prisoner by the French, & not returning, left his Countesse a widow in whose bed succeeded Prince *Edward*, to whose last and lawfull request the reioycefull Ladie sends this louing answere.

FINIS.

To the Right Honourable and my very good Lord, *Edward* Earle of Bedford.

THrice noble and my gracious Lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illustrious house of Bedford, and to the honourable familie of the Harringtons, to the which by marriage your Lordship is happily vnited, hath long since deuoted my true and zealous affection to your honourable seruice, and my Poems to the protection of my noble Ladie, your Countesse; to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learned and accomplished Gentleman, Sir Henry Goodere, (not long since deceased,) whose I was whilst hee was, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse and vnstaied youth. That excellent and matchlesse Gentleman, was the first cherrisher of my Muse, which had beene by his death left a poore Orphan to the world, had hee not before bequeathed it to that Lady who so deerly loued. Vouchsafe then my deere Lord to accept this Epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be witnesse of my loue to your honour.

Your Lordships euer,

Michaell Drayton.

Queene *Isabell* to *Richard* the second.

¶ The Argument.

Queene Isabell (*the daughter of* Charles *King of Fraunce*) *being the second wife of* Richard *the second, the sonne of* Edward *the blacke Prince, the eldest sonne of King* Edward *the third; After the said* Richard *her husband was deposed from his crowne and kingly dignitie, by* Henry *Duke of Herford, the eldest sonne of* Iohn of Gaunt *Duke of Lankaster, the fourth sonne of* Edward *the third, this Lady beeing then very young, was sent backe againe into Fraunce, without dowre, at what time the deposed King her husband was sent from the Tower of London (as a prisoner) vnto Pomfret Castle. VVhether this poore Lady, bewailing her husbands misfortunes, writeth this Epistle from Fraunce.*

AS doth the yeerely *Auger* of the spring
In depth of woe, thus I my sorrow sing;
vvords tun'd with sighs, teares falling oft among
A dolefull burthen to a heauie song;
VVords issue forth to finde my griefe some way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them stay;
Thus whilst one striues to keepe the other back,
Both once too forward, now are both too slack.
If fatall Pomfret hath in former time
Nurrish'd the griefe of that vnnaturall Clime,

Thether I ſend my ſorrowes to be fed,
But where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto Fraunce be aliens and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge theſe her own.
They ſay al miſchiefe commeth from the North,
It is too true, my fall doth ſet it forth;
But why ſhould I thus limmit griefe a place,
vvhen all the world is fild with our diſgrace?
And we in bounds thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more reſiſts the more we doe reſtraine it.
Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes,
And in my glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe ſpies
(Prepard for *Richard*) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that traytor, *Henry Bollingbrooke*,
But that exceſſe of ioy my ſence bereau'd
So much my ſight had neuer been deceau'd.
Oh how vnlike to my lou'd Lord was hee,
vvhom raſhly I, ſweet *Richard* tooke for thee,
I might haue ſeene the Courſers ſelfe did lack,
That princely rider ſhould beſtride his back,
Hee that (ſince nature her great work began)
Shee made to be the mirrhor of a man,
That when ſhe ment to forme ſom matchles lim
Still for a patterne, tooke ſome part of him,
And ielous of her cunning brake the mould,
In his proportion done the beſt ſhe could.
Oh let that day be guiltie of all ſin,
That is to come, or heeretofore hath bin,
vvherein great *Norfolkes* forward courſe was ſtaid,
To proue the treaſons he to *Herford* layd,
vvhen (with ſterne furie) both theſe Dukes enrag'd,

Theyr

Theyr vvarlike gloues at Couentry engag'd,
vvhen firſt thou didſt repeale thy former grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray*, as thy Combatant,
From his vnnumbred houres let time deuide it,
Leaſt in his minutes, he ſhould hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other dayes may feare it,
And all ill-boding Planets, by conſent,
That day may hold theyr dreadfull parlement,
Be it in heauens Decrees enroled thus,
Blacke, diſmall, fatall, inauſpitious,
Proude *Herford* then, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbrayes* valiant hand had dy'de;
Nor ſhould not thus from baniſhment retyre,
The fatall brand to ſet our Troy on fire.
O why did *Charles* relieue his needie ſtate?
A vagabond, and ſtragling runnagate;
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
This vagrant exile, this abiected *Caine*,
VVho with a thouſand mothers curſes went,
Mark'd with the brands of ten yeeres baniſhment.
VVhen thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewell,
Millions of knees vpon the pauements fell,
And euery where th'applauding ecchoes ring
The ioyfull ſhouts that did ſalute a King;
Thy parting hence, what pompe did not adorne?
At thy returne, who laugh'd thee not to ſcorne?
VVho to my Lord, a looke vouchſaf'd to lend,
Then all too few on *Herford* to attend:
Princes (like ſunnes) be euermore in ſight,
All ſee the clowdes betwixt them and their light;

Yet they which lighten all downe from theyr skies,
See not the cloudes offending others eyes,
And deeme their noone-tide is desir'd of all,
VVhen all expect cleere changes by theyr fall.
VVhat colour seemes to shadow *Herfords* claime,
vvhen law and right his Fathers hopes doth maime?
Affirm'd by Church-men (which should beare no hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, was illegittimate;
vvhom his reputed Mothers tongue did spot,
By a base Flemish Boore to be begot,
vvhom *Edwards* Eglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the sun.
VVhere lawfull right and conquest doth allow,
A triple crowne on *Richards* princely brow,
Three kingly Lyons beares his bloody field,
No bastards marke doth blot his conquering shield,
Neuer durst hee attempt our hapless shore,
Nor set his foote on fatall Rauenspore;
Nor durst his slugging Hulkes approch the strand,
Nor stoope a top as signall to the land,
Had not the *Percyes* promisd ayde to bring,
Against theyr oath vnto theyr lawfull King;
Against theyr faith vnto our Crownes true heyre,
Theyr valiant kinsman, *Edmond Mortimer*,
VVhen I to England came, a world of eyes
Like starrs attended on my faire arise,
At my decline, like angry Planets frowne,
And all are set before my going downe;
The smooth-fac'd ayre did on my comming smile,
But with rough stormes are driuen to exile;
But *Bullingbrooke* deuisd we thus should part,

Fearing

Fearing two sorrowes should possesse one hart;
To make affliction stronger doth denie
That one poore comfort left our misery.
He had before diuorc'd thy crowne and thee,
vvhich might suffice, and not to widow mee,
But that to proue the vtmost of his hate,
To make our fall the greater by our state.
Oh would *Aumerle* had sunck when he betraid,
The complot which that holy Abbot layd,
vvhen he infring'd the oath which he first tooke
For thy reuenge on periur'd *Bullingbrooke*.
And been the raunsome of our friends deere blood
Vntimely lost, and for the earth too good;
And we vntimely mourne our hard estate,
They gone too soone, and we remaine too late.
And though with teares I from my Lord depart,
This curse on *Herford* fall to ease my hart;
If the foule breach of a chast nuptiall bed,
May bring a curse, my curse light on his head;
If murthers guilt with blood may deeply staine,
Greene, *Scroope*, and *Bushie* die his fault in graine;
If periurie may heauens pure gates debar,
Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster;
If the deposing of a lawfull King,
Thy curse condemne him, if no other thing,
If these disioynd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited, strongly curse him all.
And for the *Percyes*, heauen may heare my prayer,
That *Bullingbrooke* now plac'd in *Richards* chaire,
Such cause of woe vnto theyr wiues may be,
As those rebellious Lords haue beene to me.

And

And that proude Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pompe triumpheth in my fall,
For her great Lord may water her ſad eyne,
vvith as ſalt teares as I haue done for mine;
And mourne for *Henry Hotſpur*, her deere ſonne,
As I for my ſweet *Mortimer* haue done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall baniſhment.
Then looſe thy care, where firſt thy crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo deerely, for it deerely coſt;
And ſith they did of libertie depriue thee,
Burying thy hope, let not thy care out-liue thee.
But hard (God knowes) with ſorrow doth it goe,
vvhen woe becomes a comforter to woe;
Yet much (me thinks) of comfort I could ſay,
If from my hart pale feare were rid away;
Some thing there is, which tels me ſtill of woe,
But what it is, that heauen aboue doth know,
Griefe to it ſelfe, moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
And neuer yet was ſorrow voyde of feare;
But yet in death, doth ſorrow hope the beſt,
And with this farewell wiſh thee happy reſt.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

If fatall Pomfret hath in former time

POmfret Caſtle euer a fatall place to the Princes of England, and moſt ominous to the blood of *Plantaginet*.

Oh how euen yet I hate theſe wretched eyes
And in my glaſſe &c.

When

When *Bullingbrooke* returned to London from the Weſt, bringing *Richard* a priſoner with him, the Queene who little knew of her Husbands hard ſucceſſe, ſtayd to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue ſeene her Husband thus ledde in tryumph by his foe, and nowe ſeeming to hate her eyes, that ſo much had graced her mortall enemie.

Wherein great Norfolks *forward courſe was ſtayd.*

She remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Herforde and Norfolke at Couentry, vrging the iuſtnes of *Mowbrayes* quarrell againſt the Duke of Herford, & the faithfull aſſurance of his victorie.

O why did Charles *relieue his needie ſtate?*
A vagabond &c.

Charles the French King her father, receiued the Duke of Herford in his Court, and releeued him in Fraunce, beeing ſo neerely alied, as Coſin german to king *Richard* his ſonne in Lawe, which he did ſimply, little thinking that he ſhould after returne into England, and diſpoſſeſſe King *Richard* of the Crowne.

When thou to Ireland took'ſt thy laſt farewell.

King *Richard* made a voyage with his Armie into Ireland, againſt *Onell* & *Mackemur* which rebelled, at what time *Henry* entred here at home, and robd him of all kinglie dignitie.

Affirm'd by Church-men (which ſhould beare no hate)
That Iohn *of* Gaunt *was illegitimate.*

William Wickham, in the great quarrell betwixt *Iohn* of *Gaunt* and the Clergy, of meere ſpight and malice (as it ſhould ſeeme) reported that the Queene confeſſed to him on her death-bed, being then her Confeſſor, that *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, was the ſonne of a Flemming, & that ſhe was brought to bed of a woman child at Gaunt, which was ſmothered in the cradle by miſchaunce, and that ſhe obtained this chylde of a poore woman, making the king beleiue it was her own, greatlie fearing his diſpleaſure. *Fox ex Chron. Albans.*

No baſtards marke doth blot our conquering ſhield.

Shewing the true and indubitate birth of *Richard*, his right vnto the Crowne of England, as carrying the Armes without blot or difference.

Againſt

Against theyr fayth vnto the Crownes true heire,
Their noble kindſman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer, Earle of March, ſonne of Earle *Roger Mortimer* which was ſonne to Lady *Phillip*, daughter to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne to king *Edward* the third, which *Edmund* (king *Richard* going into Ireland) was proclaimed heyre apparant to the Crowne, whoſe Aunt called *Ellinor*, this Lord *Piercie* had married.

O would Aumerle *had ſuncke when he betrayd*
The complot which that holy Abbot layd.

The Abbot of Weſtminſter had plotted the death of king *Henry*, to haue been done at a Tylt at Oxford; of which confederacie there was, *Iohn Holland*, Duke of Exceſter, *Thomas Holland*, Duke of Surrey, the Duke of Aumerle, *Mountacute*, Earle of Salisbury, *Spenſer*, Earle of Gloſter, the Biſhop of Carlile, Sir *Thomas Blunt*, theſe all had bound themſelues one to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayd by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, and *Buſhie*, die his fault in graine,

Henry going towards the Caſtle of Flint, where King *Richard* was, cauſed *Scroope, Greene*, & *Buſhie*, to be executed at Briſtow, as vile perſons, which had ſeduced this king to this laſciuious & wicked life.

Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaſter.

After *Henries* exile, at his returne into England, he tooke his oath at Doncaſter vpon the Sacrament, not to claime the crown, or kingdom of England, but onely the Dukedome of Lancaſter, his own proper right, and the right of his wife.

And mourne for Henry Hotſpur, *her deere ſonne,*
As I for my &c.

This was the braue couragious *Henry Hotſpur*, that obtained ſo many victories againſt the Scots, which after falling out right with the curſe of Queene *Iſabell*, was ſlaine by *Henry*, at the battaile at Shrewsburie.

Richard the ſecond to Queene *Iſabell.*

WHat may my Queene, but hope for from that hand,
Vnfit to write; vnskilful to command?
A kingdoms greatnes, hardly can he ſway,
That wholeſome counſaile neuer did obey;
Ill this rude hand did guide a Scepter then,
VVorſe now (I feare me) gouerneth a pen,
How ſhall I call my ſelfe, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence theſe letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hateſull life
Hath made thee widdow, being yet a wife;
Nor from a King, that title I haue loſt,
Now of that name proud *Bullingbrooke* may boaſt:
vvhat I haue beene, doth but this comfort bring,
That no woe is, to ſay, *I was a King.*
This lawleſſe life, which firſt procur'd my hate,
This tong, which then denounc'd my regall ſtate,
This abiect mind, that did conſent vnto it,
This hand, that was the inſtrument to doe it;
All theſe be witnes, that I doe denie
All paſſed hopes, all former ſoueraigntie.
Didſt thou for my ſake leaue thy fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy virgine port,
And vndertook'ſt to trauaile dangerous wayes,
Driuen by aukward winds, and boyſt'rous ſeas;

And

And left's great *Burbon* for thy loue to me,
vvho su'd in marriage to be linck'd to thee;
Offring for dower the Countries neighbouring nie,
Offruitfull Almaine, and rich Burgundie;
Didst thou all this, that England should receaue thee,
To miserable banishment to leaue thee?
And in my downfall, and my fortunes wracke,
Forsaken thus, to Fraunce to send thee backe.
VVhen quiet sleepe (the heauie harts reliefe)
Hath rested sorrow, somwhat lesned griefe,
My passed greatnes vnto minde I call,
And thinke this while I dreamed of my fall;
vvith this conceite, my sorrowes I beguile,
That my fayre Queene is but with-drawne awhile,
And my attendants in some chamber by,
As in the height of my prosperitie.
Calling aloud, and asking who is there,
The Eccho answering, tells me VVoe is there,
And when mine armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold,
vvhich when my waking eyes precisely view,
Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the houres there be,
So many houres each minute seemes to me;
Each houre a day, morne, noone-tide, and a set,
Each day a yeare, with miseries complet.
A vvinter, spring-time, sommer, and a fall,
All seasons varying, but vnseasoned all;
In endlesse woe, my thred of life thus weares,
By minutes, houres, dayes, monthes, and ling'ring yeares,
They praise the Sommer, that enioy the South,

Pomfret

Pomfret is closed in the Norths cold mouth:
There pleasant Sommer dwelleth all the yeere,
Frost-starued-winter doth inhabite heere;
A place wherein dispaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow best suting with a clowdie Cell:
VVhen *Herford* had his iudgement of exile,
Saw I the peoples murmuring the while;
Th'vncertaine Commons touch'd with inward care,
As though his sorrowes mutually they bare:
Fond women, and scarse speaking children mourne,
Bewaile his parting, wishing his returne;
Then being forc'd t'abridge his banish'd yeeres,
vvhen they bedew'd his footsteps with their teares:
Yet by example could not learne to know
To what his greatnes by this loue might grow,
vvhilst *Henry* boasts of our atthieuements done,
Bearing the trophies our great fathers wone;
And all the storie of our famous warre
Now grace the Annalls of great Lancaster.
Seuen goodly siens in their spring did flourish,
vvhich one selfe root brought forth, one stocke did nourish:
Edward the top-braunch of that golden tree,
Nature in him her vtmost power did see,
vvho from the bud still blossomed so faire,
As all might iudge what fruit it meant to beare:
But I his graft of eu'ry weede ore-growne,
And from the kind, as refuse forth am throwne,
From our braue Grandsire, both in one degree,
Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the young'st of three.
Might princely VVales beget an Impe so base,
(That to *Gaunts* issue should giue soueraigne place)

That

That leading Kings from Fraunce returned home,
As those great *Cæsars* brought their spoyles to Rome;
vvhose name obtayned by his fatall hand,
vvas euer fearefull to that conquered land;
His fame increasing, purchasd in those warres,
Can scarcely now be bounded with the starres.
VVith him is valour quite to heauen fled,
(Or else in me is it extinguished,)
vvho for his vertue and his conquests sake
Posteritie a demie God shall make,
And iudge this vile and abiect spirit of mine
Could not proceed from temper so diuine:
VVhat earthly humor, or what vulgar eye
Can looke so low as on our miserie?
VVhen *Bullingbrook* is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
Into our Counsels he himselfe intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the multitudes.
His power disgrad's, his dreadfull frowne disgraceth,
He throwes them downe, whom our aduancement placeth;
As my disable, and vnworthie hand,
Neuer had power belonging to command.
He treads our sacred tables in the dust,
And proues our acts of Parlament vniust;
As though he hated that it should be said,
That such a law by *Richard* once was made.
VVhilst I depresd before his greatnes lie,
Vnder the waight of hate and infamie.
My back a foot-stoole *Bullingbrook* to raise,
My loosenes mock'd, and hatefull by his praise:
Out-hu'd mine honour, buried my estate,

And

And nothing left me, but the peoples hate.
(Sweet Queene) ile take all counsell thou canst giue,
So that thou bid'st me neither hope nor liue;
Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worst,
But sharpens greefe, to make vs more accurst.
Comfort is now vnpleasing to mine eare,
Past cure, past care, my bed become my Beere.
Since now misfortune humbleth vs so long,
Till heauen be growne vnmindfull of our wrong,
Yet they forbid my wrongs shall euer die,
But still remembred to posteritie;
And let the crowne be fatall that he weares,
And euer wet with wofull mothers teares.
Thy curse on *Percie* angry heauens preuent,
vvho haue not one curse left, on him vnspent,
To scourge the world, now horrowing of my store,
As rich of woe, as I a King am poore.
Then cease (deere Queene) my sorrowes to bewaile,
My wounds too great for pittie now to heale,
Age stealeth on, whilst thou complainest thus,
My greefes be mortall, and infectious;
Yet better fortunes, thy fayre youth may trie,
That follow thee, which still from me doth flie.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

This tongue which first denounc'd my regall state.

Richard the second, at the resignation of the Crowne to the Duke of Herford, in the Tower of London, deliuering the same with his owne hand, there confessed his disabilitie to gouerne, vtterly denouncing all kingly dignitie.

And

And left ſt great Burbon *for thy loue to me,*

Before the Princeſſe *Iſabell* was married to the King, *Lewes* Duke of Burbon ſued to haue had her in mariage, which was thought hee had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the meane time; This Duke of Burbon ſued againe to haue receiued her at her comming into Fraunce, after the impriſonment of King *Richard*, but King *Charles* her Father then croſt him as before, and gaue her to *Charles*, ſonne to the Duke of Orleance.

When Herford *had his iudgement of exile,*

When the combate ſhould haue beene at Couentrie, betwixt *Henrie* Duke of Herford, and *Thomas* Duke of Norfolke; where *Herford* was adiudged to baniſhment. for tenne yeares, the Commons exceeding lamented, ſo greatly was he euer fauoured of the people.

Then being forc'd t'abridge his baniſh'd yeeres.

When the Duke came to take his leaue of the King, being then at Eltham, the King to pleaſe the Commons, rather then for any loue he beare to *Herford*, repleaded foure yeeres of his baniſhment.

Whilſt Henry *boaſts of our atchieuements done,*

Henry the eldeſt Sonne to *Iohn* Duke of Lancaſter, at the firſt Earle of Darby, then created Duke of Herford, after the death of the Duke *Iohn* his Father, was Duke of Lancaſter and Hereford, Earle of Darby, Leiceſter, and Lincolne; and after he had obtained the Crowne, was called by the name of *Bullingbrooke*, which is a towne in Lincolneſhire, as vſually all the Kings of England bare the name of the places where they were borne.

Seauen goodly ſyens in their ſpring did flouriſh,

Edward the third had ſeuen Sonnes. *Edward* Prince of Wales, after called *the blacke Prince*, *William* of Hatfield the ſecond, *Lionell* Duke of Clarence the third, *Iohn* of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter the fourth, *Edmond* of Langley Duke of Yorke the Fifth, *Thomas* of Woodſtocke Duke of Gloſter the ſixth, *William* of Windſore the ſeuenth.

Edward *the top-branch of that golden tree,*

Truly boaſting himſelfe to bee the eldeſt Sonne of *Edward* the blacke Prince.

Yet after Edward, Iohn *the young'st of three.*

As disabling *Henry Bullingbrooke*, being but the sonne of the fourth brother: *William* and *Lionell* beeing both before *Iohn* of Gaunt.

That leading Kings from Fraunce, returned home

Edward the black Prince, taking *Iohn* King of Fraunce prisoner, at the battell of Poictiers, brought him into England, where at the Sauoy he died.

Whose name atchiued by his fatall hand,

Called the black Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the famous battell hee fought, as is shewed before: in the Gloss vppon the Epistle of *Edward* to the Countesse of Salisburie.

And proues our acts of Parlement vniust.

In the next Parlement, after *Richards* resignation of the Crowne, *Henry* caused to be annihilated all the lawes made in the Parlament, called the wicked Parlement, holde in the twenty yeere of king *Richards* raigne.

FINIS.

Queene *Katherine* to *Owen Tudor.*

✻ The Argument.

After the death of that victorious Henry *the fift*, *Queene* Katherine, *the dowager of England and Fraunce*, *daughter to* Charles *the French King*, *holding her estate with* Henrie *her sonne*, (*then the sixt of that name*,) *falleth in loue with* Owen Tuder, *a VVelshman*, *a braue and gallant Gentleman of the VVardrope to the young King her son*; *yet greatlie fearing if her loue shoulde bee discouered*, *the Nobilitie*

would crosse her purposed marriage; or fearing, that if her faire & princely promises should not assure his good successe, this high and great attempt, might (perhaps) daunt the forwardnesse of his modest and shamefast youth; wherefore to breake the Ice to her intent, shee writeth vnto him this Epistle following.

IVdge not a Princesse worth impeach'd heereby
That loue thus tryumphs ouer maiestie;
Nor thinke lesse vertue in this royall hand,
vvhich now intreats, that wonted to commaund,
For in this sort, though humbly now it wooe,
The day hath beene; thou would'st haue kneeld vnto.
Nor thinke that this submission of my state,
Proceedes from frailty, (rather iudge it fate)
Alcides nere more fit for wars sterne shock,
Then when for loue sate spinning at the rock,
Neuer lesse clowdes did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a clownes shape when he couered him;
Ioues great commaund was neuer more obey'd,
Then when a Satyres anticke parts he plai'd.
He was thy King that sued for loue to mee,
Shee is thy Queene that sues for loue to thee.
VVhen *Henry* was, what's *Tudors* now, was his;
vvhilst yet thou art, what's *Henries, Tudors* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth,
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth;
Henry woo'd me, whilst wars did yet increase,
I wooe my *Tudor*, in sweet calmes of peace,
To force affection, he did conquest proue,
I fight with gentle arguments of loue.

In

Incampt at Melans, in warres hote alarmes,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry*, clad in princely Armes.
At pleaſant VVindſore, firſt theſe eyes of mine,
My *Tudor* iudg'd for wit and ſhape diuine.
Henry abroade, with puiſſance and with force,
Tudor at home, with courtſhip and diſcourſe,
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me beſt, *Plantaginet* or *Tether*.
A march, a meaſure, battell, or a daunce,
A courtly rapier, or a conquering Launce.
His princely bed hath ſtrengthned my renowne,
And on my temples ſet a double crowne;
vvhich glorious wreath, (as *Henries* lawfull heire)
Henry the ſixt vpon his brow doth beare.
At Troy in Champaine he did firſt enioy
My bridal-rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now, that honour thou ſhalt haue,
vvhich once in Champaine famous *Henry* gaue.
I ſeeke not wealth, three kingdoms in my power,
If theſe ſuffiſe not, where ſhall be my dower?
Sad diſcontent may euer follow her,
vvhich doth baſe pelfe before true loue prefer;
If titles ſtill could our affections tie,
vvhat is ſo great but maieſtie might buy?
As I ſeeke thee, ſo Kings doe me deſire,
To what they would, thou eaſily mai'ſt aſpire.
That ſacred fire, once warm'd my hart before,
The fuell fit, the flame is now the more,
And meanes to quench it, I in vaine doe proue;
vve may hide treaſure, but not hide our loue,
And ſince it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it,

It

It were too late, nor will I now restraine it.
Nor these great titles vainely will I bring,
vvife, daughter, mother, sister to a King,
Of grandsire, father, husband, sonne, & brother,
More thou alone to me, then all the other.
Nor feare my *Tudor* that this loue of mine,
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne great Lancastrian line,
Nor stir the Englisn blood, the Sunne and Moone,
T'repine at Loraine, Burbon, Alansoon;
Nor doe I thinke there is such different ods,
They should alone be numbred with the Gods.
Of *Cadmus* earthly issue reckoning vs,
And they from *Ioue*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*,
Of great *Latonas* of-spring onely they,
And we the brats of wofull *Niobe*,
Our famous Grandsires (as theyr owne) bestrid,
That horse of fame, that God-begotten steed,
vvhose bounding hoofe plow'd that Boetian spring,
vvhere those sweet maides of memory doe sing,
Not onely *Henries* Queene, but boast as well,
To be the childe of *Charles* and *Isabell*.
Nor doe I know from whence their griefe should grow,
They by this match should be disparag'd so,
vvhen *Iohn* and *Longshanks* issue both affied,
And to the Kings of VVales in wedlocke tyed,
Shewing the greatnes of your blood thereby,
Your race, and royall consanguinitie.
And VVales as well as haughty England boasts,
Of Camilot, and all her Penticosts;
A nephewes roome in great *Pendragons* race,
At *Arthurs* table held a princely place.

If

If by the often conqueſt of your land
They boaſt the ſpoyles of theyr victorious hand,
If theſe our auncient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
VVhen bloody *Rufus* ſought your vtter ſack,
Twice entring VVales, yet twice was beaten back,
VVhen famous Cambria waſh'd her in the flood,
Made by th'effuſion of the Engliſh blood;
And oft return'd with glorious victorie,
From *VVorſter, Herford, Cheſter, Shrowesbury,*
vvhoſe power in euery conqueſt ſo preuailes,
As once expuls'd the Engliſh out of VVales.
Although my beautie made my Countries peace,
And at my bridall former broyles did ceaſe,
Yet more then power, had not his perſon beene,
I had not come to England as a Queene.
Nor tooke I *Henry* to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in Fraunce that time my choiſe was ſcant;
vvhen we had robd all Chriſtendome of men,
And Englands flower remain'd amongſt vs then;
Gloſter, whoſe counſels (*Neſtor*-like) aſsiſt,
Couragious *Bedford*, that great martialliſt;
Clarence, for vertue honoured of his foes,
And *Yorke*, whoſe fame yet daily greater growes,
VVarwicke, the pride of *Neuels* haughtie race,
Great *Salisburie*, ſo fear'd in euery place.
That valiant *Poole*, whom no atchiuement dares,
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the Iriſh warres,
vvho though my ſelfe ſo great a Prince were borne,
The worſt of theſe my equall neede not ſcorne;
If But *Henries* rare perfections and his parts,

As conquering kingdoms, ſo he conquer'd harts.
As chaſt was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaſt loue vow'd to thee;
Beautie doth fetch all fauour from thy face,
All perfect courtſhip reſteth in thy grace.
If thou diſcourſe, thy lips ſuch accents breake,
As loue a ſpirit, foorth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeake.
The Brittiſh language, which our vowels wants,
And iarrs ſo much vpon harſh conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy mellifluous tongne,
As doe the ſweet notes of a well ſet ſong,
And runnes as ſmoothly from thoſe lips of thine,
As the pure Thuskan from the Florantine;
Leauing ſuch ſeaſoned ſweetnes in the eare,
As the voyce paſt, yet ſtill the ſound is there;
In *Niſus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And on his golden viall vs'd to play,
vvhere ſenceleſſe ſtones were with ſuch muſick drownd,
As many yeeres they did retaine the ſound.
Let not the beames that greatnes doth reflect
Amaze thy hopes with timerous reſpect,
Aſſure thee *Tudor*, maieſtie can be
As kinde in loue, as can the mean'ſt degree,
And the embraces of a Queene as true,
As theyrs (might iudge them) much aduaunc'd by you,
vvhen in our greatnes our affections craue
Thoſe ſecret ioyes that other women haue;
So I (a Queene) be ſoueraigne in my choyſe,
Let others fawne vpon the publique voyce,
Or what (by this) can euer hap to thee,
Light in reſpect to be belou'd of mee.

Let peeuiſh worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leaue plaints and pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old men ſpeake of chaunces and euents,
And Lawyers talke of titles, and diſcents,
Leaue fond reports to ſuch as ſtories tell,
And couenaunts to thoſe that buy and ſell;
Loue my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt,
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Great Henry *ſought to accompliſh his deſire,*
Armed, &c.

H*Enry* the fift making clayme vnto the Crowne of Fraunce, firſt ſought by Armes to ſubdue the French, and after ſought by marriage to confirme what he got by conqueſt, the heate and furie of which inuaſion, is alluded to the fixtion of *Semele* in *Ouid*: which by the craftie perſwaſion of *Iuno*, requeſted *Ioue* to come vnto her, as he was wont to come vnto his wife *Iuno*, who at her requeſt hee yeelding vnto, deſtroyed her in a tempeſt.

Incamp'd at Melans in wars hote alarmes,
Firſt, &c.

Neere vnto Melans, vpon the Riuer of Seyne, was the appoynted place of parley, betweene the two Kings of England, and Fraunce, to which place, *Iſabell* the Queene of Fraunce, and the Duke of Burgoyne, brought the young Princeſſe *Katherine*, where King *Henry* firſt ſaw her.

And on my temples ſet a double Crowne.

Henry the fift, and Queene *Katherine*, vvere taken as King and Queene of Fraunce, and during the life of *Charles* the French King, *Henry* was called King of England, and heire of Fraunce, & after the death of *Henry* the fift, *Henry* the ſixt his ſon, then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawfull king of England & Fraunce.

At Troy in Champaine he did first enioy;

Troy in Champayn, was the place where that victorious king *Henrie* the fift maried the Princesse *Katherine*, in the presence of the chiefe nobilitie of the Realmes of England and Fraunce.

Nor these great tytles vainely will I bring,
Wife, daughter, Mother, &c.

Few Queenes of England, or Fraunce, were euer more princelie alied then this Queene, as it hath been noted by Historiographers.

Nor thinke so Tudor, *that this loue of mine,*
Should wrong the Gaunt-borne. &c.

Noting the descent of *Henry* her husband, frō *Iohn* Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of *Edward* the third, which Duke *Iohn* was sirnamed Gaunt, of the citty of Gaunt in Flaunders, where he was borne.

Nor stir the English blood, the sunne and Moone,
T'repine &c.

Alluding the greatnes of the English line, to *Thœbus* & *Phœbe*, fained to be the children of *Latona*, whose heauenly kind might scorne to be ioyned with any earthlie progenie: yet withall, boasting the blood of Fraunce, as not inferiour to theirs. And with this alluſion followeth on the historie of the strife betwixt *Iuno* and the race of *Cadmus*, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heauen. The chyldren of *Niobe* slaine, for which the wofull mother became a Rock, gushing forth continually a fountaine of teares.

And Iohn *and* Longshanks *issue, both affied,*
Lhewellin or *Leolin ap Iorwerth*, married *Ioane*, daughter to King *Iohn*, a most beautifull Lady. Some Authours affirme that shee was base borne, *Lhewellin ap Gryfith* maried *Ellenor*, daughter to *Simon Montfort*, Earle of Leicester, and Cosin to *Edward Longshanks*, both which *Lhewellins* were Princes of Wales.

Of Camilot and all her Pentecosts,
A Nephewes roome, &c

Camilot, the auncient Pallace of King *Arthur*, to which place all the Knights of that famous order yeerely repaired at Penticost according to the lawe of the Table, and most of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Countrie, as to this day is perceiued by theyr auncient

ancient monuments.

When bloody Rufus *sought your vtter sacke,*

Noting the ill successe which that *William Rufus* had in two voyages he made into Wales, in which a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were slaine.

And oft return'd with glorious victorie.

Noting the diuers sundry incursions that the Welchmen made into England, in the time of *Rufus*, *Iohn*, *Henry* the second, & *Longshankes*.

Owen Tudor to Queene *Katherine*.

WHen first mine eyes beheld your princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came,
As in excesse of ioy my selfe forgot,
vvhether I saw it, or I saw it not;
My panting hart doth bid mine eyes proceede,
My dazeled eye, inuites my tongue to reede;
Mine eye should guide my tongue, amazed mist it,
My lips which now should speake, are dombe, and kist it,
And leaues the paper in my trembling hand,
vvhen all my sences so amazed stand;
Euen as a mother comming to her child,
vvhich from her presence hath beene long exil'd,
vvith tender armes his gentle necke doth straine,
Now kissing him, now clipping him againe;
And yet excesiue yoy deludes her so,
As still she doubts if this be hers or no;

At

At length awak'ned from this pleasing dreame,
vvhen passion som-what leaues to be extreame,
My longing eyes, with their faire obiect meete,
vvhere euery letter's pleasing, each word sweete.
It was not *Henries* conquests, nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report,
Nor was his dreadfull terror-striking name,
The cause that I from VVales to England came,
For Christian Rhodes, and our religious truth,
To great atchieuements first had wone my youth;
Before aduenture did my valour proue,
Before I yet knew what it was to loue;
Nor came I hether by some poore euent,
But by th'eternall Destinies consent,
vvhose vncompriſed wisedomes did fore-see,
That you in marriage should be linck'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin*, was it not fore-told,
(Amongst his holy prophecies enrold)
vvhen first he did of *Tudors* fame diuine,
That Kings and Queenes should follow in our line?
And that the Helme, (the *Tudors* auncient Crest)
Should with the golden Flower-delice be drest;
And that the Leeke, (our Countries chiefe renowne)
Should grow with Roses, in the English Crowne:
As *Charles* fayre daughter, you the Lilly weare,
As *Henries* Queene, the blushing Rose you beare;
By Fraunce's conquest, and by Englands oth,
You are the true made dowager of both;
Both in your crowne, both in your cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.
Then make no future doubts, nor feare no hate,

vvhen

vvhen it ſo long hath beene fore-told by Fate;
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of heauen,
Before our births, vnto one bed were giuen.
No *Pallas* heere, nor *Iuno* is at all,
vvhen I to *Venus* giue the golden ball;
Nor when the Græcians wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd to vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous.
VVhen in your preſence I was call'd to daunce,
In lofty tricks whilſt I my ſelfe aduaunce,
And in my turne, my footing fail'd by hap,
vvas't not my chaunce to light into your lap?
vvho would not iudge it fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?
His birth from heauen, your *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in ſuperlatiues,
Although the enuious Engliſh doe deuiſe
A thouſand ieſts of our hyperbolies;
Nor doe I claime that plot by auncient deedes,
where *Phœbus* paſtures his fire-breathing ſteeds;
Nor do I boaſt my God-made Grandſires skars,
Nor Giants trophies in the Tytans wars;
Nor faine my birth (your princely ears to pleaſe)
By three nights getting as was *Hercules*,
Nor doe I forge my long deſcent to runne
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne,
And yet in VVales with them moſt famous bee
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my pedigree,
And boaſt my birth from great *Cadwallader*,
From old *Cair-ſepton*, in Mount Palador,

And

And from *Eneons* line, the South-wales King,
By *Theodor* the *Tudors* name doe bring.
My royall mothers princely ſtock began,
From her great Grandam faire *Gwenellian*;
By true deſcent from *Leolin* the great,
As well from North-wales as faire Powſlands ſeat;
Though for our princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make Apologie;
Yet who with iudgements true vnpartiall eyes,
Shall looke from whence our name at firſt did riſe,
Shall find that Fortune is to vs in debt;
And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*;
Nor that terme *Croggen*, nick-name of diſgrace,
Vſ'd as a by-word now in euery place,
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a VVelchmans name,
vvhich was at firſt begot with Englands ſhame.
Our valiant ſwords, our right did ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that cruell, proud, vſurping Dane;
And buckl'd in ſo many dangerous fights,
vvith Norwayes, Swethens, and with Muſcouits,
And kept our natiue language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our tong;
vvhen they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue loſt their Country, and their name:
Nor neuer could the Saxons ſwords prouoke,
Our Brittaine necks to beare their ſeruile yoke,
vvhere Cambrias pleaſant Countries bounded bee,
vvith ſwelling Seuerne, and the holy Dee;
And ſince great *Brutus* firſt arriu'd, haue ſtood,
The onely remnant of the Troian blood.
To euery man is not allotted chaunce,

To boaſt with *Henry* to haue conquer'd Fraunce;
Yet if my fortunes thus may raiſed be,
This may preſage a farther good to me.
And our S. *Dauid*, in the Brittaines right,
May ioyne with *George*, the ſainted Engliſh Knight,
And old Caer-marden, *Merlins* famous towne,
Not ſcorn'd by London, though of ſuch renowne.
Ah would to God, that houre my hopes attend,
vvere with my wiſh, brought to deſired end,
Blame me not Madame, though I thus deſire,
vvhen eyes, with enuie doe my hap admire;
Till now your beauty in nights boſome ſlept,
vvhat eye durſt ſtir, where awfull *Henry* kept?
VVho durſt attempt to ſaile but neere the bay,
vvhere that all-conquering great *Alcides* lay?
Thy beauty now is ſet a royall prize,
And Kings repaire to cheapen merchandize.
If thou but walke to take the breathing ayre,
Orithia makes me that I *Boreas* feare,
If to the fire, *Ioue* once in lightning came,
And faire *Egina* make me feare the flame.
If in the ſunne, then ſad ſuſpition dreames
Phœbus ſhould ſpread *Lucothoe* in his beames,
If in a fountaine thou doo'ſt coole thy blood,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a flood;
If with thy maides, I dread *Apollos* rape,
vvho cuſned *Chion* in an old wiues ſhape;
If thou dooſt banquet *Bacchus* makes me dread,
vvho in a grape *Erigone* did feede;
And if my ſelfe the chamber doore ſhould kepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes*, comming in a ſleepe.

Pardon

Pardon (ſweet Queene) if I offend in this,
In theſe delayes, loue moſt impatient is ;
And youth wants power his hote ſpleene to ſuppreſſe,
vvhen hope alreadie banquets in exceſſe.
Though *Henries* fame, in me you ſhall not find,
Yet that which better ſhall content your mind ;
But onely in the title of a King
vvas his aduantage, in no other thing :
If in his loue more pleaſure you did take,
Neuer let Queene truſt Brittaine for my ſake.
Yet iudge me not from modeſtie exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* charge attempt ;
My mind that thus your fauours dare aſpire,
Declare a temper of celeſtiall fire ;
If loue a fault, the more is beauties blame,
vvhen ſhe her ſelfe is author of the ſame.
All men to ſome one quallitie incline,
Onely to loue, is naturally mine.
Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth.
Ordain'd by heauen, to cheere the drouping earth,
Adde faithfull loue vnto your greater ſtate,
And then a-like in all things fortunate.
A King might promiſe more, I not denie,
But (by heauen) he lou'd not more then I.
And thus I leaue, till time my faith approue,
I ceaſe to write, but neuer ceaſe to loue.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

And that the helme, the Tudors *ancient Creſt,*

THe Armes of *Tudor* was the Helmes of mens heads, whereof hee ſpeaketh as a thing prophetically fore-told of *Merlin.*

When in thy preſence I was call'd to daunce.

Owen Tudor, being a courtly and actiue Gentleman, commaunded once to daunce before the Queene, in a turne (not beeing able to recouer himſelfe) fell into her lappe, as ſhee ſate vppon a little ſtoole, with many of her Ladies about her.

And yet with them in Wales moſt famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This Berdh, as they call it in the Brittiſh tongue, or as wee more properly ſay Bard, or *Bardus*, be their Poets, which keepe the records of Petigrees and diſcents, and ſing in odes and meaſures to the Harps, after the old manner of the Lirick Poets.

And boaſt my blood from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the laſt King of the Brittaines, deſcended of the noble and auncient race of the Troyans, to whom an Angell appeared, commaunding him to goe to Rome to Pope *Sergius*, where he ended his life.

Since faire Caer-Septon in mount Paladar,

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsbury, at whoſe building it was ſaid, an Eagle prophecied (or rather one named *Aquila*) of the fame of that place, and of the recouerie of the Ile of the Brittaines, bringing backe with them the bones of *Cadwallader* from Rome.

And from Eneons *line, the South-wales King,*
From Theodor, *&c.*

This *Eneon* was ſlaine by the Rebels of Gwentſland, hee was a noble and worthy Gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was Father to *Theodor*, or *Tudor Maur*, of whom deſcended the Princes of South-wales.

From her great Grandam faire Guenelliam,

Guenelliam, the daughter of *Rees ap Griffeth, ap Theodor*, Prince of South-wales, married *Edninet Vahan*, auncestor to *Owen Tudor.*

By

By true descent from Liolin *the great,*

This is the *Lewhelin*, called *Liolinus magnus*, Prince of North-wales.

Nor that word Croggen, *nick-name of disgrace.*

In the voyage that *Henry* the second made against the VVelchmen, as his Souldiours passed Offas ditch at Croggen Castle, they were ouerthrowne by the Welchmen, which word *Croggen*, hath since beene vsed to the Welchmens disgrace, which was at first begun with their honour.

And old Caer-Merdin, Merlins *famous towne,*

Caer-Merdin, or *Merlins* Towne, so called of *Merlins* beeing found there. This was *Ambrose Merlin*, whose prophecies wee haue. There was another of that name, called *Merlin Siluestris*, borne in Scotland, surnamed *Calidonius*, of the Forrest Calidon, where he prophecied.

And kept our native language now thus long,

The Welchmen be those auncient Brittaines, which when the Picks, Danes, and Saxons inuaded heere, were first diuen into those parts, where they haue kept their language euer since the first, without commixion with any other language.

FINIS.

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6 0C62

To

To my worthy and deerely esteemed Friend, Maister *Iames Huish.*

SIR, your owne naturall inclination to vertue, & your loue to the Muses, assure mee of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is seated by custome (from which wee are now bolde to assume authoritie) to beare the names of our friends vpon the fronts of our bookes, as Gentlemen vse to set theyr Armes ouer theyr gates. Some say this vse beganne by the Heroes *and braue spirits of the old world, which were desirous to bee thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honour the names of those braue Princes. But I thinke some after, put the names of great men in their bookes, for that men shoulde say there was some thing good, onely because indeed their names stoode there; But for mine owne part, (not to dissemble) I find no such vertue in any of theyr great titles to doe so much for anie thing of mine, and so let them passe. Take knowledge by this I loue you, & in good faith, worthy of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you may supply the place of further complement.*

Yours euer,

M. Drayton.

Elinor Cobham to Duke *Humfrey.*

❧ The Argument.

Elinor Cobham, *daughter to the Lord Cobham of Sterborough, and wife to* Humfry Plantaginet *Duke of Glocester, the son of* Henry *the fourth, King of England, sirnamed* Bullingbrooke. *This noble Duke for his great wisedome and iustice called the good, was by King* Henry *the fift (brother to this Duke) at his death appointed Protector of the Land, during the nonage of* Henry *the sixt; this* Elinor *Duches of Glocester, a proud and ambitious woman, knowing that if young* Henry *died without issue, the duke her husband was the neereſt of the blood, conspired with one* Bullenbrooke, *(otherwise called* Onely, *a great Magitian)* Hun *a priest, and* Iourdane *witch of Eye, by sorcery to make away the king, & by coniuration to know who should succeede. Of this beeing iustly conuicted, she was adiudged to do penance three seuerall times openly in London, & then to perpetuall banishment in the Ile of Man, from whence she writeth this Epistle.*

ME thinks not knowing, who theſe lines ſhould ſend,
Thou ſtraight turn'ſt ouer to the latter end,
VVhere thou my name no ſooner haſt eſpi'd,
But in diſdaine my letters caſts aſide;
VVhy if thou wilt, I will my ſelfe denie,
Nay, I'le affirme and ſweare I am not I,

Or

Or if in that thy ſhame thou dooſt perceiue,
Ile leaue that name, that name my ſelfe ſhall leaue,
And yet me thinks, amaz'd thou ſhouldſt not ſtand,
Nor ſeeme ſo much appauled at my hand,
For my misfortunes haue inur'd thine eye
(Long before this) to ſights of miſery;
No, no, read on, tis I the very ſame,
All thou canſt read, is but to reade my ſhame.
Be not diſmaid, nor let my name affright,
The worſt it can, is but t'offend thy ſight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull ſpell, nor magique charme;
If ſhee that ſent it, loue Duke *Humfrey* ſo,
Iſt poſsible her name ſhould be his foe?
Yes, I am *Elnor*, I am very ſhee,
vvho brought for dower, a virgins bed to thee,
Though enuious *Beuford* ſlaunder'd me before,
To be Duke *Humfreys* wanton Paramore,
And though indeed, I can it not denie,
To magique once I did my ſelfe apply,
I won thee not, as there be many thinke,
vvith poyſoning Philters, and betwitching drinke,
Nor on thy perſon did I euer proue,
Thoſe wicked potions, ſo procuring loue,
I cannot boaſt to be rich *Hollands* heyre,
Nor of the blood and greatnes of *Bauier*,
Yet *Elnor*, brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*;
Nor clamorous husbands folowed me that fled,
Exclaiming *Humfrey* to defile his bed,
Nor waſt thou forc'd the ſlaunder to ſuppreſſe,

To ſend me backe as an adultereſſe;
Brabant, nor Burgoyne, claimed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to Rome to haſten my deuorce,
Nor Belgias pompe, defac'd with Belgias fire,
The iuſt reward of her vniuſt deſire,
Nor *Bedfords* ſpouſe, your noble ſiſter *Anne*,
That princely-iſſued great Burgunnian;
Should ſtand with me, to moue a womans ſtrife,
To yeeld the place to the Protectors wife.
If *Cobhams* name, my birth can dignifie,
Or Sterborough, renowne my familie,
VVhere's Greenewich now, thy *Elnors* Court of late?
vvhere ſhe with *Humfrey* held a princely ſtate.
That pleaſant Kent, when I abroade ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure, layd forth all her pride;
The Thames, by water when I tooke the ayre,
Daunc'd with my Barge in lanching from the ſtayre,
The anchoring ſhips, that when I paſs'd the rounde
vvere wont to hang their chequered tops abroad;
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my pompe, ſo goddeſſe-like on land,
Should after ſee mee mayld vp in a ſheete,
Doe ſhamefull penance, three times in the ſtreete?
Rung with a bell, a Taper in my hand,
Bare-foote to trudge before a Beedles wand;
That little babes, not hauing vſe of tongue,
Stoode poynting at me as I came along.
VVher's *Humfreys* power, where was his great command,
vvaſt thou not Lord-protector of the Land?
Or for thy iuſtice, who can thee denie,
The title of the good Duke *Humfrey*?

Haſt

Haſt thou not at thy life, and in thy looke,
The ſeale of Gaunt, the hand of *Bullingbrooke*?
VVhat blood extract from famous *Edwards* line,
Can boaſt it ſelfe to be ſo pure as thine?
vvho elſe next *Henry* ſhould the Realme prefer?
If it allow of famous *Lancaſter*?
But *Rayners* daughter muſt from Fraunce be fet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be ſet;
Mauns, Maine, and Aniou, on that begger caſt,
To bring her home to England in ſuch haſt,
And what for *Henry* thou haſt laboured there,
To ioyne the King with *Arminacks* rich heyre,
Muſt all be daſh'd, as no ſuch thing had been,
Poole needs muſt haue his darling made a Queen
How ſhould he with our Princes elſe be plac'd,
To haue his Earleſhip with a Dukedome grac'd?
And raiſe the ofspring of his blood ſo hie,
As Lords of vs, and our poſteritie.
O that by Sea when he to Fraunce was ſent,
The ſhip had ſunck wherein the traytor went;
Or that the ſands, had ſwallowed her before
Shee ere ſet foote vpon the Engliſh ſhore.
But all is well, nay we haue ſtore to giue,
vvhat need we more, we by her lookes can liue?
All that great *Henries* conqueſts euer heap'd,
That famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Be giuen backe, to *Rayner* all in poſt,
And by this meanes, rich Normandy be loſt;
Thoſe which haue comen as Miſtreſſes of ours,
Haue into *England* brought their goodly dowers
vvhich to our Coffers, yeerely tribute brings,

The life of ſubiects, and the ſtrength of Kings;
The meanes whereby faire England euer might
Raiſe power in Fraunce, to back our auncient right;
But ſhe brings ruine, heere to make aboad,
And cancels all our lawfull claime abroade,
And ſhee muſt recapitulate my ſhame,
And giue a thouſand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, VVitch, Night-mare, Trot,
vvith all deſpight that may a woman ſpot:
O that I were a VVitch but for her ſake,
Ifayth her Queeneſhip little reſt ſhould take,
I would ſcratch that face that may not feele the ayre,
And knit whole ropes of vvitch-knots in her hayre,
O I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breaſt ſit like a lumpe of led,
And like a Fayerie, pinch that daintie skin,
Her wanton blood is now ſo cockerd in,
Or take me ſome ſuch knowne familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my vengeance neuer ſhould eſcape;
vvere I a garment, none ſhould neede the more
To ſprinkle me with *Neſſus* poyſned gore,
It were enough if ſhe once put me on,
To teare both fleſh and ſinewes from the bone,
vvere I a flower that might her ſmell delight,
Though I were not the poyſning Aconite,
I would ſend ſuch a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
They ſay the *Druides*, once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my exile,
vvhoſe powerfull charmes, ſuch dreadfull wonders wrought
vvhich in the gothiſh Iſland tongue were taught,

O that theyr ſpels to me they had reſign'd,
vvherewith they raiſd and calm'd both ſea and wind,
And made the Moone pauſe in her palid ſpheare,
vvhilſt her grim Dragons drew them through the ayre,
Theyr helliſh power to kill the plowmans ſeede,
Or to foreſpeake the flocks as they did feede,
To nurſe a damned ſpirit with humaine blood,
To carry them through earth, ayre, fire, and flood;
Had I this skill that time hath almoſt loſt,
How like a Goblin, I would haunt her ghoſt.
O pardon, pardon my miſgouern'd tongue,
A womans ſtrength cannot endure my wrong.
Did not the heauens her comming in withſtand,
As though affrighted when ſhe came to land,
The earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly *Thames* did twice keepe backe her tyde,
Paules ſhooke with tempeſts, and that mounting ſpire,
vvith lightning ſent from heauen was ſet on fire,
Our ſtately buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her pride by theſe prodigious ſignes were ſhowne;
More fearefull viſions on the Engliſh earth,
Than euer were at any death or birth.
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, if I ſhould not ſpeake,
My breaſt would ſplit, my very hart would breake.
I that was wont ſo many to commaund,
vvorſe now then with a clapdiſh in my hand;
A ſimple mantle, couering me withall,
A very leaper of Cares hoſpitall,
That from my ſtate, a preſence held in awe,
Glad heere to kennell in a pad of ſtraw;
And like an Owle by night to goe abrode,

Rooſted

Roosted all day within an Iuy tod,
Amongst the sea cliffes, in the dampie caues,
In charnell houses, or among the graues;
Saw'st thou those eyes, in whose sweet cheerfull looke,
Duke *Humfrey* once, such ioy and pleasure tooke;
Sorrow hath so dispoyl'd me of all grace,
Thou couldst not say, this was my *Elnors* face,
Like a foule Gorgon, whose disheuel'd hayre
vvith euery blast flies glaring in the ayre;
Some standing vp, like hornes vpon my head,
Euen like those women, that in Coos are bred:
My lanke breasts hang like bladders left vnblowne,
My skinne with lothsome Iaundize ouer-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'st to see
Ruins true picture, onely looke on mee,
Sometime in thinking of what I haue had,
Euen in a suddaine extasie am mad;
Then like a Bedlam, forth thy *Elnor* runs,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging frantick Nuns,
Or like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
Prepar'd vnto a dismall sacrifice.
That Prelate *Benford*, a foule ill befall him,
Prelate said I, nay deuill I should call him;
Ah God forgiue me, if I thinke amisse,
His very name me thinks my poyson is,
Ah that vile Iudas, our professed foe,
My curse pursue him where so ere he goe;
That to my iudgement when I did appeare,
Layd to my charge those things which neuer were,
I should pertake with *Bullenbrookes* intents,
The hallowing of his magique instruments,

That

That I procured *Southwell* to assist,
vvhich was by order consecrate a Priest,
That it was I should couer all they did,
That but for him, had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile bastard, that himselfe dare vaunt
To be the sonne of thy braue Grandsire *Gaunt*,
vvhom he but fatherd of meere charitie,
To rid his mother of that infamie,
vvho if report of Elder times be true,
Vnto this day, his father neuer knew.
He that by murthers blacke and odious crime,
To *Henries* throne attempted once to clime;
Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine,
A fatall hand his soueraigne to haue slaine;
vvho to his chamber closely he conuaid,
And for that purpose fitly there had layd,
Vpon whose sword that famous Prince had died,
If by a dogge he had not beene discried.
But now the Queene, her Minion, *Poole*, and he,
As it please them, so now must all things be,
England's no place for any one beside,
All is too little to maintaine their pride:
Henry alas, thou but a Kings name art,
For of thy selfe, thou art the lesser part;
And I pray God, I doe not liue the day
To see thy ruine, and thy Realmes decay,
And yet as sure, as *Humfrey* seemes to stand,
He be preseru'd from that vile Traytors hand;
From *Glosters* seate, I would thou wert estrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedoms name were chang'd,
For it portends no goodnes vnto vs,

Ah

Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, it is ominous;
Yet rather then thy hap so hard should be,
I would thou wert heere banished with me;
Humfrey adue, farewell true noble Lord,
My wish is all thy *Elnor* can afford.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

I sought that dreadfull Sorceresse of Eye.

ELinor *Cobham* was accused by some that sought to withstand, and mislik'd her marriage with Duke *Humfrey*, that shee practised to giue him Philters and such poysoning potions, to make him loue her, as she was slandered by Cardinall *Beuford*, to haue liued as the Dukes Lemmon, against the which Cardinall she exclaimeth in this Epistle in the verse before.

Though enuious Beuford *slaundered me before,*
Noting the extreame hate he euer bore her.
Nor Elnor *brought thee forraine Armies in,*
To fetch her backe as did thy Iacomin.

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke; that dotingly he marred *Iacomin*, or as some call her *Iaquet*, daughter and heire to *William Bauier* Duke of Holland, married before, and lawfull wife to *Iohn* Duke of Brabant then liuing; which after as it is shewed in this verse following.

Brabant nor Burgoyne claimed me by force,
Nor sis'd to Rome to hasten my deuorce.

Caused great warres, by reason that the Duke of Burgoyne tooke part with Brabant, against the Duke of Glocester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Ladie was adiudged to be deliuered backe, to her former husband.

Nor Bedfords *spouse, your noble sister* Anne,
That Princely issued braue Burgunian.

Iohn Duke of Bedford, that scourge of Fraunce, and the glory of the

he Englishmen, married *Anne*, sister to the Duke of Burgundy, a ertuous and beautifull Ladie, by which marriage, as also by his vic-ories attained in Fraunce; he brought great strength to the English nation.

Where's Greenewich now, thy Elnors *Court of late?*

That faire and goodly Pallace of Greenewich, was first builded by hat famous Duke, whose rich and pleasant situation might remaine n assured monument of his wisedome, if there were no other memo-ie of the same.

They say the Druides once liued in this Ile,

It would seeme that there were two Ilands, both of them called *Mona*, though now distinguished the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Anglesey, both which were full of many infer-all ceremonies, as may appeare by *Agricolaes* voyage, made into the either most Man, described by his sonne in law *Cornelius Tacitus*. And s superstition the daughter of bararisme and ignorance, so amongst hese northerly nations, like as in America Magicke was most estee-med. *Druidæ* were the publique ministers of their religion, as through-y taught in all rites thereof; their doctrine concerned the immorta-itie of the soule, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimitie: their abode was in Groues and Woods, whereupon they haue their name; their power extended it selfe to maister the soules of men diseased, and to conferr with Ghosts, and other spirits, about the successe of things. *Plutarch* in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of Ora-les, reporteth that the outmost Brittish Iles were the prison of I wote not what Demigods, but it shall not need to speake any farther of the *Druidæ*, then that which *Lucan* doth.

Et vos barbaricus ritus, moremq; sinestrum,
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetistis ab armis.
Did not the heauens, her comming in withstand.

Noting the prodigious and fearefull signes that were seene in Eng-and, a little before her comming in: which *Elinor* expresseth in this pistle, as fore-shewing the dangers which should ensue vpon this vn-icky marriage.

The

The hallowing of the magique instruments.

The instruments which *Bullenbrooke* vsed in his coniurations, according to the deuillish ceremonies and customes of these vnlawfull Artes, were dedicated at a Masse in the Lodge in Harnsey Parke, by *Southwell*, Priest of Westminster.

Hauing procur'd by hopes of goldengaine,

This was one of the Articles that Duke *Humfrey* vrg'd against the Cardinall *Beuford*, that conspired the death of *Henry* the fift, by conuaying a villaine into his chamber, which in the night should haue murthered him: but what ground of truth he had for the same, I leaue to dispute.

Duke *Humfrey* to *Elinor Cobham*.

ME thinks thou should'st not doubt, I could forget
Her whom so many doe remember yet;
No, no, our ioyes away like shadowes slide,
But sorrowes firme, in memory abide;
Nay I durst answere, thou doo'st nothing lesse,
But moou'd with passion, vrg'd by thy distresse;
No *Elnor* no, thy wooes, thy greefe, thy wrong,
Haue in my breast beene resident too long;
Oh when report in euery place had spred,
My *Elnor* was to sanctuarie fled,
with curfed *Onley*, and the vvitch of Eye,
As guilty, of their vile conspiracie;
The dreadfull spirits, when they did inuocate,

For

For the ſucceſsion,, and the Realmes eſtate;
vvhen *Henries* Image, they in waxe had wrought,
By which he ſhould vnto his death be brought;
That as his picture did conſume away,
His perſon ſo, by ſicknes ſhould decay;
Griefe that before, could nere my thoughts controule,
That inſtant tooke poſſeſsion of my ſoule.
Ah would to God I could forget thine ill,
As for mine owne, let that inſtruct me ſtill;
But that before hath taken too ſure hold,
Forget it ſaid I; would to God I could.
Of any woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my hart;
I haue no neede of others cares to borrow,
For all I haue, is nothing elſe but ſorrow.
No my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away,
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy woes doe ſtay,
Though from thy husband thou wert forſt to goe,
Thoſe ſtill remaine, they will not leaue me ſo;
No eye bewailes my ill, moanes my diſtreſſe,
Our greefe is more, but yet our debt is leſſe;
vve owe no teares, no mourning daies are kept;
For thoſe that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
vve hold no obijts, no ſad exequies
Vpon the death-daies of vnweeping eyes.
Alas good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kind Lord, with a forraine loue;
Thou might'ſt haue bidd all former ils adue,
Forgot the old, we haue ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine
vvith mutuall griefe to anſwere griefe againe?

Of

Or think'ſt thou I vnkindly did forbeare,
To bandy woe for woe, and teare for teare?
Did I omit, or careleſly neglect,
Thoſe ſhewes of loue, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournefull blacke, was I not ſeene to goe?
By outward ſhewes to tell my inward woe:
Nor drerie words, were waſted in lament,
Nor clowdy brow, bewraid my diſcontent,
Is this the cauſe, if this be it, know then,
One griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is then ten:
If in my breaſt thoſe ſorrowes ſometimes were,
And neuer vtter'd, ſtill they muſt be there,
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time increaſing, they muſt needs be more;
England to me, can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt vp, what is receiu'd, what ſpent,
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but proue, a ſtepdame vnto me?
That if I ſhould, with that proud baſtard ſtriue,
To plead my birth-right and prerogatiue;
If birth alow, I ſhould not need to feare it,
For then my true nobility ſhould beare it;
If counſell ayde, that, Fraunce will tell (I know)
vvhoſe townes lie waſt before the Engliſh foe;
vvhen thrice we gaue the conquered French the foyle,
At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle,
If faith auaile, theſe armes did *Henry* hold,
To claime his crowne, yet ſcarcely nine month's old.
If Countries care haue leaue to ſpeake for me,
Gray haires in youth, my witnes then may be,
If peoples tongues giue ſplendor to my fame,

They adde a title to Duke *Humfreys* name;
If toyle at home, French treason, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the state,
If forraine trauell my successe may try,
In Flaunders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy,
That Robe of Rome, proud *Beuford* now doth weare,
In euery place such sway should neuer beare.
The crosier staffe, in his imperious hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the land;
That home to England, dispensations drawes,
vvhich are of power to abrogate our lawes,
That for those sums, the wealthy Church should pay,
Vpon the needie Commentie to lay,
His ghostly counsels onely doe aduise,
The meanes how *Langleys* progenie may rise,
Pathing young *Henries* vnaduised waies,
A Duke of Yorke from Cambridge house to raise,
vvhich after may our title vndermine,
Grafted since *Edward*, in *Gaunts* famous line
Vs of succession falsely to depriue,
vvhich they from Clarence, fainedly deriue,
Knowing the will old Cambridge euer bore,
To catch the wreath that famous *Henrie* wore.
VVith *Gray*, and *Scroope*, when first he laid the plot
From vs, and ours, the garland to haue got,
As from the march-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
vvhose title *Glendour* stoutly did maintaine,
vvhen the proud *Percies*, haughtie *March* and he,
Had shar'd the Land by equall parts in three.
His Priesthood now sterne *Mowbray* doth restore,
To stir the fire that kindled was before;

Against

Againſt the Yorkiſts ſhall their claime aduaunce,
To ſteele the poynt of *Norfolks* ſturdie Launce,
Vpon the breſt of *Herfords* iſſue bent,
In iuſt reuenge of auncient baniſhment.
He doth aduiſe to let our priſoner goe,
And doth enlarge the faithleſſe Scottiſh foe,
Giuing our heires in marriage, that their dowres
May bring inuaſion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious *Suffolke* ſo the helme doth guide,
vvith *Beufords* damned policies ſupplide
He and the Queene in counſell ſtill confer,
How to raiſe him who hath aduanced her;
But my deare hart, how vainely do I dreame,
And flie from thee, whoſe ſorrowes are my theame?
My loue to thee, and England thus deuided,
vvhich the moſt part, how hard to be decided,
Or thee, or that, to whether I am loth,
So neere are you, ſo deere vnto me both,
Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I finde,
England ingratefull, and my *Elnor* kinde.
But though my Country, iuſtly I reproue,
For Countries ſake, vnkinde vnto my loue,
Yet is thy *Humfrey* to his *Elnor*, now
As when freſh beautie triumph'd on thy brow,
As when thy graces I admired moſt,
Or of thy fauours might the frankli'ſt boaſt;
Thoſe beauties were ſo infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore,
Of which though time hath taken ſome againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remaine,
Be patient gentle hart, in thy diſtreſſe,

Thou

Thou art a Princeſſe, not a whit the leſſe.
VVhilſt in theſe breaſts we beare about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife;
Caſt not thine eye on ſuch as mounted be,
But looke on thoſe caſt downe as low as we;
For ſome of them which proudly pearch ſo hie,
Ere long ſhall come as low as thou or I.
They weepe for ioy, and let vs laugh in woe,
vve ſhall exchange when heauen will haue it ſo.
VVe mourne, and they in after time may mourne,
vvoe paſt, may once laugh preſent woe to ſcorne,
And worſe then hath beene, we can neuer taſt,
vvorſe cannot come, then is already paſt.
In all extreames, the onely depth of ill,
Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill;
Ah would to God thou would'ſt thy griefes denie,
And on my backe let all the burthen lie.
Or if thou canſt reſigne, make thine mine owne,
Both in one carridge to be vndergone,
Till we againe our former hopes recouer,
And proſperous times, blow theſe misfortunes ouer,
For in the thought of thoſe forepaſſed yeeres,
Some new reſemblance of old ioy appeares.
Mutuall our care, ſo mutuall be our loue,
That our affliction neuer can remoue,
So reſt in peace, where peace hath hope to liue,
vviſhing thee more, then I my ſelfe can giue.

I. *Notes*

❧ *Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.*

At Agincourt, at Crauant, and Vernoyle,

THe three famous battels, fought by the Engliſh men in Fraunce: Agincourt by *Henry* the fift, againſt the whole power of Fraunce, Grauant fought by *Mountacute*, Earle of Salisburie, and the Duke of Burgoyne, againſt the Dolphine of Fraunce, & *William Stuart*, Conſtable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by *Iohn* Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the Nobilitie of Fraunce, Duke *Humfry* an eſpeciall Counſellour in all theſe expeditions.

In Flaunders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundie.

Heere remembring the auncient amitie which in his Embaſsies he concluded betwixt the King of England and *Sigiſmond* Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the ſame league, gyuing himſelfe as an hoſtage for the Duke of Saint Omers, while the Duke came to Calice to confirme the league. With his many other imployments to forraine kingdoms.

That croſier ſtaffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beuford, Cardinall of Wincheſter, that proude and haughty Prelate, receiued his Cardinals hatte at Calice by the Popes Legate, which dignitie, *Henry* the fift his nephewe, forbad him to take vpon him, knowing his haughtie and malicious ſpirit vnfit for that robe and calling.

The meanes how Langleys *progenie may riſe.*

As willing to ſhew the houſe of Cambridge to bee deſcended of *Edmund Langley* Duke of York, a yonger brother to *Iohn* of Gaunt, his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to ſmother the title that the Yorkiſts made to the crowne (from *Lionell* of Clarence, *Gaunts* elder brother) by the daughter of *Mortimer*.

Hu

His priesthood now, sterne Mowbray *doth restore.*

Noting the ancient grudge betweene the house of Lancaster and Norfolke, euer since *Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke was banished for the accusation of *Henry* Duke of Herford, (after the King of England Father to Duke *Humfry*,) which accusation he came as a Combatant, to haue made good in the Lists at Couentry.

And giues our heires in marriage that their dowers.

Iames Stuart, King of Scots, hauing beene long prisoner in England, was released, and tooke to wife the daughter of *Iohn* Duke of Sommerset, sister to *Iohn* Duke of Somerset, neece to the Cardinall and the Duke of Exceester, and Cosin germaine remou'd to the king, this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemie to England.

FINIS.

To my honoured Mistres, Mistres *Elizabeth Tanfelde*, the sole daughter and heyre of that famous and learned Lawyer, *Lawrence Tanfelde* Esquire.

FAire and vertuous Mistres, since first it was my good fortune to be a witnes of the many rare perfections wherewith nature and education haue adorned you, I haue been forced since that time to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer Petrarch *could before perswade mee to by the prayses of his* Laura. *Sweet is the French tongue, more sweet the Italian, but most sweet are they both if spoken by your admired selfe. If poesie were praiseless, your vertues alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though among the barbarous Getes: by how much the more your tender yeres giue scarcely warrant for your more then woman-like wisedome, by so much is your iudgment and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more Sister by your selfe, and England to herselfe shall adde one Muse more to the Muses. I rest the humble deuoted seruiunt, to my deere and modest Mistresse, to whom I wish the happiest fortunes I can deuise.*

Michaell Drayton.

William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolke, to Queene *Margaret*.

¶ The Argument.

VVilliam de la Pole, *first Marques, and after created Duke of Suffolke, beeing sent into Fraunce by King* Henry *the sixt, concludeth a marriage betweene the King his Maister, and* Margaret, *daughter to* Rayner *Duke of Aniou; who onely had the title of the King of Cicily and Ierusalem. This marriage beeing made contrare to the lyking of the Lordes and Counsell of the Realme (by reason of the yeelding vp Aniou and Maine into the Dukes hands, which shortly after proued the losse of all Aquitaine,) they euer after continually hated the Duke, and after (by meanes of the Commons) banished him at the parlement at Berry; where after he had the iudgment of his exile, beeing then ready to depart, hee writeth backe to the Queene this Epistle.*

IN my disgrace (deere Queene) rest thy content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolkes* banishment;
Not one day seemes fiue yeeres exile to mee,
But that so soone I must depart from thee;
VVhere thou not present, it is euer night,
All be exil'd that liue not in thy sight.
Those Sauages which worship the suns rise,
Would hate theyr God, if they beheld thine eyes,
The worlds great light, might'st thou be seene abroad,
Would at our noone-stead euer make aboade;

And make the poore Antipodes to mourne,
Fearing least he would neuer more returne.
VVer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile
To liue within this Sea-inuirond Ile.
Poles courage brookes not limmitting in bands,
But that (great Queene) thy soueraignty commands;
Our Falcons kinde cannot the cage indure,
Nor buzzard-like doth stoope to euery lure;
Theyr mounting broode in open ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coop'd within a groue;
VVe all doe breath vpon this earthly ball,
Likewise one heauen encompasseth vs all,
No banishment can be to him assign'd,
vvho doth retaine a true resolued minde.
Man in himselfe, a little world doth beare,
His soule the Monarch euer ruling there,
vvhere euer then his body doth remaine,
He is a King that in himselfe doth raigne,
And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'st alarmes,
That beares against her, *Patience* for his Armes.
This was the meane proude *VVarwicke* did inuent
To my disgrace at Leister parlement,
That onely my base yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the losse of fertile Aquitaine,
vvith the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke *Humfreys* name;
And so by treason spotting my pure blood,
Make this a meane to raise the *Neuels* brood.
VVith *Salisbury* his vile ambitious Syer,
In *Yorkes* sterne breast, kindling long hidden fyer,
By *Clarence* title working to supplant,

Th

The Eagle ayrie of great *Iohn* of Gaunt.
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to pleaſe the raſcall multitude;
Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend theyr breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death,
That ſince the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me of force he muſt be murthered.
If they would know who rob'd him of his life,
Let them call home Dame *Ellinor* his wife,
vvho with a Taper walked in a ſheet,
To light her ſhame at noone through London ſtreet;
And let her bring her Negromantick booke,
That foule hag *Iordane*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrooke*,
And let them call the ſpirits from hell againe,
To know how *Humfrey* died, and who ſhall raigne.
For twenty yeeres and haue I ſeru'd in Fraunce,
Againſt great *Charles*, and baſtard *Orleance*?
And ſeene the ſlaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, and conquered agen;
And haue I ſeene Vernoylas batfull fields.
Strew'd with ten thouſand Helmes, ten thouſand ſhields,
VVhere famous *Bedford* did our fortune try,
Or Fraunce or England for the victory?
The ſad inueſting of ſo many Townes,
Scor'd on my breſt in honourable wounds;
vvhen *Mountacute* and *Talbot* of ſuch name,
Vnder my Enſigne, both firſt won theyr fame;
In heate and cold all fortunes haue indur'd,
To rouze the French, within their walls immur'd:
Through all my life, theſe perrils haue I paſt,
And now to feare a baniſhment at laſt?

Thou

Thou know'ſt how I (thy beauty to aduance,)
For thee refuſd the infant Queene of Fraunce,
Brake the contract Duke *Humfrey* firſt did make
Twixt *Henry*, and the Princeſſe *Arminacke*;
Onely (ſweet Queene) thy preſence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke *Rayner*, Aniou, Mauns, and Maine,
Thy peereleſſe beautie for a dower to bring,
To counterpoize the wealth of Englands King;
And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers,
And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to Towers,
Th'Embaſſadors for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie, and Spayne,
And telling *Henry* of thy beauties ſtory,
I taught my tongue a Louers oratory,
As the report it ſelfe did ſo indite,
And make it rauiſh teares with ſuch delight;
And when my ſpeech did ceaſe (as telling all)
My lookes ſhew'd more, that was Angelicall.
And when I breath'd againe, and pauſed next,
I left mine eyes to comment on the text;
Then comming of thy modeſtie to tell,
In muſicks numbers my voyce roſe and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtile,
My ſpeech in greater cadences to file,
By true deſcent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicils, and Ieruſalem.
And from the Gods thou didſt deriue thy birth,
If heauenly kinde could ioyne with broode of earth;
Gracing each title that I did recite,
vvith ſome mellifluous pleaſing Epithete,
Nor left him not till he for loue was ſicke,

Behol-

Beholding thee in my ſweet Rhetoricke.
A fifteenes taxe in Fraunce I freely ſpent
In triumphs, at thy nuptiall Tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy marriage in a gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy fathers Crowne;
And onely ſtriuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King, what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindnes haue not power to moue,
vvho for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom old Poets long agoe did ſing)
Seene thee for England but imbarqu'd at Deepe,
vvould ouer-boord haue caſt his golden ſheepe,
As too vnworthy ballace to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The briny ſeas which ſaw the ſhip enfold thee,
vvould vaute vp to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling backe, themſelues in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another;
vvhen the proud Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scorn'd the ſalt waues ſhould kiſſe her furrowing keele,
And trick'd in all her flags, her ſelfe ſhe braues,
Capring for ioy vpon the ſilúer waues;
vvhen like a Bull, from the Phenician ſtrand,
Ioue with *Europa*, tripping from the land,
Vpon the boſome of the maine doth ſcud,
And with his ſwanniſh breaſt cleauing the floud,
Tow'rd the faire fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicias* pride.
All heauenly beauties, ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew their glory in thine eye alone;

VVhich

VVhich when it turneth that celestiall ball,
A thousand sweet starres rise, a thousand fall.
VVho iustly saith, mine banishment to bee,
vvhen onely Fraunce for my recourse is free?
To view the plaines where I haue seene so oft,
Englands victorious Engines raisd aloft;
vvhen this shall be my comfort in my way,
To see the place where I may boldly say,
Heere mightie *Bedford* forth the vaward led,
Heere *Talbot* charg'd, and heere the Frenchmen fled
Heere with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lie.
Heere stood the Tents of famous *VVilloughbie*;
Heere *Mountacute* rang'd his vnconquered band,
Heere forth we march'd, and heere we made a stand.
VVhat should we stand to mourne and grieue all day,
For that which time doth easily take away:
VVhat fortune hurts, let patience onely heale,
No wisedome with extremities to deale;
To know our selues to come of humane birth,
These sad afflictions crosse vs heere on earth;
A taxe impos'd by heauens eternall law,
To keepe our rude rebellious will in awe.
In vaine we prise that at so deere a rate
vvhose best assurance is a fickle state,
And needlesse we examine our intent,
vvhen with preuention, we cannot preuent;
vvhen we our selues fore-seeing cannot shun,
That which before, with destinie doth run.
Henry hath power, and may my life depose,
Mine honour mine, that none hath power to lose,
Then be as cheerefull, (beautious royall Queene)

As in the Court of Fraunce we erſt haue beene;
As when arriu'd in Porcheſters faire roade,
(vvhere, for our comming *Henry* made aboad)
vvhen in mine armes I brought thee ſafe to land;
And gaue my loue, to *Henries* royal hand;
The happy houres, we paſſed with the King,
At faire South-hampton, long in banquetting,
vvith ſuch content as lodg'd in *Henries* breſt,
vvhen he to London brought thee from the VVeſt;
Through golden Cheape, when he in pompe did ride,
To VVeſtminſter, to entertaine his Bride.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Our Faulcons kinde cannot the Cage indure.

HE alludes in theſe verſes to the Faulcon, which was the ancient deuice of the *Poles*, comparing the greatnes and hautines of his ſpirit, to the nature of this bird.

This was the meane, proud Warwicke *did inuent,*
To my diſgrace, &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through *Warwicks* meanes accuſed *Suffolk* of treaſon, and vrged the accuſation ſo vehemently that the king was forced to exile him for fiue yeares.

That onely my baſe yeelding vp of Maine,
Should be the loſſe of fertile Aquitaine.

The Duke of Suffolke being ſent into France to conclude a peace, choſe Duke *Rainers* daughter, the Ladie *Margaret*, whom he eſpouſed for *Henry* the ſixt, deliuering for her to her Father, the Countries of Aniou and Maine, and the Citie of Mauns. Wherevpon the Earle of Arminach (whoſe daughter was before promiſed to the King) ſeeing himſelfe to be deluded, cauſed all the Engliſhmen to be expulſed Aquitaine, Gaſcoyne, and Guyen.

With

With the baſe vulgar ſort to win him fame,
To be the heire of good Duke Humfreys *name.*

This *Richard* that was called the great Earle of Warwicke, when Duke *Humfrey* was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the Commons.

With Salisbury, *his vile ambitious Sire,*
In Yorks *ſterne breaſt, kindling long hidden fire,*
By Clarence *title, working to ſupplant,*
The Eagle Ayrie of great Iohn *of Gaunt.*

Richard Plantaginet, Duke of Yorke, in the time of *Henry* the ſixt, claimed the Crowne, (being aſsiſted by this *Richard Neuell* Earle of Salisburie, and father to the great Earle of Warwicke, who fauoured exceedingly the houſe of Yorke) in open Parliament, as heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third Sonne of *Edward* the third, making his title by *Anne* his Mother, wife to *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, Sonne to *Edmund* of Langley, Duke of Yorke; which *Anne* was daughter to *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March, which *Roger*, was ſonne and heire to *Edmund Mortimer* that married the Lady *Philip*, daughter and heire to *Lionell* Duke of Clarence, the third ſonne of King *Edward*, to whom the Crowne after *Richard* the ſeconds death, lineally deſcended he dying without iſſue. And not to the heires of the Duke of Lancaſter, that was younger brother to the Duke of Clarence. *Hall. cap.* 1 *Tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

Vrg'd by theſe enuious Lords to ſpend their breath,
Calling reuenge on the Protectors death.

Humfrey Duke of Gloceſter, and Lord Protector in the 25. yeere of *Henry* the ſixt by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of Suffolke was arreſted by the Lord *Beumond* at the Parliament holden at Berrie, and the ſame night after murthered in his bed.

If they would know who robd him, &c. To this verſe,
To know how Humfrey *died, and who ſhall raigne.*

In theſe verſes he ieſtes at the Protectors wife, who (being accuſed and conuicted of treaſon, becauſe with *Iohn Hun* a Prieſt, *Roger Bullenbrooke* a Negromancer, and *Margerie Iordane*, called the Witch of Eye, ſhee had conſulted by ſorceric to kill the King) was adiudged to perpe-

perpetuall prison in the Ile of Man, & to do penance openly in three publique places in London.

For twentie yeeres and haue I seru'd in Fraunce,

In the sixt yeere of *Henry* the sixt, the Duke of Bedford being deceased then Lieuetenant generell, and Regent of Fraunce; this Duke of Suffolke, was promoted to that dignitie, hauing the Lord *Talbot*, Lord *Scales*, and the Lord *Mountacute* to assist him.

Against great Charles, *and bastard* Orleance.

This was *Charles* the seauenth, that after the death of *Henry* the fifth obtained the crowne of Fraunce, and recouered againe much of that his father had lost. Bastard *Orleance*, was sonne to the Duke of Orleance, begotten of the Lord *Cawnies* wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant Captaine, was continuall enemie to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with diuers incursions.

And haue I seene Vernoyla's *batfull fields,*

Vernoyle is that noted place in Fraunce, where the great battell was fought in the beginning of *Henry* the sixt his raigne, where the most of the French Cheualry were ouercome by the Duke of Bedford.

And from Aumerle with-drew my warlike powers,

Aumerle is that strong defenced towne in Fraunce, which the Duke of Suffolke got after 24. great assaults giuen vnto it.

And came my selfe in person first to Towers
Th' Embassadours for truce to entertaine,
From Belgia, Denmarke, Hungary and Spaine.

Towers is a Citie in Fraunce, built by *Brutus* as he came into Brittaine, where, in the twentie and one yeere of the raigne of *Henry* the sixt, was appointed a great diet to be kept, whether came the Embassadours of the Empire, Spaine, Hungary, and Denmarke, to intreat for a perpetuall peace, to be made betweene the two Kings of England and France.

By true descent to weare the Diadem,
Of Naples, Cicile, and Ierusalem.

Rayner

Rayner Duke of Aniou, Father to Queene *Margaret*, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicily, and Ierusalem, hauing the title alone of King of those Countries.

A fifteenes taxe in Fraunce I freely spent,

The Duke of Suffolke, after the marriage concluded twixt King *Henry* and *Margarit*, daughter to Duke *Rayner*, asked in open Parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

Seene thee for England but imbaqu'd at Deepe.

Deepe is a Towne in Fraunce, bordering vpon the Sea, where the Duke of Suffolk with Queene *Margaret*, tooke ship for England.

As when arriu'd in Porchesters faire Roade.

Porchester, a Hauen Towne in the South-west part of England, where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arriuall, whom from thence he conuayed to South-hampton.

Queene *Margaret* to *William de la Pole*, Duke of Suffolke.

(·.·)

WHat newes (sweet *Pole*) look'st thou my lines should (tell,
But like the tolling of the dolefull bell?
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the graue,
Expect from me no other newes to haue,
My breast, which once was mirths imperiall throne,
A vast and desart wildernes is growne;
Like that cold Region, from the world remote,

On

On whoſe breeme ſeas, the Icie mountaines flote
vvhere thoſe poore creatures baniſh'd from the light,
Doe liue impriſon'd in continuall night.
No ioy preſents my ſoules eternall eyes,
But diuination of ſad tragedies,
And care takes vp her ſolitarie In,
vvhere youth and ioy, their Court did once begin.
As in September, when our yeare reſignes,
The glorious Sunne vnto the watrie ſignes,
vvhich through the clouds lookes on the earth in ſcorne;
The little bird, yet to ſalute the morne,
Vpon the naked branches ſets her foote,
The leaues now lying on the moſsie roote;
And there a ſilly chirripping doth keepe,
As though ſhe faine would ſing, yet faine would weepe,
Prayſing faire Sommer, that too ſoone is gone,
Or ſad for VVinter too faſt comming on.
In this ſtrange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Becauſe that weeping cannot eaſe my hart.
Now to our ayde, who ſtirs the neighbouring Kings?
Or who from Fraunce a puiſſant Armie brings?
VVho moues the Norman to abet our war?
Or ſtirs vp Burgoyne, to ayde Lancaſter?
VVho in the North our lawfull claime commends,
To win vs credite with our valiant friends?
To whom ſhall I my ſecret griefe impart?
vvhoſe breaſt I made the cloſet of my hart.
The ancient *Heroes* fame thou didſt reuiue,
And didſt from them thy memory deriue;
Nature by thee, both gaue and taketh all,
Alone in *Pole* ſhee was too prodigall;

Of

Of ſo diuine and rich a temper wrought,
As heauen for him, perfections deepe had ſought;
VVell knew King *Henry* what he pleaded for,
vvhen he choſe thee to be his Orator;
vvhoſe Angell-eye, by powrefull influence,
Doth vtter more then humaine eloquence,
That when *Ioue* would his youthfull ſports haue tride,
But in thy ſhape, himſelfe would neuer hide;
VVhich in his loue had beene of greater power,
Then was his nimph, his flame, his ſwan, his ſhower.
To that allegiance *Yorke* was bound by oath,
To *Henries* heires, and ſafety of vs both,
No longer now he meanes record ſhal beare it,
He will diſpence with heauen, and will vnſweare it.
He that's in all the worlds blacke ſinnes forlorne,
Is careleſſe now how oft he be forſworne;
And now of late his title hath ſet downe,
By which he makes his claime vnto the crowne.
And now I heare, his hatefull Dutches chats,
And rips vp their deſcent vnto her brats,
And bleſſeth them as Englands lawfull heires,
And tels them that our Diadem is theirs.
And if ſuch hap her Goddeſſe fortune bring,
If three ſonnes faile, ſhe'le make the fourth a King.
He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dicke*,
That foule, ill-fauoured, crook-back'd ſtigmaticke,
That like a carcas ſtolne out of a Tombe;
Came the wrong way out of his mothers wombe;
VVith teeth in's head, his paſſage to haue torne,
As though begot an age ere he was borne.
VVho now will curbe proud *Yorke* when he ſhall riſe,

Or

Or Armes our right againſt his enterprize?
To crop that baſtard weede which dayly growes
To ouer-ſhadow our vermilian Roſe?
Or who will muzzell that vnrulie Beare,
vvhoſe preſence ſtrikes our peoples harts with feare?
VVhilſt on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To ſaue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
vvhere like a mounting Cedar he ſhould beare,
His plumed top, aloft into the ayre;
And let theſe ſhrubs ſit vnderneath his ſhrowdes,
vvhilſt in his armes he doth embrace the clowdes,
O that he ſhould his Fathers right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mightie ſpirit,
How were thoſe powers diſperc'd, or whether gone,
Should ſympathize in generation,
Or what appoſed influence had force,
To abuſe kinde, and alter natures courſe?
All other creatures follow after kinde,
But man alone doth not beget the minde.
My Dayſie-flower, which erſt perfum'd the ayre,
vvhich for my fauours Princes once did weare,
Now in the duſt lyes troden on the ground,
And with *Yorkes* garlands euery one is crownd.
VVhen now his riſing waytes on our decline,
And in our ſetting he begins to ſhine,
Now in the ſkies that dreadfull Comet waues,
And who be ſtarres but *VVarwicks* bearded ſtaues?
And all thoſe knees which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none like them, purſue me vvith deſpite,
vvhich moſt haue cryde, God ſaue Queene *Margarite*,

VVhen fame ſhall brute thy baniſhment abrode,
The Yorkiſh faction then will lay on loade;
And when it comes once to our VVeſterne coaſt,
O how that hag Dame *Elinor* will boaſt,
And labour ſtraight, by all the meanes ſhe can,
To be call'd home, out of the Ile of *Man*,
To which I know great *VVarwicke* will conſent,
To haue it done by act of Parlement,
That to my teeth my birth ſhee may defie,
Slaundring Duke *Rayner* with baſe beggerie;
The onely way ſhe could deuiſe to grieue me,
vvanting ſweet *Suffolke*, which ſhould moſt relieue me.
And from that ſtock doth ſprout another bloome,
A Kentiſh Rebell, a baſe vpſtart groome;
And this is hee the vvhite-roſe muſt prefer,
By *Clarence* daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*,
Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this raſcall peſant *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſt, *Plantaginet* be made;
Thus that ambitious Duke ſets all on worke
To ſound what friends affect the claime of *Yorke*,
VVhilſt he abroad doth practiſe to commaund,
And makes vs weake by ſtrengthning Ireland;
More his owne power ſtill ſeeking to increaſe,
Then for King *Henries* good, or Englands peace.
Great *VVincheſter* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my woes ſhould be encreas'd.
Beuford, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches prop, that famous Cardinall,
The Commons (bent to miſchiefe) neuer let,
vvith Fraunce t'vpbraid that valiant *Sommerſet*,
Rayling in tumults on his ſouldiours loſſe,

Thus

Thus all goes backward, crosse comes after crosse,
And now of late, Duke *Humfreys* old alies,
vvith banish'd *Elnors* base accomplices,
Attending theyr reuenge, grow wondrous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house;
And I alone the wofull remnant am,
T'endure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee *Pole* haue care how thou doost passe,
Neuer the Sea yet halfe so dangerous was;
And one fore-told by *Water* thou should'st die,
(Ah foule befall that foule tongues prophecie)
And euery night am troubled in my dreames,
That I doe see thee tost in dangerous streames;
And oft-times shipwrackt, cast vpon the land,
And lying breathlesse on the queachy sand;
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
vvhere thou at Sea maintain'st a dangerous fight;
And with thy proued Target and thy sword,
Beat'st backe the Pyrate which vvould come abord.
Yet be not angry that I warne thee thus,
The truest loue is most suspitious,
Sorrow doth vtter what vs still doth grieue,
But hope forbids vs sorrow to belieue;
And in my counsell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amisse;
Then liue in hope, in tryumph to returne,
vvhen cleerer dayes shall leaue in clowdes to mourne;
But so hath sorrow girt my soule about,
That, that word *hope* (me thinks) comes slowly out;
The reason is, I know it heere would rest,
vvhereit would still behold thee in my brest,

Farewell ſweete *Pole*, faine more I would indite,
But that my teares doe blot as I doe write.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Or brings in Burgoyne to ayde Lancaſter.

Hillip Duke of Burgoyne and his ſonne, were alwayes great fauorites of the houſe of Lancaſter, howbeit they often diſſembled both with Lancaſter and Yorke.

Who in the North our lawfull claime commends
To win vs credite with our valiant friends.

The chiefe Lords of the North-parts, in the time of *Henry* the 6. withſtoode the Duke of Yorke at his riſing, giuing him two great ouerthrowes.

To that allegeance Yorke *was bound by oath*
To Henries *heyres, and ſafetie of vs both,*
No longer now he meanes records ſhall beare it,
He will diſpence with heauen, and wil vnſweare it.

The duke of Yorke, at the death of *Henry* the fift, & at this kings coronation, tooke his oath to be true ſubiect to him, and his heyres for euer; but afterward diſpenſing therewith, claymed the crowne as his rightfull and proper inheritance.

If three ſonnes faile, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.

The duke of Yorke had foure ſonnes, *Edward* Earle of March, that afterward was duke of Yorke, and king of England, when he had depoſed *Henry* the ſixt, and *Edmond* Earle of Rutland, ſlaine by the lord *Clifford* at the battell at Wakefield: & *George* duke of Clarence that was murthered in the Tower: and *Richard* duke of Gloceſter, vvho was (after he had murthered his brothers ſonnes) King by the name of *Richard* the third.

Hee that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt Dicke,
That foule ilfauoured crookback'd Stigmaticke, &c.
Till this verſe, *As though begot an age, &c.*

This

This *Richard*, (whom ironically she here calls *Dicke*,) that by treason after his Nephewes murthered, obtained the crowne, was a man low of stature, crookeback'd, the left shoulder much higher then the right, & of a very crabbed & sower countenaunce: his mother could not be deliuered of him, he was borne toothed, & with his feete forward, contrarie to the course of nature.

To ouershadow our vermilian Rose,

The redde Rose was the badge of the house of *Lancaster*, and the white Rose of Yorke, which by the marriage of *Henry* the seauenth, with *Elizabeth* indubitate heyre of the house of Yorke, was happilie vnited.

Or who will muzzell that vnrulie beare.

The Earle of Warwicke, the setter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the white Beare rampant, & the ragged staffe.

My Daysie flower which erst perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes once did were. &c.

The Daysie in French is called *Margaret*, which was Queene *Margarets* badge, where-withall the Nobilitie and chiualrie of the Lande at the first arriuall were so delighted, that they wore it in theyr Hats in token of honour.

And who be starres but Warwicks *bearded staues.*

The ragged or bearded staffe was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwick.

Slaundring Duke Rayner *with base Laggary,*

Rayner Duke of Aniou, called himselfe King of Naples, Cicile, and Ieruſalem, hauing neither inheritance nor tribute from those parts, & was not able at the marriage of the Queene, of his owne charges to send her into England though he gaue no dower with her: which by the Dutches of Gloceſter was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

A Kentish Rebell, a base vpstart Groome.

This was *Iacke Cade*, which caused the Kentish-men to rebell in the 28. yeere of *Henry* the sixth.

And this is he the white Rose must prefer,
By Clarence *daughter match'd to* Mortimer.

This *Iacke Cade* instructed by the Duke of Yorke, pretended to be descended from *Mortimer* which married Lady *Phillip*, daughter to the Duke of Clarence.

And makes vs weake by strengthning Ireland.

The Duke of Yorke being made Deputy of Ireland, first there beganne to practise his long pretended purpose, strengthning himselfe by all meanes possible that he might at his returne into England by open warre, claime that which so long he had priuily gone about to obtaine.

Great Winchester *vntimely is deceas'd,*

Henry Beuford, Bishop and Cardinall of Winchester, sonne to *Iohn* of Gaunt, begot in his age, was a proude & ambitious Prelate. fauouring mightily the Queene & the Duke of Suffolke, continually heaping vp innumerable treasure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himselfe on his death-bed confessed.

With Fraunce t'vpbrayd the valiant Somerset.

Edmund Duke of Somerset, in the 24. of *Henry* the sixt, was made Regent of Fraunce, and sent into Normandie to defend the English territories against the French inuasions, but in short time hee lost all that King *Henry* the fifth won, for which cause the Nobles and the Commons euer after hated him.

T'endure these stormes with wofull Buckingham.

Humfry duke of Buckingham, was a great fauorite of the Queens Faction, in the time of *Henry* the sixt.

And one fore-told by water thou should'st die.

The Witch of Eye receiued aunswer by her spirit, that the duke of Suffolke should take heede of water: which the Queene forwarnes him of, as remembring the Witches prophecie, which afterward came to passe.

FINIS.

To the Right Worshipfull Sir Thomas Munson, Knight.

(·.·)

SIR, amongst many which most deseruedly loue you, though I the least, yet am loth to be the last, whose endeuours may make knowne howe highly they esteeme of your noble and kind disposition; Let this Epistle Sir (I beseech you) which vnworthily weares the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the rest, (though much lesse deseruing) which for your sake doe honour the house of the Mounsons. *I know true generositie accepteth what is zealously offered, though not euer deseruingly excellent, yet for loue of the Art frō whence it receiueth resemblance. The light Phrigian harmony stirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth passion, both haue theyr motion in the spirit, as the liking of the soule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, shall giue some life to my Muse, which yet houers in the vncertainctie of the generall censure.*

Mich: Drayton.

Edward the fourth to Shores wife.

¶ The Argument.

This Mistres Shore, *king* Edward *the fourths beautious paramour, was so called of her husband a Goldsmith, dwelling in Lombard streete.* Edward *the fourth, sonne to* Richard *Duke of Yorke, after hee had obtained the crowne by deposing* Henry *the sixth, (which* Henry *was after murthered in the Tower by* Richard Crookeback) *& after the battel fought at Barnet, where the famous Earle of VVarwicke was slaine, and that King* Edward *quietly possessed the crowne, hearing (by report of many) the rare and wonderfull beautie of the aforesaid* Shores *wife, commeth himselfe disguised to London to see her; where after he had once beheld her, he was so surprised with her admirable beautie, as not long after hee robbed her husband of his deerest iewell; but first by this Epistle he writeth vnto her.*

VNto the fayr'st that euer breath'd this ayre,
From English *Edward* to that faireſt faire;
Ah would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remaine of *Shore*,
To countermaund a Monarchs high deſire,
And bar mine eyes of what they moſt admire.
O why ſhould Fortune make the Citty proud,
To giue that more then is the Court allow'd?

VVhere

VVhere they like (wretches) hoard it vp to ſpare,
And doe engroſſe it, as they doe their ware.
VVhen fame firſt blaz'd thy beauty heere in Court,
Mine eares repulſd it, as a light report,
But when mine eyes ſaw that mine eare had hard,
They thought report too nigardly had ſpard;
And ſtrooken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then ſhe had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy husband is poſſeſt,
vvhen I enuie that *Shore* ſhould be ſo bleſt,
vvhen much aboundance makes the needie mad,
And hauing all, yet knowes not what is had;
Into fooles boſomes this good fortune creepes,
And wealth comes in the whilſt the miſer ſleepes.
If now thy beauty be of ſuch eſteeme,
vvhich all of ſo rare excellencie deeme,
vvhat would it be, and prized at what rate,
vvhere it adorned with a kingly ſtate?
VVhich being now but in ſo meane a bed,
Is like an vncut Diamond in led,
Ere it be ſet in ſome high-prized ring,
Or garniſhed with rich enamiling;
vve ſee the beauty of the ſtone is ſpilt,
vvanting the gracious ornament of guilt.
VVhen firſt attracted by thy heauenly eyes,
I came to ſee thee, in a ſtraunge diſguiſe,
Paſsing thy ſhop, thy husband calls me backe,
Demaunding what rare iewell I did lacke?
I want (thought I) one that I dare not craue,
And (one I feare) thou wilt not let me haue;
He cals for Caskets forth, and ſhewes me ſtore,

But yet I knew he had one iewell more;
And deadly curst him that he did dinie it,
That I might not for loue or money buy it.
O might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but such a lustre as thine eye.
VVould not my treasure serue, my Crowne should go,
If any iewell could be prized so;
An Agat, branched with thy blushing straines,
A Saphire, but so azur'd, as thy vaines;
My kingly Scepter onely should redeeme it,
At such a price if iudgement could esteeme it.
How fond and senceless, be those strangers then,
vvho bring in toyes to please the English men.
I smile to thinke how fond th'Italians are,
To iudge their artificiall gardens rare,
vvhen London in thy cheeks can shew them heere,
Roses and Lillies growing all the yeere;
The Portugall, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing stones from farthest India in,
vvhen happy *Shore* can bring them forth a gerle,
vvhose lips be Rubies, and her teeth be pearle.
How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Christall from the frozen maine?
VVhen thy cleare skins transparence doth surpasse.
Their Christall, as the Diamond doth glasse.
The foolish French, which brings in trash and toyes,
To turne our women men, or gerles to boyes,
vvhen with what tire thou doo'st thy selfe adorne,
That for a fashion onely shall be worne;
vvhich though it were a garment but of haire,
More rich then robe that euer Empresse ware.

Me thinks thy husband takes his marke awry,
To ſet his plate to ſale when thou art by;
vvhen they which do thy Angell-locks behold,
Like baſeſt droſſe doe but reſpect his gold;
And wiſh one haire before that maſſy heape,
And but one locke before the wealth of Cheape;
And for no cauſe elſe, hold we gold ſo deare,
But that it is ſo like vnto thy haire.
And ſure I thinke *Shore* cannot chuſe but flout
Such as would find the great Elixar out,
And laugh to ſee the Alchimiſts, that choke
Themſelues with fumes, and waſt their wealth in ſmoke.
vvhen if thy hand but touch the groſſeſt mold,
It is conuerted to refined gold,
vvhen theirs is chaffer'd at an eaſie rate,
vvell knowne to all to be adulterate;
And is no more when it by thine is ſet,
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized Iet.
Let others weare perfumes, for thee vnmeet,
If there were none, thou could'ſt make all things ſweet.
Thou comfor'ſt ſence, and yet all ſence doo'ſt waſt,
To heare, to ſee, to ſmell, to feele, to taſt;
Thou a rich ſhip, whoſe verie refuſe ware,
A romaticks, and precious odors are.
Iſthou but pleaſe to walke into the Pawne,
To buy thee Cambricke, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whitenes of the ſame would'ſt proue,
From thy more whiter hand plucke off thy gloue;
And thoſe which by, as the beholders ſtand,
vvill take thy hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy hand.
A thouſand eyes, clos'd vp by enuious night,

Doe wish for day, but to enioy thy sight;
And when they once haue blest their eyes with thee,
Scorne euery obiect else, what ere they see,
So like a Goddesse beautie still controules,
And hath such powerfull working in our soules.
The Merchant which in traffique spends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue daintie wife,
The blunt-spoke Cynick, poring on his booke,
Sometimes (aside) at beautie loues to looke.
The Church-man, by whose teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the marriage bed;
The bloody Souldiour spent in Armes and broyles,
vvith beautie yet content to share his spoyles;
The busie Lawyer wrangling in his pleas;
Findeth that beauty giues his labour ease;
The toyling trades-man, and the sweating Clowne,
vvould haue his wench faire, though his bread be browne;
So much is beauty pleasing vnto all,
To Prince and peasant like in generall;
Nor neuer yet did any man despise it,
Except too deere, and that he could not prize it,
Vnlearn'd is learning, artlesse be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to praise thy seuerall parts;
Poore plodding Schoolemen, they are far too low,
vvhich by probations, rules, and axiom's goe,
He must be still familiar with the skies,
vvhich notes the reuolutions of thine eyes;
And by that skill which measures sea and land,
See beauties all, thy waste, thy foote, thy hand,
vvhere he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights as are both strange and new;

And other worlds of beauty more and more,
vvhich neuer were discouered before;
And to thy rare proportion to apply,
The lines and circles in Geometry,
Vsing alone Arithmeticks strong ground,
Numbring the vertues that in thee are found.
And when these all haue done what they can doo,
For thy perfections all to little too.
VVhen from the East the dawne hath broken out,
And gone to seeke thee all the world about,
vvithin thy Chamber hath she fixt her light,
vvhere but that place, the world hath all beene night;
Then is it fit that euery vulgar eye,
Should see loue banquet in her maiestie?
VVe deeme those things our sight doth most frequent,
To be but meane, although most excellent;
For strangers still the streets are swept and strowd,
Few looke on such as daily come abroad;
Things much restrain'd, doth make vs much desire them,
And beauties seldome seene, makes vs admire them.
Nor is it fit a Citie shop should hide,
The worlds delight, and natures onely pride,
But in a Princes sumptuous gallery.
Hung all with Tissue, flor'd with Tapestrie;
VVhere thou shalt sit, and from thy state shalt see,
The tylts and tryumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the difference (if thou list to prooue)
Betwixt a vulgar, and a kingly loue;
And when thou findst, as now thou doubt'st the troth,
Be thou thy selfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
VVhere harts be knit, what helps if not enioy?

Delayes

Delayes breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.
VVhilst lazie Time his turne by tariance serues,
Loue still growes sickly, and hope daily starues.
Meane while receiue that warrant by these lines,
vvhich princely rule and soueraintie resignes;
Till when, these papers by their Lords commaund,
By me shall kisse thy sweet and dainty hand.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle of *Edward* to *Shores* wife, and of hers to him, being of vnlawfull affection, ministreth small occasion of historicall notes, for had he mentioned the many battels betwixt the Lancastrian faction and him, or other warlike daungers, it had beene more like to *Plautus* boasting Souldier then a kingly Courtier. Notwithstanding, it shall not be amisse to annexe a line or two.

From English Edward *to the faireſt faire,*

Edward the fourth was by nature very chiualrous & very amorous, applying his sweet and amiable aspect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather, which was so well knowne to *Lewes* the French King, who at their enteruiew inuited him to Paris, that as *Comineus* reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames with their wittie conuersation, would detaine him longer then should be for his benefit, by which meanes *Edward* was disappointed of his iourney; and albeit Princes whilst they liue haue nothing in them but what is admirable, yet wee need not mistrust the flattery of the Court in those times, for certaine it is that his shape was excellent, his haire drew neere to a black, making his faces fauor see me more delectable. Though the smalnes of his eyes full of a shin ng moisture, as it tooke away some comlinesse, so it argued much sha rpnes of vnderstanding, and cruelty mingled therewith. And indeede *George Buchanan* (that imperious Scot) chargeth him & other Princes

of

of those times, with affectation of tiranny, as *Richard* the third manifestly did.

When first attracted by thy heauenly eyes,

Edwards intemperate desires, with which he was wholy ouercome, how tragically they in his ofspring were punished, is vniuersally known. A mirrhor representing their ouersight, that rather leaue their children what to possesse, then what to imitate.

How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring vs Christall from the frozen maine.

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine Christall to be a kind of Ice, and therefore it is likely, they who come from the frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame cold. Whether Christall be Ice or some other liquor, I omit to dispute, yet by the examples of Amber and Corall there may be such an induration, for *Solinus* out of *Plinie* mentioneth, that in the Northerly Region a yellow ielly is taken vp out of the Sea at low tides, which he calls *Succinum*, we Amber; so likewise out of the Ligusticke deepe, a part of the Meridian Sea, a greenish stalke is gathered, which hardned in the ayre, becomes to be Corrall, eyther white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees, as appeares by *Martials* Epigram.

Et latet, et lucet Phaethontide gutta,
Vt videantur apis nectare clausa suo,
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum,
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mors.

To behold a Bee inclosd in Electrum, is not so rare as that a boyes throat should be cut with the fall of an Icesicle, the which Epigram is excellent, the 18. lib. 4. He calls it *Paethontis gutta*, because of that fable which *Ouid* rehearseth, concerning the *Heliades*, or *Phaetons* sisters metamorphozed into those trees, whose gum is Amber, where flies alighting, are oftentimes tralucently imprisoned.

The

The Epistle of *Shores* wife to King *Edward* the fourth.

(·.·)

AS the weak child, that from the mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his maisters curious listning eare;
vvhose trembling hand, at euery straine bewraies,
In what doubt he, his new set lesson plaies;
As this poore child, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
VVould I had led an humble shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife,
And liu'd with them in Country fields that range,
Nor seen the goldē Cheap, nor glittering Change
To stand a Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subiect to all tongues, obiect to all eyes,
Oft haue I heard my beauty praisd of many,
But neuer yet so much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-eye to finde out that,
vvhich vulgar sights doe sildome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke affection flatters sight,
Or in the obiect some thing exquisite.
To housed beauty, sildome stoop's report,
Fame must attend on that which liues in Court.
VVhat Swan of great *Apollos* brood doth sing

To

To vulgar loue, in courtly Sonetting?
Or what immortall Poets ſugred pen,
Attends the glory of a Cittizen?
Oft haue I wondred what ſhould blinde your eye,
Or what ſo far ſeduced Maieſtie,
That hauing choyſe of beauties ſo diuine,
Amongſt the moſt to chooſe this leaſt of mine?
More glorious ſunnes adorne faire Londons pride,
Then all rich Englands continent beſide;
VVho takes in hand to make account of this,
May number Rumneys flowers, or Iſis fiſh;
vvho doth frequent our Temples, walkes, and ſtreets,
Noting the ſundry beauties that he meets,
Thinks not that Nature left the wide world poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her ſtore?
As heauen and earth were lately fallne at iarrs,
And growne to vying wonders, dropping ſtarrs.
That if but ſome one beautie ſhould incite,
Some ſacred Muſe, ſome rauiſht ſpirit to write,
Heere might he fetch that true *Promethian* fire,
As after ages ſhould his lines admire;
Gathering the honny from the choyſeſt flowers,
Scorning the wither'd weedes in Country bowers.
Heere in this Garden (onely) ſprings the Roſe,
In euery common hedge the Bramble growes,
Nor are wee ſo turn'd Neapolitan,
That might incite ſome foule-mouth *Mantuan*,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And haue iuſt cauſe to raile vpon our ſexe;
To pranck old wrinckles vp in new attire,
To alter natures courſe, proue time a lyer,

Abusing fate, and heauens iust doome reuerse,
On beauties graue to set a Crimson hearse,
vvith a deceitfull foyle to lay a ground,
To make a glasse to seeme a Diamond.
Nor cannot without hazard of our Name,
In fashion follow the Venetian Dame,
Nor the fantastick French to imitate,
Attir'd halfe Spanish, halfe Italionate;
Nor wast, nor curle, body nor brow adorne,
That is in Florence, or in Genoa borne.
But with vaine boasts how witlesse fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne indignitie?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to loue belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the roome,
Cropt beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away enriched with the store,
vvhilst others gleane, where he hath reapt before;
And he dares sweare that I am true and iust,
And shall I then deceiue his honest trust?
Or what strange hope should make you to assaile,
vvhere strongest battery neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke that I repulst the rest,
To leaue a King the conquest of my brest,
Or haue thus long preseru'd my selfe from all,
A Monarch now should glory in my fall.
Yet rather let me die the vildest death,
Then liue to draw that sinne-polluted breath;
But our kinde harts, mens teares cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide;
Too well know men what our creation made vs,

And nature too well taught them to inuade vs.
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to speake, to sue, and to forbeare,
By signes, by sighes, by motions, and by teares, (prayers,
vvhen vowes should serue, when othes, when smiles, when
vvhat one delight our humors most doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nourish loue.
If any naturall blemish blot our face,
You doe protest it giues our beautie grace,
And what attire we most are vsd to weare,
That of all other excellent'st you sweare.
And if we walke, or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one Deitie,
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer sounding in our eare;
And yet so shameless when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on beauty, and on vs.
Romes wanton *Ouid* did those rules impart,
O that your nature should be help'd with Art.
VVho would haue thought a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by loue, so Poet-like should faine?
To say that beautie, Times sterne rage to shun,
In my cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the sun;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her East, and heere she broke her day,
And swear'st that Sommer still is in my sight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As though the fayr'st, ere since the world began,
To me, a sun-burnt, base Egiptian;
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not too well)

That women oft theyr moſt admirers raiſe,
Though publiquely not flattering theyr owne prayſe.
Our churliſh husbands, which our youth enioy'd,
vvho with our dainties haue theyr ſtomacks cloyd,
Doe loath our ſmooth hand with theyr lips to feele,
T'enrich our ſauours, by our beds to kneele;
At our commaund to waite, to ſend, to goe,
As euery howre our amorous ſeruaunts doe;
vvhich makes a ſtolne kiſſe often we beſtow,
In earneſt of a greater good we owe;
VVhen he all day torments vs with a frowne,
Yet ſports with *Venus* in a bed of Downe;
vvhoſe rude embracement, but too ill beſeemes
Her ſpan-broade waſt, her white and daintie limmes,
And yet ſtill preaching abſtinence of meate,
vvhen he himſelfe, of euery diſh will eate.
Blame you our husbands then, if they denie
Our publique walking, our looſe libertie,
If with exception ſtill they vs debar,
The circuite of the publique Theater;
To heare the ſmooth-tongu'd Poets Syren vaine,
Sporting in his laſciuious Comick ſcene;
Or the young wanton wits, when they applaude
The ſlie perſwaſions of ſome ſubtile Baude,
Or paſsionate Tragedian in his rage,
Acting a loue-ſicke paſsion on the ſtage;
vvhen though abroade reſtrayning vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home,
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich prizes ſooneſt tempt a theefe.
VVhat ſports haue we, whereon our minds to ſet?

Our

Our dog, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once, a weeke to walke into the field;
Small is the pleaſure that thoſe toyes doe yeeld,
But to this griefe, a medicine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet libertie;
And ſoueraigntie, (ô that bewitching thing)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King;
And more, that honour which doth moſt intice
The holieſt Nunne, and ſhe that's nere ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtriue, yet ouer-come at length,
For men want mercy, & poore women ſtrength:
Yet graunt, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
when kings once come, they conquer as they liſt.
Thou art the cauſe *Shore* pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his embraces giue me no delight:
Thou art the cauſe I to my ſelfe am ſtrange,
Thy comming, is my full, thy ſet, my change.
Long vvinter nights be minutes, if thou here,
Short minuts if thou abſent, be a yeere.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt me loue, euen in the midſt of hate.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of Shores *admired wife.*

TWo or three Poems written by ſundry men, haue magnified this womans beautie; whom that ornament of England & Londons more particular glory, Sir *Thomas Moore*, very highly hath praiſed for her beauty, ſhe being aliue in his time, though being poore & aged. Her ſtature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round & full,

full, her eye gray, delicate harmony beeing betwixt each parts proportion, and each proportions colour, her body fat, white, & smooth, her countenaunce cheerefull, and like to her condition. That picture which I haue seene of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich mantle cast vnder one arme ouer her shoulder, and sitting in a chayre on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where she was borne is not certainly knowne; but *Shore* a young man of right good person, wealth, and behauiour, abandoned her bed after the King had made her his Concubine. *Richard* the third causing her to do open penance in Paules Church-yarde, commaunded that no man should relieue her, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treason the more cunningly.

May number Rumneys flowers or Isis fish.

Rumney is that famous Marsh in Kent, at whose side Rie a Hauen-towne dooth stand. Heereof the excellent English Antiquarie Maister *Camden*, and Maister *Lambert* in his preambulation do make mention, and Marishes are cõmonly called those low grounds, which abut vpon the sea and from the Latine word are so denominated. Isis is here vsed for Thamesis by a Senecdochicall kind of speech, or by a Poeticall libertie in vsing one for another, for it is said that Thamesis is compounded of Tame and Isis, making when they are mette, that renowned water running by London, a Citty much more renowned then that water: which beeing plentifull of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perswaded that there is no Riuer in the world beholds more stately buildings on eyther side cleane through, then the Thames. Much is reported of the Graund Canale in Venice, for that the Fronts on eyther side are so gorgeous.

That might intice some foule-mouth'd Mantuan,

Mantuan a pastorall Poet in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueyeth against woman-kinde, some of the which by way of an Appendex, might be heere inserted, seeing the fantasticke & insolent humors of many of that sexe deserue much sharper phisick, were it not that they

are

are growne wiser, then to amende, for such an idle Poets speech as *Mantuan*, yea, or for *Euripides* himselfe, or *Senecas* inflexible Hippolitus.

The circuite of the publique Theater.

Ouid, a most fit Authour for so dissolute a Sectarie, calls that place Chastities shipwracke, for though *Shores* wife wantonly pleade for libertie, which is the true humor of a Curtizan, yet much more is the prayse of modestie then of such libertie. Howbeit the Vestall Nunnes had seates assigned them in the Romaine Theater, whereby it should appeare, it was counted no impeachment to modestie; though they offending therein were buried quicke: a sharpe lawe for them, who may say as *Shores* wife doth.

When though abroad restraynyng vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs safe at home.

FINIS.

To

To the Right Worshipfull Sir *Henry Goodere* of Powlesworth Knight.

SIR, *this Poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at Lõdon in May last, brought at length to perfection, (emboldned by your wonted fauors) I aduenture to make you Patron of. Thus Sir you see I haue aduentured to the world, with what like or dislike, I know not, if it please, (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I shall esteeme not my least good; if dislike, it shal lessen some part of my griefe, if it please you to allow but of my loue: howsoeuer, I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many protestations, yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honor. Thus vntil such time as I may in some more larger measure make knowne my loue to the happy & generous familie of the* Gooderes, *(to which I confesse my selfe to be beholding to, for the most part of my education) I wish you al happinesse.*

Mich: Drayton.

Mary the French Queene, to *Charles Brandon*, Duke of Suffolke.

❋ The Argument.

Mary, *the daughter of that renowned Prince King* Henry *the seauenth being very young at her Fathers death, after by her brother King* Henry *the eyght, was giuen in marriage to* Lewes *King of Fraunce, beeing a man olde and decrepit; This faire and beautifull Lady, long before had placed her affection on* Charles Brandon, *Duke of Suffolke, a braue and couragious young Gentleman, and an especiall fauorite of the King her brother, and a man raised by him. King* Lewes, *the husband of this beautifull Queene, liued not long after he was married; and* Charles Brandon *hauing commission from the King to bring her backe into England, but being delayed by some sinister meanes, the French Queene writeth this Epistle, to hasten the Duke forward on his intended voyage to Fraunce.*

SVch health from heauen my selfe may wish to mee,
Such health from Fraunce, Queen *Mary* sends to thee.
Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brooke delay?
If one poore Channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkind) what would an Ocean do?

Leander

nder had an Hellespont to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His barke (poore soule) his breast, his armes, his oares:
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous Kent doth lie,
The pleasant fields of flowry Picardie,
vvhere our faire Callice, walled in her sands,
In kenning of the clifie Douer stands.
Heere is no Beldame Nurse to pout or lower,
vvhen wantoning, we reuell in my Tower;
Nor neede I top my Turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe so kind,
Thy sighs should stuffe thy sailes, though wanting wind;
But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighs be slacke,
And mine too stiffe, and blow thy broad sailes backe.
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood;
Because the wind so full against thee stood;
Nay blame it not, it did so roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, for thou wast so slow:
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely lett'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st haue wasted hether with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angrie brow,
Blame me not *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dombe,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come:
Nay come sweet *Charles*, haue care thy ship to guide;
Come my sweet hart, in faith I will not chide.
VVhen as my brother and his louely Queene

In

In ſad attire for my depart were ſeene,
The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
vvhen I from Douer did depart away,
Thou know'ſt what woe I ſuffered for thy ſake,
How oft I fain'd of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'ſt with what a heauie hart
I tooke my farewell when I ſhould depart;
And being ſhip'd, gaue ſignall with my hand,
Vp to the Cliffe, where I did ſee thee ſtand,
Nor could refraine in all the peoples view,
But cried to thee, ſweet *Charles* adiew, adiew.
Looke how a little infant that hath loſt,
The things where-with it was delighted moſt,
vveary with ſeeking, to ſome corner creepes,
And there (poore ſoule) it ſits it downe and weepes;
And when the Nurſe would faine content the mind,
Yet ſtill it mournes for that it cannot find:
Thus in my carefull Cabin did I lie,
vvhen as the ſhip out of the Road did flie.
Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
vvhen young *Caſtile* to England ſu'd for mee?
Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
vvhen I refus'd an Empire for my dower.
To Englands Court, when once report did bring,
How thou in Fraunce didſt reuell with the King,
vvhen he in triumph of his victory,
Vnder a rich imbrodered Canapy,
Entred proud Tournay, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercy at his conquering hand;
To heare of his enderements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſodainly deſtroy'd,

VVhen

VVhen *Charles* of Castile there to banquet came,
vvith him his sister that ambitious Dame,
Sauoys proud Dutches, knowing how long she,
By her loue sought to win my loue from me;
Fearing my absence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margarite*,
vvhen in King *Henries* Tent of cloth of gold,
Shee often did thee in her armes enfold;
vvhere you were feasted more deliciously,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke-Anthony*,
vvhere sports all day did entertaine your sight,
And then in maskes you pass'd away the night;
But thou wilt say, tis proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealous.
I must confesse tis oft found in our sexe,
But who not loue, not any thing suspects?
True loue doth looke with pale suspicious eye,
Take away loue, if you take iealousie.
VVhen *Henry*, Turwin, and proud Turnay won,
Little thought I the end when this begun;
vvhen *Maximilian* to those wars adrest,
vvare Englands Crosse on his imperiall brest,
And in our Armie let his Eagle flie,
And had his pay from *Henries* treasurie,
Little thought I when first began these wars,
My marriage day should end those bloody iars;
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
But this alone by *VVoolseys* wit was wrought.
To his aduise the King gaue free consent,
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My virgins right, my state could not aduance,

But now enriched with the dower of Fraunce;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Dutches had I beene,
Now, the great Dowager, the most Christian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy griefe doth lie,
Lewes of Fraunce had my virginitie;
He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me *Brandon* he had scarcely that;
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But age must needs haue something that is warme;
Smal drops (God knowes) doe quench that heatlesse fire,
vvhen all the strength is onely in desire.
And I could tell (if modesty might tell,)
There's somewhat else that pleaseth Louers well,
To rest his cheeke, vpon my softer cheeke,
vvas all he had, and more he did not seeke.
So might the little babie clip the nurse,
And it content, she neuer a whit the worse;
Then thinke this *Brandon*, if that makes thee frowne,
For mayden-head he, on my head set a Crowne,
vvho would exchaunge a Kingdome for a kisse?
Hard were the hart that would not yeeld him this;
And time yet halfe so swiftly doth not passe,
Not full fiue months yet elder then I was.
VVhen thou to Fraunce conducted was by fame,
vvith many Knights which from all Countries came,
Installed at S. *Dennis* in my throne,
vvhere *Lewes* held my coronation;
VVhere the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take;
vvhen as the staues vpon thy caske did light,
Greeued there-with, I turn'd away my sight;

And ſpake aloud, when I my ſelfe forgot,
Tis my ſweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good ſilly man, I pleaſ'd him with a kiſſe;
And to extoll his valiant ſonne began,
That Europe neuer bred a brauer man;
And when (poore King) he ſimply praiſed thee,
Of all the reſt I ask'd which thou ſhould'ſt be?
Thus I with him, diſſembled for thy ſake,
Open confeſsion now amends muſt make.
VVhilſt this old King vpon a pallet lies,
And onely holds a combat with mine eyes;
Mine eies from his, by thy ſight ſtolne away,
vvhich might too well their Miſtres thoughts bewray.
But when I ſaw thy proud vnconquered Launce,
To beare the prize from all the flower of Fraunce,
To ſee what pleaſure did my ſoule imbrace,
Might eaſily be diſcerned in my face.
Looke as the dew vpon a Damaske-Roſe,
How through that cleareſt pearle his bluſhing ſhowes,
And when the ſoft ayre breathes vpon his top,
From thoſe ſweet leaues falls eaſilly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheeke, downe rayning from mine eyes,
One teare for ioy, anothers roome ſupplies.
Before mine eye (like touch) thy ſhape did proue,
Mine eye condemn'd my too too partiall loue;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe trie,
My loue condemnes my too too partiall eye.
The precious ſtone moſt beautifull and rare,
vvhen with it ſelfe we onely doe compare,
vvee deeme all other of that kind to be,

As excellent as that we onely ſee;
But when we iudge of that with others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our eye,
vvhich then appeares more orient & more bright
As from their dimnes borrowing great light.
Alanſoon, a fine timbered man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adornd withall;
Vandon, good carriage, and a pleaſing eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolkes* Princely maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon*, a ſweet manly face,
But yet he wants my *Brandons* courtly grace.
Proud *Longauile*, our Court iudg'd had no peere,
A man ſcarce made (was thought) whilſt thou waſt heere.
County S. *Paule*, brau'ſt man at armes in Fraunce,
vvould yeeld himſelfe a Squire to beare thy Launce;
Galleas and *Bounearme*, matchleſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring blade haue coucht in fight.
If with our loue, my brother angrie bee,
Ile ſay for his ſake I firſt loued thee;
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kind.
Should not the ſiſter like as doth the brother,
The one of vs ſhould be vnlike the other.
VVorthy my loue, the vulgar iudge no man,
Except a Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian;
Nor thinke that my affection ſhould be ſet,
But in the line of great *Plantaginet*.
I paſſe not what the idle Commons ſay,
I pray thee *Charles* make hah and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is Fraunce, if thou not heere?

Thy

Thy abſence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy preſence I muſt needſly ſmile.
VVhen laſt of me his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
He ſware an oath, (and made my lips the booke)
He would make haſt, which now thou doo'ſt deny
Thou art forſworne, ô wilfull periury.
Sooner would I with greater ſinnes diſpence,
Then by intreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I thinke, if I ſhould come to ſhriue thee,
Great were the fault that I ſhould not forgiue thee;
Yet wert thou heere, I ſhould reuenged be,
But it ſhould be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou ſhalt feare to taſt,
I pray thee *Brandon* come, ſweet *Charles* make haſt.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

The vtmoſt date expired of my ſtay,
When I for Douer did depart away.

KIng *Henry* the 8. with the Queene and Nobles, in the 6. yeere of his raigne, in the moneth of September, brought this ladie to Douer, where ſhe tooke ſhipping for Fraunce.

Think'ſt thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When young Caſtile *to England ſu'd for me.*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt *Hen.* the 7. and *Phillip* King of Caſtile, Sonne to *Maximilean* the Emperour, that *Charles* eldeſt ſonne of the ſaid *Phillip*, ſhould marry the Lady *Mary*, daughter to King *Henry*, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the 8. yeere of *Henry* the 8. annihilated.

When he in triumph of his victory,
Vnder a rich embrodered Canapy,
Entred proud Turney *which did trembling ſtand. &c.*

Henry

Henry the 8. after the long ſiege of Turnay, which was deliuered to him vpon compoſition, entred the Citty in triumph, vnder a Canapy of cloth of gold, borne by foure of the chiefe and moſt noble Cittizens; the King himſelfe mounted vpon a gallant courſer barbed with the Armes of England, Fraunce, and Ireland.

When Charles *of Caſtile there to banquet came,*
With him his ſiſter, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoys *proud Dutches.*

The King beeing at Tournay, there came to him the Prince of Caſtile, & the Lady *Margaret* Dutches of Sauoy his ſiſter, to whom King *Henry* gaue great entertainment.

Sauoys *proude Dutches, knowing how long ſhee*
By her lone ſought to win my lone from mee.

At this time there was ſpeech of a marriage to be concluded, beeweene *Charles Brandon* then L. *Liſle*, & the Dutches of Sauoy, the L. *Liſle* being highly fauoured, & exceedingly beloued of the Dutches.

When in King Henries *Tent of cloth of gold,*

The King cauſed a rich Tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feaſted the Prince of Caſtile & the Dutches, and entertained them with ſumptuous maskes and banquets during their aboad.

When Maximilian *to thoſe wars addreſt*
Wore Englands Croſſe on his imperiall breaſt,

Maximilian the Emperour with all his ſouldiours, which ſerued vnder King *Henry*, wore the croſſe of S. *George*, with the Roſe on their breaſts.

And in our Armie let his Eagle flie,

The blacke Eagle is the badge imperiall, which here is vſed for the diſplaying of his enſigne or ſtandard.

And had his pay from Henries *treaſurie.*

Henry the 8. at his wars in Fraunce, retained the Emperour & all his Souldiours in wages, which ſerued vnder him during thoſe warres.

But this alone by Wolſeys *wit was wrought,*

Thomas Wolſey, the Kings Almoner, then Biſhoppe of Lincolne, a man of great authoritie with the king, & afterward Cardinall, was the chiefe cauſe that the Lady *Mary* was married to the old French king,

with whom the French King had dealt vndethand to befriend him in that match.

When the proude Dolphin for thy valour ſake,
Choſe thee at tylt his princely part to take.

Frauncis Duke of Valoyes, and Dolphin of Fraunce, at the mariage of the Lady *Mary*, in honour thereof proclaimed a Iuſts, where hee choſe the Duke of Suffolke, and the Marques Dorſet for his aydes, at all martiall exerciſes.

Galeas, *and* Bounarme, *matches for their might,*

This County *Galeas* at the Iuſts ran a courſe with a Speare, which was at the head fiue inches ſquare on euery ſide, and at the But nine inches ſquare, whereby hee ſhewed his wondrous force and ſtrength. This *Bounarme*, a Gentleman of Fraunce, at the ſame time came into the field armed at all points with tenne ſpeares about him: in each ſtirrop three, vnder each thigh one, one vnder his left arme, and one in his hand, and putting his horſe to the careere, neuer ſtopped him till he had broken euery ſtaffe. *Hall.*

Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk, *to Mary the French Queene.*

BVt that thy fayth commaunds me to forbeare,
The fault thine owne, if I impatient were;
vvere my diſpatch ſuch as ſhould be my ſpeed,
I ſhould want time thy louing lines to reede.
Heere in the Court, Camelion like I fare,
And as that creature, onely liue by ayre,
All day I waite, and all the night I watch,
And ſtarue mine eares to heare of my diſpatch;
If Douer were th'Abydos of my reſt,

Or pleasant Callice were my *Maries* Ceſt,
Thou ſhould'ſt not neede, fayre Queene to blame me ſo,
Did not the diſtance to deſire ſay no,
No tedious night from trauell ſhould be free,
Till through the waues, with ſwimming vnto thee
A ſnowy path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtayned way
The reſtleſſe ſunne by trauailing doth weare,
Paſsing his courſe to finiſh vp the yeare.
But Paris locks my loue within the maine,
And London yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine,
Of thy firme loue thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I finde.
VVhen *Longauile* to *Mary* was affied,
And thou by him waſt made King *Lewis* bride,
How oft I wiſh'd that thou a prize might'ſt bee
That I in Armes might combat him for thee,
And in the madnes of my loue diſtraught,
A thouſand times his murther haue fore-thought
But that th'all-ſeeing powers which ſit aboue,
Regard not mad mens oathes, nor faults in loue,
And haue confirm'd it by the graunt of heauen,
That Louers ſinnes on earth ſhould be forgiuen;
For neuer man is halfe ſo much diſtreſt,
As he that loues to ſee his loue poſſeſt.
Comming to Richmond after thy depart
(Richmond, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my hart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne, and deſolate,
In whoſe fayre walkes thou often haſt beene ſeene,
To ſport with *Katherine*, *Henries* beautious Queene,

Aſtoniſhing ſad vvinter with thy ſight,
As for thy ſake, the day hath put back night;
That the byrds thinking to approach the ſpring,
Forgot themſelues, and haue begun to ſing:
So oft I goe by Thames, ſo oft returne,
Me thinks for thee the Riuer yet doth mourne,
vvho I haue ſeene to let her ſtreame at large,
vvhich like a Hand-maide waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hapſt againſt the flood to row,
vvhich way it ebd before, now would it flow,
vveeping in drops vpon thy labouring oares,
For ioy that it had got thee from the ſhoares.
The Swans with muſick that the Roothers make
Ruffing theyr plumes, come gliding on the lake,
As the fleet Dolphins, by *Arions* ſtrings,
were brought to land with their ſweet rauiſhings,
The flocks & heards that paſture neer the flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne theyr food;
And ſate downe ſadly, mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to ſwim.
VVhen as the Poſt to Englands royall Court,
Of thy hard paſſage brought the true report,
How in a ſtorme thy well rigg'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou thy ſelfe in danger to be loſt,
I knew twas *Venus* loth'd that aged bed,
vvhere beautie ſo ſhould be diſhonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Nimphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but ſeene, theyr Goddeſſe ſhould forſake.
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view thy Nauie now in launching out,
Her ayrie mantle looſely doth vnbind,

vvhich

VVhich fanning forth a rougher gale of winde,
vvafted thy sailes with speede vnto the land,
And runnes thy ship on Bullins harbouring strand.
How should I ioy of thy ariue to heare?
But as a poore sea-faring passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-torne & wrack'd,
By some vnpitting Pyrat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Enriched with inualuable store,
For which he long hath trauailed before.
VVhen thou to *Abuile* held'st th'appointed day,
vvee heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way,
vvhere thou in glittering Tissue strangely dight,
Appear'dst vnto him, like the Queene of light,
In cloth of siluer all thy virgine traine,
In beautie sumptuous, as the Northerne waine;
And thou alone the formost glorious star,
vvhich lead'st the teame of that great VVagoner.
VVhat could thy thought be, but as I doe thinke,
vvhen thine eyes tasted, what mine eares did drinke?
A cripple King layd bedrid long before,
Yet at thy comming crept out of the dore,
T'was well he rid, he had no legs to goe,
But this thy beautie forc'd his body to;
For whom a cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden bed a gallant Queene.
To vse thy beauty as the miser gold,
vvhich hoards it vp but onely to behold,
Still looking on it with a iealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing vsurie;

Tis but in vaine, of my deſcent to boaſt,
vvhen heauens Lampe ſhines, all other lights be loſt,
Faulcons gaze not, the Eagle ſitting by,
vvhoſe broode ſuruayes the ſunne with open eye;
Elſe might my blood finde iſſue from his force,
In Boſworth plaine, beate *Richard* from his horſe,
vvhoſe puiſſant Armes, great *Richmond* choſe to weeld,
His glorious colours in that conquering feeld;
And with his ſword in his deere ſoueraignes fight,
To his laſt breath, ſtood faſt in *Henries* right.
Then beautious Empreſſe, thinke this fate delay,
Shall be the euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-ſight doth ſtill on all aduantage lie,
vvile-men muſt giue place to neceſsity,
To put backe ill, our good we muſt forbeare,
Better firſt feare, then after ſtill to feare.
Twere ouer-ſight in that at which we ayme,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
vvith patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue theſe lines I ſend.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

When Longauile *to* Mary *was affied,*

THE Duke of Longauile which was priſoner in England vpon the peace to be concluded between England & France, was deliuered, and maried the Princeſſe *Mray*, for *Lewes* the French king his maſter.

How in a ſtorme thy well rigg'd ſhips were toſt,
And thou &c.

As the queene ſayled for Fraunce, a mighty ſtorme aroſe at ſea, ſo that the Nauy was in great danger, & was ſeuered, ſome driuen vpon the coaſt of Flanders, ſome on Brittaine: the ſhip wherin the queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at Bullen with very great danger.

When

When thou to Abuile heldst th'appointed day.

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neere to the Forrest of Arders, and brought her into Abuile with great solemnitie.

Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of Light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the Queene & her traine, attended by the chiefe of the Nobilitie of England, with 36. Ladies all in cloth of siluer, their horses trapped with Crimson veluet.

A cripple King laid bedrid long before.

King *Lewes*, was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the gout, so that he had of long time before little vse of legs.

When Marques Dorset, *and the valiant* Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolk when the proclamation came into England, of Iusts to be holden in Fraunce at Paris, he for the Queenes sake his Mistres, obtained of the King to goe thither: with whom went the Marques *Dorcet* and his foure brothers, the Lord *Clynton*, Sir *Edward Neuell*, Sir *Gyles Chappell*, *Tho. Cheyney*: which went all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride

A true description of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performd at S. Dennis.

Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alansoon, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolke, with fiue Cardinals.

That large-limd Almaine of the Gyants race.

Frauncis Valoys, the Dolphin of France enuying the glory, that the Englishmen had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almaine secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at Barriers, but the Duke grappling with him, so beat him about the head with the pomel of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my blood find issue from his force,
In Bosworth, &c.

Sir *William Brandon* standard-bearer to the Earle of Richmond (after *Henry* the 7.) at Bosworth field, a braue and gallant Gentleman; who was slaine by *Richard* there, this was Father to this *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.

O Sacriledge, (if beautie be diuine,)
The prophane hand ſhould touch the halowed ſhrine.
To ſurfet ſickneſs on the ſound mans diet,
To rob Content, yet ſtill to liue vnquiet,
And hauing all, to be of all beguild,
And yet ſtill longing like a little child.
VVhen Marques *Dorſet* and the valiant *Grayes*
To purchaſe fame firſt croſt the narrow Seas,
vvith all the Knights that my aſſociates went,
In honour of thy nuptiall turnament,
Thinkſt thou I ioy'd not in thy Beauties pride?
vvhen thou in triumph didſt through Paris ride,
vvhere all the ſtreets as thou didſt pace along
vvith Arras, Biſſe, and Tapeſtry were hong;
Ten thouſand gallant Cittizens prepar'd,
In rich attire thy princely ſelfe to guard;
Next them, three thouſand choiſe religious men,
In golden veſtments followed on agen;
And in proceſsion as they came along,
vvith *Hymeneus* ſang thy marriage ſong.
Then fiue great Dukes, as did theyr places fall,
To each of theſe, a Princely Cardinall,
Then thou on thy imperiall Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich imperled Coronet,
vvhilſt the Pariſian Dames, as thy traine paſt,
Their precious Incence in aboundance caſt.
As *Cinthia* from the waue-embatteld ſhrouds,
Opening the weſt, comes ſtreaming through the clouds,
vvith ſhining troupes of ſiluer-treſſed ſtars
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers,
And all the leſſer lights about her throne,

VVith

VVith admiration ſtand as lookers on;
vvhilſt ſhee alone in height of all her pride,
The Queene of light, along her ſpheare doth glide,
VVhen on the tylt my Horſe like thunder came,
No other ſignall had I but thy name,
Thy voyce my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beautie, I eſteem'd no prize.
That large-limd Almaine of the Gyants race,
vvhich bare ſtrength on his breaſt, feare in his face,
vvhoſe ſinewed armes, with his ſteele-tempered blade,
Through plate and male, ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe might the French-mens glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beate him on his knee,
Offring his ſhield a conquered ſpoile to thee.
But thou wilt ſay, (perhaps) I vainely boaſt
And tell thee that which thou alreadie know'ſt,
No ſacred Queene, my valour I denie,
It was thy beautie, not my chiualry;
One of thy treſſed curles which falling downe,
As loth to be impriſoned in thy Crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft ayre ſportiuely to take it,
To diuers ſhapes and ſundry formes to make it,
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, and then vntwiſt againe;
Then make the threds to dally with thine eye,
A ſunny candle, for a golden flie.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
vvhich falling downe as though a ſtar had ſhot,
My vp-turnd eye purſues it with my ſight,
The which againe redoubleth all my might.

Tis but in vaine, of my descent to boast,
vvhen heauens Lampe shines, all other lights be lost,
Faulcons gaze not, the Eagle sitting by,
vvhose broode suruayes the sunne with open eye;
Else might my blood finde issue from his force,
In Bosworth plaine, beate *Richard* from his horse,
vvhose puissant Armes, great *Richmond* chose to weeld,
His glorious colours in that conquering feeld;
And with his sword in his deere soueraignes fight,
To his last breath, stood fast in *Henries* right.
Then beautious Empresse, thinke this fate delay,
Shall be the euen to a ioyfull day;
Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lie,
vvise-men must giue place to necessity,
To put backe ill, our good we must forbeare,
Better first feare, then after still to feare.
Twere ouer-sight in that at which we ayme,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
vvith patience then let vs our hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue these lines I send.

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

When Longauile *to* Mary *was affied,*

THE Duke of Longauile which was prisoner in England vpon the peace to be concluded between England & France, was deliuered, and maried the Princesse *Mray*, for *Lewes* the French king his master.

How in a storme thy well rig'd ships were tost,
And thou &c.

As the queene sayled for Fraunce, a mighty storme arose at sea, so that the Nauy was in great danger, & was seuered, some driuen vpon the coast of Flanders, some on Brittaine: the ship wherin the queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at Bullen with very great danger.

When

When thou to Abuile beldst th'appointed day.

King *Lewes* met her by Abuile, neere to the Forrest of Arders, and brought her into Abuile with great solemnitie.

Appear'dst vnto him like the Queene of Light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the Queene & her traine, attended by the chiefe of the Nobilitie of England, with 36. Ladies all in cloth of siluer, their horses trapped with Crimson veluet.

A cripple King laid bedrid long before.

King *Lewes*, was a man of great yeeres, troubled much with the gout, so that he had of long time before little vse of legs.

When Marques Dorset, *and the valiant* Grayes.

The Duke of Suffolk when the proclamation came into England, of iusts to be holden in Fraunce at Paris, he for the Queenes sake his Mistres, obtained of the King to goe thither: with whom went the Marques *Dorcet* and his foure brothers, the Lord *Clynton*, Sir *Edward Neuell*, Sir *Gyles Chappell*, *Tho. Cheyney*: which went all ouer with the Duke as his assistants.

When thou in triumph diedst through Paris ride

A true description of the Queenes entring into Paris, after her coronation performd at S. Dennis.

Then fiue great Dukes as did their places fall.

The Dukes of Alansoon, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolke, with fiue Cardinals.

That large-limd Almaine of the Gyants race.

Frauncis Valoys, the Dolphin of France enuying the glory, that the Englishmen had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almaine secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, which encountred *Charles Brandon* at Barriers, but the Duke grappling with him, so beat him about the head with the pomel of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his Caske.

Else might my blood find issue from his force,
In Bosworth, &c.

Sir *William Brandon* standard-bearer to the Earle of Richmond (after *Henry* the 7.) at Bosworth field, a braue and gallant Gentleman; who was slaine by *Richard* there, this was Father to this *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolke.

FINIS.

To my moſt deere friend Maiſter *Henry Lucas*, ſonne to *Edward Lucas* Eſquire.

SIR, *to none haue I beene more beholding, then to your kind parents, far (I muſt truly confeſſe) aboue the meaſure of my deſerts: Many there be in England of whom for ſome particularitie I might iuſtly challenge greater merit, had I not beene borne in ſo euill an houre, as to be poiſoned with that gaule of ingratitude: to your ſelfe am I ingaged for many more curteſies then I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of ſo few yeares: nothing doe I more deſire then that thoſe hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may prooue ſo pure in the fruite as they are faire in the bloome: long may you liue to their comfort that loue you moſt; and may I euer wiſh you the encreaſe of all good fortunes.*

Yours euer,

Michaell Drayton.

Henry

Henry Howard Earle of Surrey to *Geraldine*.

✻ The Argument.

Henry Howard, *that true noble Earle of Surrey, and excellent Poet, falling in loue with* Geraldine; *descended of the noble family of the* Fitzgeralds *of Ireland, a faire & modest Lady; and one of the honourable maids to Quene* Katherine Dowager: *eternizeth her prayses in many excellent Poems, of rare and sundrie inuentions: and after some few yeares beeing determined to see that famous Italy, the source and Helicon of all excellent Arts; first visiteth that renowned Florence, from whence the Geralds challence their descent, from the ancient familie of the Geraldi; there in honour of his mistresse he aduanceth her picture: and challengeth to maintaine her beauty by deeds of Armes against all that durst appeare in the lists, where after the proofe of his braue and incomparable valour, whose arme crowned her beauty with eternall memorie, he writeth this Epistle to his deerest Mistres.*

FRom learned Florence, (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble Grandsires came,
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
Thy *Surrey* sends to heauenly *Geraldine*,
Yet let not *Thuscan* thinke I doe her wrong,

That

That I from thence write in my natiue tongue,
That in theſe harſh-tun'd cadences I ſing,
Sitting ſo neere the Muſes ſacred ſpring,
But rather thinke her ſelfe adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praiſe of Italy.
Though to the *Thuſcans*, I the ſmoothnes grant,
Our dialect no maieſtie doth want,
To ſet thy prayſes in as hie a key,
As Fraunce, or Spaine, or Germany, or they,
That day I quit the Fore-land of faire Kent,
And that my ſhip her courſe for Flanders bent;
Yet thinke I with how many a heauy looke,
My leaue of England and of thee I tooke,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to conuey me one ſigh backe to thee,
Vp to the decke a billow lightly skips,
Taking my ſigh, and downe againe it ſlips;
Into the gulfe it ſelfe, it headlong throwes,
And as a Poſt to England-ward it goes;
As I ſit wondring how the rough ſeas ſtird,
I might far off perceiue a little bird,
vvhich as ſhe faine from ſhore to ſhore would flie
Hath loſt her ſelfe in the broad vaſtie skie,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceiue her,
The ſeas, of life ſtill gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the ſhip ſhe makes which ſhe diſcouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging pineon failes
Panting ſhe hangs vpon the ratling ſailes,
And being forc'd to looſe her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, ſhe ſtraight lights on againe,

nd toſt with flawes, with ſtormes, with wind, with wether,
et ſtill departing thence, ſtill turneth thether,
ow with the Poope, now with the Prow doth beare,
ow on this ſide, now that, now heere, now there,
Ie thinks theſe ſtormes ſhould be my ſad depart,
he ſilly helpeleſſe bird, is my poore bart,
he ſhip, to which for ſuccour it repaires,
hat is your ſelfe, (regardleſſe of my cares)
f euery ſurge doth fall, or waue doth riſe,
o ſome one thing I ſit and moralize.
Vhen for thy loue I left the Belgick ſhore,
iuine *Eraſmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
hoſe happy preſence gaue me ſuch delight
s made a minute of a winters night;
ith whom a while I ſtai'd at Roterdame,
ow ſo renowned by *Eraſmus* name.
et euery houre did ſeeme a world of time,
ill I had ſeene that ſoule-reuiuing clime,
nd thought the foggy Netherlands vnfit,
watry ſoyle to clog a fiery wit;
nd as that wealthy Germany I paſt,
omming vnto the Emperors Court at laſt,
reat learn'd *Agrippa*, ſo profound in Art,
who the infernall ſecrets doth impart,
when of thy health I did deſire to know,
Ie in a glaſſe my *Geraldine* did ſhew,
icke in thy bed, and for thou couldſt not ſleepe,
y a watch Taper ſet thy light to keepe;
doe remember thou didſt read that Ode,
ent backe whilſt I, in Thanet made abode,
where as thou cam'ſt vnto the word of loue,

And

Euen

Euen in thine eyes I saw how passion stroue;
That snowy Lawne which couered thy bed,
Me thought look'd white, to see thy cheeke so red,
Thy rosie cheeke, oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the Lawne so white;
The little Taper which should giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dim, to see thy eye so bright;
Thine eye againe supplies the Tapers turne,
And with his beames doth make the Taper burne;
The shrugging ayre about thy Temple hurles,
And wraps thy breath in little clouded curles,
And as it doth ascend, it straight doth ceaze it,
And as it sinks, it presently doth raise it;
Canst thou by sicknes banish beauty so?
VVhich if put from thee, knowes not where to goe;
To make her shift, and for her succour seeke,
To euery riueld face, each bankrupt cheeke,
If health preseru'd, thou beauty still doost cherish,
If that neglected, beauty soone doth perish.
Care, drawes on care, woe comforts woe againe,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one griefe brings forth twaine,
If liue or die, as thou doost, so doe I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One hart, one loue, one ioy, one griefe, one troth.
One good, one ill, one life, one death, to both,
If *Howards* blood, thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of *Norfolks* Princely stile,
If Scotlands coate no marke of fame can lend,
That Lion plac'd in our bright siluer bend,
vvhich as a Trophy beautifies our shield,
Since Scottish blood discoloured Floden field;

VVhen the proud *Cheuiot* our braue Ensigne beare,
As a rich iewel in a Ladies haire,
And did faire *Bramstons* neighbouring valies choke,
vvith clouds of Canons, fire disgorged smoke,
Or *Surreys* Earldome insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollos* heires,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs;
By Princes, my immortall lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with euery tung;
The little children when they learne to goe,
By painefull mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my sugred numbers to rehearse,
And haue their sweet lips season'd with my verse;
vvhen heauen would striue to doe the best it can,
And put an Angels spirit into a man;
The vtmost power in that great worke doth spend,
vvhen to the world a Poet it doth intend,
That little difference twixt the Gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd onely thus,
vvhom they in birth, ordaine to happie daies,
The Gods commit, their glory to our praise,
To eternall life when they dissolue that breath,
vve likewise share a second power by death:
VVhen time shall turne those Amber curles to gray,
My verse againe shall guild and make them gay,
And trick them vp in knotted curles anew,
And in the autumne giue a sommers hue;
That sacred power, that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd vaines,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whitenes dead,

Shall

Shall set a white, more white, a red, more red;
VVhen thy dim sight thy glasse cannot discry.
Thy crazed mirrhor cannot see thine eye;
My verse to tell, what eye, what mirrhor was,
Glasse to thine eye, an eye vnto thy glasse,
vvhere both thy mirrhor and thine eye shall see,
vvhat once thou saw'st, in that, that saw in thee,
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
vvhat that in purenes was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once should loose her old renowne,
As Famous Athence, now a fisher towne,
My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
vvhich great *Apollo* euer shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring Marble mines to reerect those walls;
Nor beauteous *Stanhope*, whom all tongs report,
To be the glory of the English Court,
Shall by our Nation be so much admir'd,
If euer *Surrey* truly were inspir'd.
And famous *VVyat*, who in numbers sings,
To that inchanting Thracian Harpers strings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drinke,
A bowle of Nectar, fill'd vnto the brinke,
And sweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muses kept
And in his Cradle rockt him whilst he slept,)
In sacred verses (so diuinely pend)
Vpon thy prayses euer shall attend.
VVhat time I came vnto this famous Towne,
And made the cause of my arriuall knowne,
Great *Medices* a list (for triumphs) built,
vvithin the which, vpon a tree of gilt,

(VVith

vvith thousand sundry rare deuises set,)
I did erect thy louely counterfet,
To aunswere those Italian Dames desire,
vvhich daily came thy beautie to admire.
By which my Lyon in his gaping iawes
Holdeth my Launce, and in his dreadfull pawes,
Reacheth my Gauntlet vnto him that dare
A beauty with my *Geraldines* compare.
vvhich when each manly valiant arme assayes,
After so many braue tryumphant dayes,
The glorious prize vpon my Launce I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaim'd to be thy share;
The shiuered staues here for thy beautie broke,
vvith fierce encounters past at euery shock,
vvhen stormie courses answered cuffe for cuffe,
Denting proude Beuers with the counter-buffe,
Vpon an Altar burnt with holy flame,
And sacrifiz'd as ensence to thy fame.
VVhere, as the Phenix from her spiced fume,
Renues herselfe in that she doth consume,
So from these sacred ashes liue we both,
Euen as that one Arabian wonder doth.
VVhen to my chamber I my selfe retire,
Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England which my hope containes,
The happy Ile where *Geraldine* remaines,
Of Honsdon where, those sweet celestiall eyne,
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine;
Of Hampton Court, and VVindsore, where abound,
All pleasures that in Paradice were found;
Neere that faire Castell is a little groue,

vvith hanging rocks all couered from aboue,
vvhich on the banck of louely Thames doth ſtand,
Clip'd by the water from the other Land,
vvhoſe buſhie top doth bid the ſunne forbeare,
And checks thoſe proud beames that would enter there,
vvhoſe leaues ſtill muttering as the ayre doth breath,
vvith the ſweet bubling of the ſtreame beneath,
Doth rock the ſences (whilſt the ſmall birds ſing,)
Lulled a ſleepe with gentle murmuring,
vvhere light-foote Fayries ſport at priſon baſe,
No doubt there is ſome power frequents the place,
There the ſoft popler and ſmooth beech doe beare,
Our names together carued euery where,
And Gordian knots doe curiouſly entwine,
The names of *Henry*, and of *Geraldine*.
O let this Groue in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Louers bleſs'd Elizium*,
vvhether my Miſtres wonted to reſort,
In Sommers heate, in pleaſant ſhades to ſport,
A thouſand ſundry names I haue it giuen,
And cald it VVonder-hider, Couer-heauen,
The roofe where beauty her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whoſe compaſſe all the ſtarres doe ſleepe.
There is one tree, which now I call to minde,
Doth beare theſe verſes carued in his rinde,
VVhen Geraldine *ſhall ſit in thy faire ſhade,*
Fan her ſweet treſſes with perfumed ayre,
Let thy large boughes a Canapie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my faire,
And when thy ſpredding branched armes be ſuncke,
And thou no ſap nor pith ſhalt more retaine,

Eu'n from the dust of thy vnwieldy Truncke,
I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed roote will bring,
A new-borne Stem, another Æsons spring.
I finde no cause, nor iudge I reason why
My country should giue place to Lumbardy;
As goodly flowers on Thamisis doe grow,
As beautifie the banks of wanton Poo;
As many Nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus* strand,
By siluer Sabrine tripping hand in hand,
Our shades as sweet, though not to vs so deere,
Because the sunne hath greater power heere,
This distant place but giues me greater woe,
Far off, my sighes the farther haue to goe.
Ah absence why, thus shouldst thou seeme so long?
Or wherefore shouldst thou offer time such wrong?
Summer so soone, should steale on winters cold,
Or winters blasts, so soone make summer old?
Loue did vs both with one selfe arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure should be the like,
Except thou hast found out some meane by Art,
Some powerfull medicine to withdraw the dart,
But mine is fix'd, and absents phisick proued,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be remooued.
Adiew, adiew, from Florence when I goe,
By my next letters *Geraldine* shall know,
Which if good fortune shall my course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect,
Till when I leaue thee to thy harts desire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Eu

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.

FLorence a Citty of Thuſcan, ſtanding vpon the Riuer Arnus, (celebrated by *Dante*, *Petrarch*, and other, the moſt noble wits of Italie,) was the originall of the familie out of which this *Geraldine* did ſpring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by theſe verſes of the Earle of *Surreys*.

From *Thuſcan* came my Ladies worthy race,
Fayre *Florence* was ſometime her ancient ſeate,
The Weſterne Ile, whoſe pleaſant ſhore doth face
Wild Cambers cliffs, did giue her liuely heate.

Great learn'd Agrippa *ſo profound in Art.*

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time ſo famous for magick (which the bookes publiſhed by him, concerning that argument doe partlie proue) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as thoſe abſtruſe and gloomy Arts are but illuſions, ſo in the honour of ſo rare a Gentleman as this Earle, (and therewithall ſo noble a Poet) (a qualitie by which his other titles receiue their greateſt luſter) inuention may make ſomewhat more bolde with *Agrippa* aboue the barren truth.

That Lyon ſet in our bright ſiluer bend.

The blazon of the *Howards* honorable armour, was *Gules betweene ſixe croſſelets Fitches a bend Argent*, to which afterwardes was added by atchiuement, *In the Canton point of the bend an eſcutcheon*, or *within the Scottiſh treſſure a Demilion rampant Gules &c.* as Maiſter *Camden* now *Clarenceaulx* from authoritie noteth. Neuer ſhall time nor bitter enuy be able to obſcure the brightnes of ſo great a victory as that for which this addition was obtained. The Hiſtorian of Scotland *George Beuchanan* reporteth, that the Earle of Surrey gaue for his badge a *ſiluer Lyon*, (which from antiquitie belonged to that name) tearing in peeces *A Lyon proſtrate Gules*, and withall that this which he termes inſolencie, was puniſhed in him & his poſterity, as if it were

fatall

fatall to the conquerour to doe his soueraigne such loyall seruice as a thousand such seuere censurers were neuer able to performe.

Since Scottish blood discoloured Floden field.

The battell was fought at Bramstone neere to Flodden hill beeing a part of the Cheuiot, a mountaine that exceedeth all the mountaines in the North of England for bignes, in which the wilfull periurie of *Iames* the fifth was punished from heauen by the Earle of Surrey, being left by King *Henry* the eyght (then in Fraunce before *Turwin*) for the defence of his Realme.

Nor beautious Stanhope, *whom all tongues report*
To be the glory. &c.

Of the beautie of that Lady, he himselfe testifies in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to daunce with him, which he seemeth to alegorize vnder a Lyon and a Wolfe. And of himselfe he saith.

A Lyon saw I late, as white as any snow.

And of her.

I might perceiue a Wolfe as white as Whalls bone,
A fairer beast, of fresher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her lookes were coy, and froward was her grace.

And famous Wyat *who in numbers sings*

Sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, a most excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witnes, besides certaine Encomions written by the Earle of Surrey vpon some of *Dauids* Psalmes, by him translated.

What holy graue, what worthy Sepulcher,
To *Wyats* Psalmes shall Christians purchase then.

And afterward vpon his death the said Earle writeth thus.

What vertues rare were tempred in thy breast?
Honour that England such a Iewell bred,
And kisse the ground whereas thy corps did rest.

At Honsdon, where those sweet celestiall eyne,

It is manifest by a Sonnet written by this noble Earle, that the first time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunsdon.

Honsdon *did first present her to mine eyne,*

Which Sonnet beeing altogether a description of his loue, I do alledge in diuers places of this gloss, as proofes of what I write.

Of Hampton Court and Windsore where abound,
All pleasures, &c.

That hee enioyed the presence of his faire and vertuous mistris, in those two places, by reason of queene *Kathernes* vsuall aboad there, (on whom this Lady *Geraldine* was attending) I proue by these verses of his.

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
Winsor alas doth chase me from her sight.

And in another Sonnet following.

When Winsor walls sustaind my wearied arme,
My hand my chin, to ease my restles head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Winsor to Paradice, an Elegy may proue, where he remembreth his passed pleasures in that place.

With a Kings sonne my childish yeeres I pass'd,
In greater feast then *Priams* sonne of Troy.

And againe in the same Elegie.

Those large greene Courts, where we were wont to roue,
With eyes cast vp vnto the maydens Tower,
With easie sighs, such as men draw in loue.

And againe in the same.

The statelie seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.

And for the pleasantnes of the place, these verses of his may testifie in the same Elegie before recited.

The secret groues which we haue made resound,
With siluer drops the meads yet spread for ruth,
As goodly flowers from Thamisis doe grow. &c.

I had thought in this place not to haue spoken of Thames beeing so oft remembred by me before in sundry other places on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which as I iudge either to be done by the said Earle or Sir *Frauncis Brian*: for the woorthinesse thereof I will heere insert, which as it seemes to me was compiled at the Authors beeing in Spayne.

Tagus

Tagus farewell, which Westward with thy streames,
Turn'st vp the graines of gold already tride,
For I with spur and sayle goe seeke the Thames,
Against the sun that shewes her wealthy pride;
And to the towne that *Brutus* sought by dreames,
Like bended Moone that leanes her lustie side,
To seeke my Country now, for whom I liue,
O mighty *Ioue*, for this the winds mee giue.

FINIS.

Geraldine *to* Henry Howard
Earle of Surrey.

SVch greeting as the noble *Surrey* sends,
The same to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A maydens thoughts doe check my trembling hand,
On other termes, or complements to stand,
vvhich (might my speech be as my hart affords)
Should come attired in farre richer words;
But all is one, my faith as firme shall proue,
As hers that makes the greatest show of loue.
In *Cupids* Schoole I neuer read those bookes,
vvhose lectures oft we practise in our lookes,
Nor euer did suspitions riuall eye,
Yet lie in waite my fauours to espie,
My virgine thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chast blushes sitting on my cheeke:

As in a Feauer I doe shiuer yet,
Since first my penne was to the paper set.
If I doe erre, you know my sexe is weake,
Feare proues a fault, where mayds are forc'd to speake;
Doe I not ill? ah sooth me not heerein,
O, if I doe, reproue me of my sinne,
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach my selfe, my selfe to chide.
Nay noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much boldnes should returne my guilt;
For that should be euen from our selues conceal'd,
vvhich is disclosd, if to our thoughts reueal'd,
For the least motion, more the smallest breath
That may impeach our modestie, is death,
The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Me thinks) should meruaile at my strange demaund,
For till he blush'd, I did not yet espie,
The nakednes of my immodestie,
vvhich in my face he greater might haue seene,
But that my fanne I quickly put betweene;
Yet scarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
Feare seeing all, feares it of all espide.
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
Now wanting matter to maintaine his light.
The blaze ascending forced by the smoke,
Liuing by that which seekes the same to choke;
The flame still hanging in the ayre doth burne,
Vntill drawne downe, it back againe returne.
Then cleere, then dim, then spreadeth, and then closeth,
Now getteth strength, and now his brightnes looseth.
As well the best discerning eye may doubt,

VVhether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheeke my diuers paſsions ſhow'd,
Now aſhy pale, and now againe it glow'd;
If in your verſe there be a power to moue,
It's you alone who are the cauſe I loue,
It's you bewitch my boſome by mine eare,
Vnto that end I did not place you there.
Ayres to aſſwage the bloody Souldiors mind,
Poore women we are naturally kind.
Perhaps yow'll thinke that I theſe termes enforce,
For that in Court this kindnes is of courſe,
Or that it is that honey-ſteeped gall,
vve oft are ſaid to bayte our loues withall,
That in one eye we carry ſtrong deſire,
The other drops which quickly quench the fire,
Ah what ſo falſe can Enuie ſpeake of vs,
But ſhall finde ſome too vainly credulous?
I doe not ſo, and to adde proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith ſweet Lord I do;
Nor let the enuie of enuenom'd tongues,
vvhich ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies wrongs,
Thy noble breaſt diaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my loue the leſſe:
My houſe from *Florence* I doe not pretend,
Nor from *Giraldi* claime I to deſcend,
Nor hold thoſe honours inſufficient are,
That I receiue from *Deſmond* or *Kyldare*;
Nor adde I greater worth vnto my blood,
Than Iriſh milke to giue me Infant food,
Nor better ayre will euer boaſt to breathe,
Then that of *Leuſter*, *Mounſter*, or of *Meathe*,

Nor

Nor craue I other forraine farre alies,
Then *VVindsor* or *Fitz-geralds* families.
It is enough to leaue vnto my heires,
If they will but acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the house giues matter to my loue,
At VVindsor still I see thee sit and walke,
There mount thy courser, there deuise, there talke:
The roabes, the garter, and the state of Kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatnes brings;
Nonsuch, the name imports (me thinks) so much,
None such as thou, nor as my Lord, none such,
In Hamptons great magnificence I finde,
The liuely image of thy Princely minde;
Faire Richmonds towers like goodly pillers stand
Rear'd by the power of thy victorious hand;
VVhitehalls tryumphing Galleries are yet,
Adorn'd with rich deuises of thy wit,
In Greenewich yet as in a glasse I view,
vvhere last thou badst thy *Geraldine* adiew,
vvith euerie little gentle breath that blowes,
How are my thoughts confus'd with ioyes and woes,
As through a gate, so through my longing eares,
Passe to my hart whole multitudes of feares;
O in a map that I might see thee show,
The place where now in daunger thou dost goe,
In sweet discourse to trauaile with our eye,
Romania, Tuscaine, and faire Lumbardy
Or with thy penne exactly to set downe,
The modell of that Tempell or that Towne,
And to relate at large where thou hast beene,

And

And there, & there, & what thou there haſt ſeen.
Or to deſcribe by figure of thy hand,
There *Naples* lies, and there doth *Florence* ſtand;
Or as the Grecians finger dip'd in wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulfe to figure out,
To modell *Venice* moted round about;
Then ading more, to counterfet a Sea,
And draw the front of ſtately *Genoa*.
Theſe from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
vvhich now doe ſound like *Mandrakes* dreadfull grones.
Some trauell hence t'enrich their minds with skill,
Leaue heere their good, and bring home others ill:
vvhich ſeeme to like all countries but their owne,
Affecting moſt where they the leaſt are knowne.
Their leg, their thigh, their backe, their necke, their head,
There form'd, there fetch'd, there found, there borrowed.
In their attire, their ieſture, and their gate,
Fond in each one, in all Italionate.
Italian, French, Dutch, Spaniſh altogether,
Yet not all theſe, nor one entirely neyther.
So well in all deformitie in faſhion,
Borrowing a limme of euery ſeuerall Nation,
And nothing more then England hold in ſcorne,
So liue as ſtrangers where as they were borne.
But thy returne in this I doe not reed,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeed;
O God forbid that *Howards* noble line,
From auncient vertue ſhould ſo farre decline,
The Muſes traine (whereof your ſelfe are chiefe)
Onely with me participate their griefe:

To ſooth their humours, I doe lend them eares,
He giues a Poet, that his verſes heares.
Till thy returne, by hope they onely liue,
Yet had they all, they all away would giue;
The world and they, ſo ill according bee,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The Muſes friends are euery where ſo rare;
Some praiſe thy worth, thy worth that neuer know,
Onely becauſe the better ſort doe ſo,
vvhoſe iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth pleaſe the greateſt to commend,
So great an ill vpon deſert doth chaunce,
vvhen it doth paſſe by beaſtly Ignorance.
VVhy art thou ſlacke whilſt no man puts his hand
To raiſe the Mount where *Surreys* Towers muſt ſtand?
Or who the groundſill of that worke doth lay
vvhilſt like a wandrer thou abroad dooſt ſtray?
Clip'd in the armes of ſome laſciuious Dame,
vvhen thou ſhouldſt reare an Ilion to thy name.
VVhen ſhall the Muſes by faire Norwich dwell,
To be the Citie of the learned VVell?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incenſe heap'd
As once in *Cyrrha* or in *Thebæ* kept?
Or when ſhall that faire hoofe-plow'd ſpring diſtill
From great Mount Surrey, out of Leonards hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchaunge,
For ſome poore cottage, or ſome countrey Grange,
vvhere to our diſtaues as we ſit and ſpin,
My mayde and I will tell of things haue bin;
Our Lutes vnſtrung ſhall hang vpon the wall,

Our

Our leſſons ſerue to wrap our Towe withall,
And paſſe the night, whilſt winter tales we tell,
Of many things that long agoe befell;
Or tune ſuch homely Carrols as were ſong
In Countrey ſports when we our ſelues were yong.
In prittie Riddles to bewray our loues,
In queſtions, purpoſe, or in drawing gloues.
The nobleſt ſpirits to vertue moſt inclind,
Theſe heere in Court thy greateſt want doe find;
Other there be, on which we feed our eye,
Like Arras worke, or ſuch like Imagerie;
Many of vs deſire Queene *Katherines* ſtate,
But very few her vertues imitate.
Then as *Vliſſes* wife write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy ſelfe to mee.

Notes of the Chroniele Hiſtorie.

Then Windſore, or Fitzgeralds *families.*

THE coſt of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Caſtle at Windſor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble then that it neede to be ſpoken of now as though obſcure, and I hold it more meet to refer you to our vulgar moniments for the founders and finiſhers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neere to the purpoſe. As for the family of the *Fitz-geralds*, of whence this excellent Ladie was lineally deſcended, the originall was Engliſh, though the branches did ſpread themſelues into diſtant places and names nothing conſonant, as in former times it was vſuall to denominate themſelues of their manours or forenames: as may partly appeare in that which enſueth, the light whereof proceeded from my learned and verie woorthy friend, Maiſter *Francis Thynn*. *Walter* of Windſor, the ſonne of *Oterus*, had iſſue *William*, of whom *Henry* now Lord Windſor is deſcended, and *Robert* of Windſor, of whom *Robert*

wiſhe

Robert the now Earle of Essex, and *Gerald* of Windsor his third sonne, who married the daughter of *Rees* the great Prince of Wales, of whom came *Nesta*, paramour to *Henry* the first. Which *Gerald* had issue *Maurice Fitzgerald*, auncestor to *Thomas Fitzmaurice*, Iustice of Ireland buried at Trayly; leauing issue *Iohn* his eldest sonne, first Earle of Kildare, ancestor to *Geraldine*, and *Maurice* his second sonne, first Earle of Desmond.

To rayse the mount where Surreys *Towers must stand,*

Alludeth to the sumptuous house which was afterward builded by him vpon Leonards hill right against Norwich, which in the rebellion of Norfolke vnder *Kett*, in King *Edward* the 6. time, was much defaced by that impure rable. Betwixt the hill and the Citie as *Alexander Neuell* describes it, the Riuer of Yarmouth runnes, hauing West and South thereof a wood, and a little Village called Thorp, and on the North, the pastures of Mousholl which containes about sixe miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately greatnes of Mount-Surrey, which was the houses name, the prospect and site thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did that encreasing cuill of the Norfolke furie enkennell it selfe but then there, as it were for a manifest token of their intent, to debase all high things, and to prophane all holy.

Like Arras worke, or other imagerie.

Such was he whom *Iuvenall* taxeth in this manner.

--truncoque similimus Hermæ
Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine quamquod,
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua viuit imago.

Beeing to be borne for nothing else but apparell and the outward appearance, intituled Complement, with whom the ridiculous fable of the Ape in *Esope* sorteth fitly, who comming into a Caruers house, and viewing many Marble works, tooke vp the head of a man very cunningly wrought, who greatly in praising did seeme to pittie it, that hauing so comly an outside, it had nothing within, like emptie figures walke and talke in euery place, at whom the noble *Geraldine* modestly glanceth.

FINIS.

To

To the vertuous Ladie, the Lady *Frauncis Goodere*, wife to Sir *Henry Goodere*, Knight.

MY verie gracious and good Mistres, the loue and dutie I bare to your Father whilst hee liued now after his deceasase is to your hereditarie; to whom by the blessing of your birth he left his vertues. VVho bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatsoeuer good is mine, as deuoted to his, he being gone, whom I honoured so much whilst hee liued; which you may iustly challenge by all lawes of thankefulnes. My selfe hauing beene a witnes of your excellent education, and mild disposition (as I may say) euer from your Cradle, dedicate this Epistle of this vertuous and goodly Ladie to your selfe; so like her in all perfection, both of wisedome and learning, which I pray you accept, til time shall enable me to leaue you some greater monument of my loue.

Mich: Drayton.

The

The Ladie *Jane Gray* to the Lord *Gilford Dudley.*

❋ The Argument.

After the death of that vertuous young Prince King Edward *the sixt, the sonne of that famous King* Henry *the eight,* Iane *the daughter of* Henry Gray, *Duke of Suffolke by the consent of* Iohn Dudley *Duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queene of England, being married to* Gilford Dudley, *the fourth sonne of the fore-said Duke of Northumberland; which match was concluded by their ambitious Fathers, who went about by this meanes to bring the Crowne vnto their children, and to dispossesse the Princesse* Mary, *eldest daughter of King* Henry *the eight, heire to King* Edward *her brother. Queene* Mary *rising in Armes to claime her rightfull crowne, taketh the said* Iane Gray, *and the Lord* Gilford *her husband, beeing lodged in the Tower for their more safetie, which place being lastly their Pallace, by this meanes became their prison; where being seuered in sundry prisons, they write these Epistles one to another.*

MIne own deere Lord, sith thou art lock'd from mee,
In this disguise my loue must steale to thee,
Since to renue all loues, all kindnes past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My

My Keeper comming, I of thee enquire,
vvho with thy greeting aunſwers my deſire;
vvhich my tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe ſtops my words, and I but ſtriue in vaine;
vvhere-with amaz'd, away in haſt he goes,
vvhen through my lips, my hart thruſts forth my woes;
vvhen as the doores that make a dolefull ſound,
Driue backe my words, that in the noyſe are drownd,
vvhich ſome-what huſh'd, the eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word,
vvhen like an aduerſe winde in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the tyde bending his boyſtrous force;
But when the flood hath wrought it ſelfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thruſt it out;
Thus ſtriue my ſighes with teares ere they begin,
And breaking out, againe ſighes driue them in.
A thouſand formes preſent my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue when they forth are brought,
From ſtrongeſt woe, we hardly language wreſt,
The depth of griefe, with words are ſounded leaſt,
As teares doe fall and riſe, ſighes come and goe,
So doe theſe numbers ebb, ſo doe they flow.
Theſe briny teares doe make my Incke looke pale,
My Inck clothes teares in this ſad mourning vaile,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim eye,
The paper pale, greeu'd at my miſery.
Yet miſerable our ſelues, why ſhould we deeme?
Sith none is ſo, but in his owne eſteeme;
VVho in diſtreſſe, from reſolution flies,
Is rightly ſaid to yeeld to miſeries;
They which begot vs, did beget this ſin,

They firſt begun, what did our griefe begin,
vvee taſted not, t'was they which did rebell,
Not our offence, but in theyr fall we fell;
They which a Crowne would to my Lord haue linck'd,
All hope, all life, all libertie extinct;
A ſubiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor ſubiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile ambition, how dooſt thou deceaue vs,
vvhich ſhew'ſt vs heauen, and yet in hell dooſt leaue vs?
Sildome vntouch'd doth innocence eſcape,
vvhen error commeth in good counſailes ſhape,
A lawfull title counterchecks proude might,
The weakeſt things become ſtrong props to right;
Then my deere Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our ſpotleſſe innocence relieue vs.
Death but an acted paſsion doth appeare,
vvhere truth giues courage, and the conſcience cleere,
And let thy comfort thus conſiſt in mine,
That I beare part of vvhatſoere is thine;
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with theſe diſgraces,
vvhen as our kingdome was our ſweet embraces;
At Durham Pallace, where ſweet *Hymen* ſang,
vvhoſe buildings with our nuptiall muſick rang?
vvhen *Prothalamions* prayſd that happy day,
vvherein great *Dudley* match'd with noble *Gray*,
vvhen they deuiſd to linck by wedlocks band,
The houſe of Suffolke to Northumberland;
Our fatall Dukedom to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this building on ſo weake a ground.
For what auailes a lawleſſe vſurpation?
vvhich giues a ſcepter, but not rules a nation,

Onely

Onely the surfeit of a vaine opinion,
vvhat giues content, giues what exceeds dominion.
VVhen first mine eares were persed with the fame,
Of *Iane* proclaimed by a Princesse name,
A suddaine fright my trembling hart appalls,
The feare of conscience entreth yron walls.
Thrice happy for our Fathers had it beene,
If what we fear'd, they wisely had fore-seene,
And kept a meane gate in an humble path,
To haue escap'd these furious tempests wrath.
The Cedar-building Eagle beares the wind,
And not the Faulcon, though both Hawkes by kind;
That kingly bird doth from the clowdes commaund,
The fearefull foule that moues but neere the Land,
Though *Mary* be from mightie Kings descended,
My blood not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
My Granfire *Brandon* did our house aduaunce,
By princely *Mary*, Dowager of Fraunce;
The fruite of that faire stocke which did combine,
And Yorks sweet branch with Lancasters entwine,
And in one stalke did happily vnite,
The pure vermilion Rose, with purer white;
I the vntimely slip of that rich stem,
vvhose golden bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh forgiue me Lord, it is not I,
Nor doe I boast of this, but learne to die,
vvhilst we were as our selues conioyned then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The purest blood, polluted is in blood,
Neerenes contemn'd, if soueraignty withstood;
A Diadem once dazeling the eye,

The day too darke to see affinitie;
And where the arme is stretch'd to reach a Crowne,
Friendship is broke, the deerest things throwne downe;
For what great *Henry* most stroue to auoyde,
The heauens haue built, where earth would haue destroyd,
And seating *Edward* on his regall throne,
He giues to *Mary*, all that was his owne,
By death assuring what by life is theyrs,
The lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heyres.
By mortall lawes, the bound may be diuorc'd,
But heauens decree, by no meanes can be forc'd,
That rules the case, when men haue all decreed,
vvho tooke him hence, foresaw who should succeede,
In vaine be counsels, statutes, humaine lawes,
vvhen chiefe of counsailes pleades the iustest cause;
Thus rule the heauens in theyr continuall course,
That yeelds to fate, that doth not yeeld to force.
Mans wit doth build for time but to deuoure,
But vertu's free from time and fortunes power;
Then my kinde Lord, sweet *Gilford* be not grieu'd,
The soule is heauenly, and from heauen relieu'd;
And as we once haue plighted troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of mindes to eyther;
To thy faire breast take my resolued minde,
Arm'd against blacke dispayre, and all her kinde,
And to my bosome breathe that soule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So shall our faith as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.
This life no life, wert thou not deere to mee,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

Thou

Thou my deere husband, and my Lord before,
But truly learne to die, thou shalt be more.
Now liue by prayer, on heauen fixe all thy thought,
And surely finde, what ere by zeale is sought;
For each good motion that the soule awakes,
A heauenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kinde,
Formes (like it selfe) an Image in the minde,
And in our faith the operations bee,
Of that diuinenes, which by fayth we see;
vvhich neuer errs, but accidentally,
By our fraile fleshes imbecillitie;
By each temptation ouer-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as our bodies prisons, be these towers,
So to our soules, these bodies be of ours;
vvhose fleshly walls hinder that heauenly light,
As these of stone depriue our wished sight,
Death is the key which vnlocks miserie,
And lets them out to blessed libertie.
Then draw thy forces all vnto thy hart,
The strongest fortresse of this earthly part;
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On fayth, repentance, and humilitie;
Humilitie to heauen, the step, the staire,
Is for deuotion, sacrifice, and Prayer;
The next place doth to true repentance fall,
A salue, a comfort, and a cordiall;
He that hath that, the keyes of heauen hath,
That is the guide, that is the port, the path;
Faith, is thy fort, thy shield, thy strongest ayde,

Neuer controld, nere yeelded, nere dismaid,
vvhich doth dilate, vnfold, fore-tell, expresseth.
vvhich gines, rewards, inuesteth, and possesseth.
Then thanke the heauen, preparing vs this roome,
Crowning our heads with glorious martirdome,
Before the blacke and dismall dayes begin,
The dayes of all Idolatry and sin,
Not suffering vs to see that wicked age,
vvhen persecution vehemently shall rage,
vvhen tyrannie new tortures shall inuent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heauen forbids, that *Maries* wombe shall bring,
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King,
But vnto faire *Elizabeth* shall leaue it,
vvhich broken, hurt, and wounded, shall receaue it;
And on her temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Roote out the dregs Idolatry hath sowne;
And *Syons* glory shall againe restore,
Layd ruine, wast, and desolate before;
And from black sinders, and rude heapes of stones,
Shall gather vp the Martyrs scattred bones,
And shall extirpe the power of Rome againe,
And cast aside, the heauy yoke of Spayne.
Farewell sweet *Gilford*, know our end is neere,
Heauen is our home, we are but strangers heere.
Let vs make hast to goe vnto the blest,
vvhich from these weary worldly labours rest,
And with these lines my deerest Lord, I greete thee,
Vntill in heauen thy *Iane* againe shall meete thee.

Notes

Notes of the Chronicle Historie.

They which begot vs, did beget this sin,

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes their Fathers, whose pride was the cause of the vtter ouerthrow of theyr chyldren.

At Durham Pallace where sweet Hymen *sang,*
The buildings, &c.

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, fourth sonne to *Iohn Dudley*, Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady *Iane Gray*, daughter to the duke of Suffolke at Durham house in the Strand.

When first mine eares were perſed with the fame,
Of Iane *proclaimed by a Princesse name.*

Presently vpon the death of King *Edward*, the Lady *Iane* was taken as Queene, conueyed by water to the Tower of London for her safetie, and after proclaimed in diuers parts of the Realme, as so ordained by King *Edwards* Letters-pattents, and his will.

My Grandsire Brandon *did our house aduaunce,*
By princely Mary, *dowager of Fraunce.*

Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, married *Frauncis* the eldest daughter of *Charles Brandon* Duke of Suffolk, by the French Queene, by which *Frauncis* he had this Lady *Iane*: this *Mary* the French queene, vvas daughter to king *Henry* the seauenth, by *Elizabeth* his queene, which happy mariage cõioyned the two noble families of Lancaster & York.

For what great Henrie *most stroue to auoyde,*

Noting the distrust that King *Henry* the eyght euer had in the Princesse *Mary* his daughter, fearing she should alter the state of Religion in the Land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King *Henries* issue had to the Crowne.

And vnto faire Elizabeth *shall leaue it.*

A prophecy of Queene *Maries* barrennes, & of the happy & glorious raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*, her restoring of Religion, the abolishing of the Romish seruitude, & casting aside the yoke of Spayne.

The

The Lord *Gilford Dudley*, to the Lady *Iane Gray*.

AS Swan-like singing at thy dying howre,
Such my reply, returniug from this tower.
O if there were such power but in my verse,
As in these woes, my wounded hart doe pierce,
Stones taking sence, th'obdurate flint that heares,
Should at my plaints dissolue it selfe to teares.
Lend me a teare, Ile pay thee with a teare,
And interest to, if thou the stocke forbeare;
vvoe, for a woe, and for thy interest lone,
I will returne thee frankly two for one;
And if thou thinke too soone one sorrow ends,
Another twice so long shall make amends.
Perhaps thow'lt iudge, in such extreames as these
That words of comfort might far better please,
But such strange power in thy perfection liueth,
As smiles in teares, and teares in gladnes giueth.
Yet thinke not *Iane*, that cowardly I faint,
As begging mercy by this sad complaint;
Or yet suppose my courage daunted so,
That thou shouldst stand betwixt me, and my fo,
That grim-aspected death should now controule,
And seeme so fearefull to my parting soule,
For were one life, a thousand lifes to me,
Yet were all those too few to die with thee;

vvhen

vvhen thou my woes ſo patiently doſt beare,
As if in death, no cauſe of ſorrow were,
And no more dooſt lifes diſſolution ſhunne,
Then if cold age his longeſt courſe had runne.
Thou which didſt once giue comfort in my woe,
Now art alone, becom my comforts foe;
Not that I leaue wherein I did delight,
But that thou art debarr'd my wiſhed ſight;
For if I ſpeake, and would complaine my wrong,
Straight-waies thy name doth come into my tong;
And thou art preſent as thou ſtill didſt lye,
Or in my hart, or in my lips, or eye,
No euill plannet raigned at thy birth,
Nor was that houre prodigious heere on earth;
No fatall marke of froward deſtinie,
Could be diuin'd, in thy natiuitie;
Tis onely I, that did thy fall deuiſe,
And thou by me art made a ſacrifice;
As in thoſe Countries, where the louing wiues,
Doe with their husbands euer end their liues,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attire,
Goe with their husbands to that holy fire;
And ſhe vnworthy thought to liue, of all,
vvhen feare of death, or danger doth appall.
I boaſt not of *Nortbumberlands* great name,
Nor of *Kets* conqueſt, which adornes the ſame;
vvhen he to Norfolke led his troupes from far,
And yok'd the rebels in the chaine of war,
vvhen our white Beare, did furiouſly reſpire,
The flames that ſing'd their Villages with fire,
And brought ſweet peace in ſafety to our doores,

Yet left our fame vpon the Easterne shores;
Nor of my princely brothers which might grace,
And plant true honour in the *Dudleys* race;
Nor of *Grayes* match, my children borne by thee,
Alied to great *Plantaginet* should bee;
But of thy vertues proudly boast I dare,
That she is mine, whom all perections are.
I crau'd no Kingdome, though I thee did craue,
And hauing thee, I wish'd no more to haue.
Yet let me say, how euer it befell,
Me thinks a Crowne should haue becom'd thee well,
Me thinks thy wisedome was ordain'd alone,
To blesse a Scepter, beautifie a throme;
Thy lips a sacred Oracle retaine,
vvherein all holy prophecies remaine;
More highly priz'd thy vertues were to me,
Then Crownes, then Kingdomes, or then Scepters be.
So chast thy loue, so innocent thy life,
A wiued virgine, and a mayded wife;
The greatest gifts that heauen could giue me heere,
Nothing on earth to me was halfe so deere.
This was the ioy wherin we liu'd of late,
Ere worldly cares did vs excruciate,
Before these troubles did our peace confound,
By war, by weapon, massacre, or wound;
Ere dreadfull Armies did disturbe our shores,
Or walls were shaken, with the Cannons roares.
Suspect bewrayes our thoughts, bewrayes our words;
One Crowne is guarded with a thousand swords;
To meane estate but common woes are showne,
But Crownes haue cares that euer be vnknowne,

And we by them are to thoſe dangers led,
Of which the leaſt we are experienced.
VVhen *Dudley* led his Armies to the Eaſt,
Of all the boſome of the land poſſeſt,
vvhat Earthly comfort was it that he lack'd,
That with a Counſels warrantie was back'd?
That had a Kingdome, and the power of lawes,
Still to maintaine the iuſtnes of his cauſe;
And with the Clergies helpe, the Commons ayd,
In euery place the peopled Kingdome ſwayd.
But what (alas) can Parliaments auaile,
vvhen *Maries* right, muſt *Edwards* acts repeale?
VVhen Suffolks power, doth *Suffolks* hopes withſtand,
Northumberland, doth leaue *Northumberland*.
And thoſe which ſhould our greatnes vnderprop,
Raze our foundation, ouerthrow our top.
Ere greatnes come, we wiſh it with our hart,
But being come, deſire it would depart,
And indiſcretly follow that ſo faſt,
which when it comes, brings perrill at the laſt,
If any man doe pittie our offence,
Let him be ſure to get him far from hence;
Heere is no place, no comfort heere at all,
For any one that ſhall bewaile our fall,
And we in vaine of mercy ſhould but thinke,
Our briny teares the ſullen earth doth drink.
O that all teares for vs ſhould be forlorne,
And all ſhould die ſo ſoone as they be borne;
Mothers that ſhould their childrens fortunes rue,
Fathers in death too kindly bid adue;
Friends of their friends, a kind farwell to take,

The faithful ſeruant mourning for our ſake;
Brothers and ſiſters waiting on our Beere,
Mourners to tell what we were liuing heere;
Thoſe eares are ſtopt which ſhould bewaile our fall,
And wee the Mourners, and the dead and all;
And that which firſt our Pallace was ordain'd,
The priſon, which our libertie reſtrain'd,
And where our Court we held in princely ſtate,
There now alone, are left diſconſolate
Thus then reſolu'd, as thou, reſolu'd am I.
Die thou for me, and I for thee will die;
And yet that heauen *Elizabeth* may bleſſe,
Be thou (ſweet *Iane*) a faithfull Propheteſſe,
VVith that health gladly reſaluting thee,
VVhich thy kind farwell wiſh'd before to mee.

Notes of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Nor of Kets *conqueſt, which adornes the ſame.*

Iohn Duke of Northumberland, when before he was Earle of Warwicke, in his expedition againſt *Ket*, ouerthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolke.

Nor of my princely brothers which might grace,

Gilford Dudley as remembring in this place the towardneſſe of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue raiſed that houſe of the *Dudleyes*, of which he was a fourth brother, if not ſuppreſſed by their Fathers ouerthrow.

Nor of Grayes *match, my children Lorne by thee,*

Noting in this place the alliance of the Ladie *Iane Gray*, by her mother, which was *Frauncis* the daughter of *Charles Brandon*, by *Mary* the French Queene, daughter to *Henry* the ſeuenth, and ſiſter to *Henry* the eight.

To bleſſe a Septer, beautifie a threne,

Sildome

Sildome hath it euer been known of any woman endued with ſuch wonderfull giſts, as was this Ladie, both for her wiſedome and learning, of whoſe skill in the tongues one reporteth by this Epigram.

Mirari Ianam Graio, *ſermone valere,*
Quæ primum nata eſt tempore Graia *Fuit.*
When Dudley *led his armies to the Eaſt.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition againſt the Rebels in Norfolke, and making haſt away, appointed the reſt of his forces to meete him at Newmarket Heath: of whom this ſaying is reported, that paſsing through Shorditch, the Lord *Gray* in his company, ſeeing the people in great numbers, came to ſee him, hee ſaid, the people preſſe to ſee vs, but none bid God ſpeede vs.

That with the Counſels warranty was back'd,

Iohn Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out againſt Queene *Mary*, had his Commiſsion ſealed for the generalſhip of the Armie, by the conſent of the whole Counſell of the Land; inſomuch that paſsing through the Counſell chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arondell wiſhed that he might haue gone with him in that expedition, and to ſpend his blood in the quarrell.

When Suffolks power doth Suffolks *hopes withſtand,*
Northumberland doth leaue Northumberland.

The Suffolke men were the firſt, that euer reſorted to Queene *Mary* in her deſtreſſe, repairing to her ſuccours, whilſt ſhe remained both at Keningall and at Fermingham Caſtle, ſtill increaſing her aydes, vntill the Duke of Northumberland, was left forſaken at Cambridge.

FINIS. 6 0C62

Idea.

THE worlds faire Roſe, and *Henries* froſty fire,
Iohns tyranny; and chaſt *Matilda's* wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious *Mortimer*,
The ſcourge of Fraunce, and his chaſt loue I ſong;
Depoſed *Richard*, *Iſabell* exil'd,
The gallant *Tudor*, and faire *Katherine*,
Duke *Humfrey*, and old *Cobhams* hapleſſe child,
Couragious *Pole*, and that braue ſpiritfull Queene,
Edward, and the delicious London Dame,
Brandon, and that rich dowager of Fraunce,
Surrey, with his faire paragon of fame,
Dudleys miſhap, and vertuous *Grayes* miſchaunce;
Their ſeuerall loues ſince I before haue ſhowne,
Now giue me leaue, at laſt to ſing mine owne.

To

Sonnet. 2.

INto theſe loues who but for paſsion lookes,
At this firſt ſight, heere let them lay them by,
And ſeeke elſe-where in turning other bookes,
vvhich better may his labour ſatisfie.
No far-fetch'd ſigh ſhall euer wound my breſt,
Loue from mine eye, a teare ſhall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whining Sonnets dreſt,
(A Libertine) fantaſtickly I ſing;
My verſe is the true image of my mind,
Euer in motion, ſtill deſiring change,
To choyce of all varietie inclin'd,
And in all humors ſportiuely I range;
My actiue Muſe is of the worlds right ſtraine,
That cannot long one faſhion entertaine.

Sonnet. 3.

MAny there be excelling in this kind,
vvhoſe well-trick'd rimes with all inuention ſwell,
Let each commend as beſt ſhall like his minde,
Some *Sidney*, *Conſtable*, ſome *Daniell*.
That thus their names familiarly I ſing,
Let none thinke them diſparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may ſpeake of a King,
And ſo may theſe be ſpoken of by me;
My wanton verſe neere keepes one certaine ſtay,
But now, at hand; then, ſeekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes aſtray,
vvilde, madding, iocond, and irreguler;
Like me that luſt, my honeſt merry rimes,
Nor care for Criticke, nor regard the times.

Sonnet. 4.

THine eyes taught me the Alphabet of loue,
To con my Croſrow ere I learn'd to ſpell,
For I was apt, a Scholler like to proue,
Gaue me ſweet lookes when as I learned well,
Vowes were my vowels when I then begun
At my firſt leſſon in thy ſacred name,
My conſonants the next when I had done,
VVords conſonant, and ſounding to thy fame;
My liquids then, were liquid Chriſtall teares,
My cares my mutes, ſo mute to craue releeſe,
My dolefull Dipthongs, were my lifes diſpaires
Redoubling ſighs, the accents of my greeſe;
My Loues Schoole-miſtres now hath taught me ſo,
That I can read a ſtorie of my woe.

Sonet. 5.

MY hart was ſlaine, and none but you and I,
vvho ſhould I thinke the murder ſhould commit?
Since but your ſelfe, there was no creature by
But onely I, guiltleſſe of murth'ring it.
It ſlew it ſelfe; the verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead and me not acceſſary;
VVell, well, I feare it will be prou'd by you,
The euidence ſo great a proofe doth carry.
But ô, ſee, ſee, we need enquire no further,
Vpon your lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murther,
Your cheekes yet pale ſince firſt they gaue the wound.
By this, I ſee, how euer things be paſt,
Yet heauen will ſtill haue murther out at laſt.

Sonet

Sonnet. 6.

TAking my pen, with words to caſt my woes,
Duly to count the ſum of all my cares
I finde, my griefe innumerable growes,
The reckonings riſe to millions of diſpaires;
And thus deuiding of my fatall houres,
The payments of my loue I reade, and croſſe
Subſtracting, ſet my ſweets vnto my ſowers,
My ioyes arerage leades me to my loſſe;
And thus mine eyes a debtour to thine eye,
vvhich by extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My hart hath paid ſuch grieuous vſurie,
That all his wealth lies in thy beauties bookes;
And all is thine which hath beene due to mee,
And I a Bankrupt, quite vndone by thee.

An alluſion to Narciſſus.

Sonnet. 7.

BEauty ſometime in all her glorie crowned,
Paſsing by that cleere fountaine of thine eye,
Her ſun-ſhine face there chauncing to eſpie,
Forgot herſelfe, deeming ſhee had beene drowned,
And thus whilſt Beautie, on her beautie gazed,
vvho then (yet liuing) thought ſhe had been dying;
And yet in death ſome hope of life eſpying,
vvith her owne rare perfections ſo amazed,
Twixt ioy and griefe, yet with a ſmiling frowning,
The glorious ſun-beames of her eyes bright ſhining,
And ſhe on her owne deſteny diuining,
Caſt in herſelfe, to ſaue herſelfe by drowning;
Tho vvell of Nectar, pau'd with pearle and gold,
vvhere ſhe remaines for all eyes to behold.

NOthing but no and I, and I and no,
How falls it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell ye (Faire) ile not be aunſwered ſo,
vvith this affirming no, denying I,
I ſay I loue, you ſlightly aunſwere I,
I ſay you loue, you pule me out a no;
I ſay I die, you eccho me with I,
Saue me I cry, you ſigh me out a no:
Muſt woe and I, haue naught but no and I?
No, I am I, if I no more can haue,
Aunſwere no more, with ſilence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I doe craue;
Let no and I, with I and you be ſo,
Then aunſwere no, and I, and I, and no.

To Harmonie. Sonnet. 9.

LOue once would daunce within my Miſtres eye,
And wanting muſique fitting for the place,
Swore that I ſhould the inſtrument ſupply,
And ſuddainly preſents me with her face;
Straightwayes my pulſe playe liuely in my vaines,
My panting breath doth keepe a meaner time,
My quau'ring artiers be the Tenours ſtraines,
My trembling ſinewes ſerue the Counterchime,
My hollow ſighs the deepeſt baſe doe beare,
True diapazon in diſtincted ſound;
My panting hart the treble makes the ayre,
And deſcants finely on the muſiques ground;
Thus like a Lute or Violl did I lie,
vvhilſt he proud ſlaue daunc'd galliards in her eye.

Sonnet. 10.

LOue in an humor plaid the prodigall,
And bids my ſences to a ſolemne feaſt,
Yet more to grace the companie withall,
Inuites my hart to be the chiefeſt gueſt;
No other drinke would ſerue this gluttons turne
But precious teares diſtilling from mine eyne,
vvhich with my ſighs this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing carouſes in this coſtly vvine,
vvhere, in his cups or'come with foule exceſſe,
Begins to play a ſwaggering Ruffins part,
And at the banquet, in his drunkennes
Slew my deere friend, his kind and trueſt hart;
A gentle warning friends, thus may you ſee
vvhat'tis to keepe a drunkard company.

To the Moone. Sonnet. 11.

PHœbe looke downe, and heere behold in mee,
The elements within thy ſphere incloſed,
How kindly Nature plac'd them vnder thee,
And in my world, ſee how they are diſpoſed;
My hope is earth, the loweſt, cold and dry,
The groſſer mother of deepe melancholie,
vvater my teares, coold with humiditie,
vvan, flegmatick, inclind by nature wholie;
My ſighs, the ayre, hote, moyſt, aſcending hier,
Subtile of ſanguine, dy'de in my harts dolor,
My thoughts, they be the element of fire,
Hote, dry, and percing, ſtill inclind to choller,
Thine eye the Orbe vnto all theſe, frō whence
Proceeds th'effects of powerfull influence,

To Lunacie. Sonnet. 12.

AS other men, ſo I my ſelfe doe muſe,
vvhy in this ſort I wreſt Inuention ſo,
And why theſe giddy metaphors I vſe,
Leauing the path the greater part doe goe;
I will reſolue you; I am lunaticke,
And euer this in mad men you ſhall finde,
vvhat they laſt thought on when the braine grew ſick,
In moſt diſtraction keepe that ſtill in minde.
Thus talking idely in this bedlam fit,
Reaſon and I, (you muſt conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeeres, now, ſince firſt I loſt my wit,
Beare with me then, though troubled be my braine;
vvith diet and correction, men diſtraught,
(Not too farre paſt) may to their wits be brought.

Sonnet. 13.

TO nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Then to the ſonne of ſome rich penny-father,
vvho hauing now brought on his end with care,
Leaues to his ſonne all he had heap'd together;
This newe rich nouice, lauiſh of his cheſt,
To one man giues, and on another ſpends,
Then heere he ryots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to ſend ſome to one true honeſt friend.
Thy gifts thou in obſcuritie dooſt waſt,
Falſe friends thy kindnes, borne but to deceiue thee,
Thy loue, that is on the vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beautie, which with age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to me was lent,
I giue thee back, when all the reſt is ſpent.

Sonnet

Sonnet. 14.

YOu not alone, when you are ſtill alone,
O God from you that I could priuate be,
Since you one were, I neuer ſince was one,
Since you in me, my ſelfe ſince out of me
Tranſported from my ſelfe into your beeing
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to eyther,
Senceleſſe with too much ioy, each other ſeeing,
And onely abſent when we are together.
Giue me my ſelfe, and take your ſelfe againe,
Deuiſe ſome meanes but how I may forſake you,
So much is mine that doth with you remaine,
That taking what is mine, with me I take you,
You doe bewitch me, ô that I could flie
From my ſelfe you, or from your own ſelfe I.

To the Soule. Sonnet. 15.

THat learned Father which ſo firmly proues
The ſoule of man immortall & diuine,
And doth the ſeuerall offices define,
Anima. Giues her that name as ſhe the body moues,
Amor. Then is ſhe loue imbracing Charitie,
Animus. Mouing a will in vs, it is the minde,
Mens. Retaining knowledge, ſtill the ſame in kinde;
Memoria. As intellectuall it is the memorie,
Ratio. In iudging, Reaſon onely is her name,
Senſus. In ſpeedy apprehenſion it is ſence,
Conſcientia. In right or wrong, they call her conſcience.
Spiritus. The ſpirit, when it to Godward doth inflame.
Theſe of the ſoule the ſeuerall functions bee,
vvhich my hart lightned by thy loue doth ſee.

LEtters and lines we ſee are ſoone defaced,
Mettles do waſte,& fret with cankers ruſt,
The Diamond ſhall once conſume to duſt,
And freſheſt colours with foule ſtaines diſgraced,
Paper and incke, can paint but naked words,
To write with blood, of force offends the ſight,
And if with teares, I find them all too light,
And ſighes and ſignes, a ſilly hope affords.
O ſweeteſt Shadow, how thou ſeru'ſt my turne,
vvhich ſtill ſhalt be, as long as there is Sunne,
Nor whilſt the world is, neuer ſhall be done,
vvhilſt Moone ſhal ſhine, or any fire ſhal burne.
That euery thing whence ſhadow doth proceed,
May in his ſhadow, my loues ſtory reade.

Sonnet. 17.

IF hee from heauen that filch'd that liuing fire,
Condemn'd by *Ioue* to endleſſe torment be,
I greatly meruaile how you ſtill goe free
That farre beyond *Promethius* did aſpire?
The fire he ſtole, although of heauenly kinde,
vvhich from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liueles clods vs liuing men to make,
Againe beſtow'd in temper of the mind.
But you broke in to heauens immortall ſtore,
vvhere vertue, honour, wit, and beautie lay,
vvhich taking thence, you haue eſcap'd away,
Yet ſtand as free as ere you did before,
But old *Promethius* puniſh'd for his rape,
Thus poore theeues ſuffer, when the greater ſcape.

Sonnet. 18.

VIewing the glaſſe of my youths miſeries,
I ſee the face of my deformed cares,
VVith withered browes, all wrinckled with diſpayres,
That for my youth the teares fall from mine eyes,
Then in theſe teares, the mirrors of theſe eyes,
Thy faireſt youth and beautie doe I ſee,
Imprinted there by looking ſtill on thee;
Thus midſt my woes, ten thouſand ioyes ariſe.
Yet in theſe ioyes the ſhadowes of my good,
In this faire limmed ground as white as ſnow
Painted the blackeſt image of my woe,
vvith murthering hands imbru'd in mine owne blood,
And in this image his darke clowdy eyes,
My life, and loue, I here anatomize.

To the Phenix. Sonnet. 19.

WIthin the compaſſe of this ſpacious round
Amongſt all birds the Phenix is alone,
VVhich but by you could neuer haue beene knowne,
None like to that, none like to you is found,
Heape your owne vertues ſeaſoned by their ſunne,
On heauenly top of your diuine deſire;
Then with your beautie ſet the ſame on fire,
So by your death, your life ſhall be begunne.
Your ſelfe thus burned in this ſacred flame,
VVith your owne ſweetnes all the heauens perfuming,
And ſtill encreaſing as you are conſuming,
Shall ſpring againe from th'aſhes of your fame,
And mounting vp, ſhall to the heauens aſcend,
So may you liue, paſt world, paſt fame, paſt end.

To Time. Sonnet. 20.

STay, ſtay, ſweet Time, behold or ere thou paſſe
From world to world, thou long haſt ſought to ſee,
That wonder now wherein all wonders be,
vvhere heauen beholds her in a mortall glaſſe.
Nay, looke thee Time in this celeſtiall glaſſe,
And thy youth paſt, in this faire mirrour ſee,
The firſt worlds beautie in the infancie,
vvhat it was then, what thou before it was.
Now paſſe on Time, to after worlds tell this.
(And yet ſhalt tell) but trulie what hath beene,
That they may ſay, what former time hath ſeene,
And heauen may ioy to think on paſt worlds blis.
Heere make a Period Time, and ſay for me,
She was, whoſe like againe ſhall neuer be.

To the Celeſtiall numbers.
Sonnet. 21.

VNto the world, to learning, and to heauen,
Three nines there are, to euerie one a nine,
One number of the earth, the other both diuine,
One woman now makes three od numbers euen.
Nine orders firſt of Angels be in heauen,
Nine Muſes doe with learning ſtill frequent,
Theſe with the Gods are euer reſident;
Nine worthy ones vnto the world were giuen.
My worthy one to theſe nine worthies, addeth,
And my faire Muſe, one Muſe vnto the nine;
And my good Angell in my ſoule diuine,
with one more order, theſe nine orders gladdeth.
My Muſe, my worthy, & my Angell then,
Makes euery one of theſe three nines a ten.

Sonnet

Sonnet. 22.

YOu cannot loue my prettie hart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would,
But now againe you will the ſame deny,
If it might peaſe you, would to God you could;
VVhat will you hate? nay that you will not neither,
Nor loue, nor hate, how then? what will you doe,
VVhat will you keepe a meane then betwixt eyther?
Or will you loue me, and yet hate me to?
Yet ſerues not this, what next, what other ſhift?
You will, and will not, what a coyle is heere?
I ſee your craft, now I perceiue your drift,
And all this while, I was miſtaken there.
Your loue and hate is this, I now doe proue you,
You loue in hate, by hate to make me loue you.

Sonnet. 23.

AN euill ſpirit your beautie haunts me ſtill,
vvhere-with (alas) I haue been long poſſeſt,
vvhich ceaſeth not to tempt me vnto ill,
Nor giues me once but one poore minutes reſt.
In me it ſpeakes, whether I ſleepe or wake,
And when by meanes to driue it out I try
vvith greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in moſt extreamitie
Before my face, it layes all my diſpaires,
And haſts me on vnto a ſuddaine death;
Now tempting me, to drowne my ſelfe in teares,
And then in ſighing to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I ſtill prouok'd to euerie euill,
By this good wicked ſpirit, ſweet Angel deuill.

To

To the Spheares. Sonnet. 24.

THou which dooſt guide this little world of loue,
Thy planets manſions heere thou mayſt behold,
My brow the ſpheare where *Saturne* ſtill doth moue,
vvrinkled with cares; and withered, dry, and cold;
Mine eyes the Orbe where *Iupiter* doth trace,
vvhich gently ſmile becauſe they looke on thee,
Mars in my ſwartie viſage takes his place,
Made leane with loue, where furious conflicts bee.
Sol in my breaſt with his hote ſcorching flame,
But in my hart alone doth *Venus* raigne;
Mercury my hands, the Organs of my fame,
Luna my wauering and vnconſtant vaine;
The ſtarry heauen thy praiſe by me expreſt,
Thou the firſt moouer, guiding all the reſt.

To Folly. Sonnet. 25.

WIth fooles and children good diſcretion beares,
Then honeſt people, beare with Loue and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by yeeres,
Amongſt the reſt of fooles and children be,
Loues ſtill a Baby, playes with gaudes and toyes,
And like a wanton ſports with euery feather,
And Idiots ſtill are running after boyes,
Then fooles and children fitt'ſt to goe together;
He ſtill as young as when he firſt was borne,
No wiſer I, then when as young as he,
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to ſcorne,
Giue Nature thanks you are not ſuch as we;
Yet fooles and children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhowe, more fooles in deede, then they.

Sonnet

Sonnet. 26.

LOue baniſh'd heauen, in earth was held in ſcorne,
vvandring abroad in neede and beggery,
And wanting friends, though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crau'd the almes of ſuch as paſſed by,
I like a man, deuout and charitable;
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wandring gueſt,
vvith ſighs and teares ſtill furniſhing his table,
vvith what might make the miſerable bleſt;
But this vngratefull for my good deſart,
Entic'd my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
vvho gaue conſent to ſteale away my hart,
And ſet my breaſt his lodging on a fire:
vvell, well, my friends, when beggers grow thus bold,
No meruaile then though charity grow cold.

Sonnet. 27.

IHeare ſome ſay, this man is not in loue,
vvho, can he loue? a likely thing they ſay:
Reade but his verſe, and it will eaſly proue;
O iudge not raſhly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Becauſe I looſely tryfle in this ſort,
As one that faine his ſorrowes would beguile:
You now ſuppoſe me, all this time in ſport,
And pleaſe your ſelfe with this conceit the while.
You ſhallow cenſures; ſometime ſee you not
In greateſt perills ſome men pleaſant be,
vvhere fame by death is onely to be got,
They reſolute, ſo ſtands the caſe with me;
vvhere other men, in depth of paſsion cry,
I laugh at fortune, as in ieſt to die.

O VVhy ſhould nature nigardly reſtraine,
The Sotherne Nations reliſh not our tongue,
Elſe ſhould my lines glide on the vvaues of Rhene,
And crowne the Pirens with my liuing ſong;
But bounded thus to Scotland get you forth;
Thence take you wing vnto the Orcades,
There let my verſe get glorie in the North,
Making my ſighs to thaw the frozen ſeas,
And let the Bards within that Iriſh Ile,
To whom my Muſe with fierie wings ſhall paſſe,
Call backe the ſtiffe-neck'd rebells from exile,
And molifie the ſlaughtering Galliglaſſe;
And when my flowing numbers they rehearſe,
Let VVoules and Beares be charmed with my verſe.

To Deſpaire. Sonnet. 29.

I Euer loue, where neuer hope appeares,
Yet hope drawes on my neuer-hoping care,
And my lifes hope would die but for diſpaire,
My neuer-certaine ioy, breedes euer-certaine feares,
Vncertaine-dread, giues wings vnto my hope,
Yet my hopes wings are loden ſo with feare,
As they cannot aſcend to my hopes ſpheare,
Yet feare giues them more then a heauenly ſcope;
Yet this large roome is bounded with diſpaire,
So my loue is ſtill fettered with vaine hope,
And libertie depriues him of his ſcope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the ayre;
Then ſweet Diſpaire, a while hold vp thy head,
Or all my hope for ſorrow will be dead.

I Gaue my faith to Loue, Loue his to me,
That he & I, ſworne brothers ſhould remaine,
Thus faith receau'd, faith giuen back againe,
vvho would imagine bond more ſure could be?
Loue flies to her, yet holds he my faith taken,
As from my vertue rayſing my offence,
Making me guiltie by mine innocence;
And onely bond by beeing ſo forſaken,
He makes her aske what I before had vow'd,
Giuing her that, which he had giuen me,
I bound by him, and he by her made free.
vvho euer ſo hard breach of faith alow'd?
Speake you that ſhould of right and wrong diſcuſſe,
vvas right ere wrong'd, or wrong ere righted thus?

Sonnet. 31.

TO ſuch as ſay thy loue I ouer-prize,
And doe not ſticke to terme my praiſes folly,
Againſt theſe folks that think themſelues ſo wiſe,
I thus appoſe my force of reaſon wholly,
Though I giue more, then well affords my ſtate,
In which expenſe the moſt ſuppoſe me vaine,
vvould yeeld them nothing at the eaſieſt rate,
Yet at this price, returnes me treble gaine,
The value not, vnskilfull how to vſe,
And I giue much, becauſe I gaine thereby,
I that thus take, or they that thus refuſe,
vvhether are theſe deceaued then, or I?
In euery thing I hold this maxim ſtill,
The circumſtance doth make it good or ill.

To Contrarietie. Sonnet. 32.

THoſe teares quench hope, doe kindle my deſire,
Thoſe ſighs coole harts, are coales vnto my loue,
Icie diſdaine, is to my ſoule a fire,
And yet all theſe I contrary doe proue;
Deſire doth make hope burne, and dryeth teares,
Loue heates my hart, which my ſighs inly warmeth
vvith my ſoules gleed; diſdaine is ſpent to ayres,
It hurts and heales, it helpeth, and it harmeth,
My hope becomes a friend to my deſire;
My hart imbraceth loue, and loue my hart.
Diſdaine a Phœnix is in my ſoules fire,
And vow from other, neuer to depart;
Such peacefull conflicts ſtirring in my life,
Foes liue in concord, and friends ſtill at ſtrife.

To the Sences. Sonnet. 33.

WHen conquering loue did firſt my hart aſſaile,
Vnto mine ayde I ſummond'd euery ſence,
Doubting if that proud tyrant ſhould preuaile,
My hart ſhould ſuffer for mine eyes offence;
But he with beauty, firſt corrupted ſight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongues harmony,
My taſte, by her ſweet lips drawne with delight,
My ſmelling wonne with her breaths ſpicerie;
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The King of ſences, greater then the reſt)
Hee yeelds loue vp the keyes vnto my hart,
And tells the other how they ſhould be bleſt;
And thus by thoſe of whom I hop'd for ayde,
To cruell Loue my ſoule was firſt betrayde.

Sonnet

THose Priests, which first the Vestall fire begun,
vvhich might be borrowed from no earthly flame,
Deuis'd a vessell to receaue the sunne,
Beeing stedfastly opposed to the same;
vvhere, vvith sweet wood, layd curiously by Art,
vvhereon the sunne might by reflection beate,
Receauing strength from euery secret part,
The fuell kindled with celestiall heate.
Thy blessed eyes, the sunne which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the Vestall flame,
The precious odors be my chast desire,
My breast the fuell which includes the same;
Thou art my *Vesta*, thou my Goddesse art,
Thy hollowed Temple, onely is my hart.

Sonnet. 35.

ME thinks I see some crooked Mimick ieere,
And taxe my Muse with this fantastick grace,
Turning my papers, askes what haue we heere?
Making withall, some filthy anticke face;
I feare no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one iote of vigor lose,
Think'st thou my wit shall keepe the pack-horse way,
That euery dudgen low inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in bundles are impreſt,
And euery drudge doth dull our satiate eare,
Think'st thou my Loue, shall in those rags be dreſt
That euery dowdy, euery trull doth weare?
Vnto my pitch no common iudgement flies,
I scorne all earthly dung-bred scarabies.

Sonnet. 36.

OVr floods Queene *Thames*, for ſhips & Swans is crow
And ſtately Seuerne, for her ſhores is praiſed, (ned
The chriſtall Trent, for Foords and fiſh renowned,
And Auons fame, to Albyons Cliues is raiſed.
Carlegion Cheſter, vaunts her holy Dee,
Yorke many wonders of her Ouſe can tell,
The Peake her Doue, whoſe banks ſo fertile bee,
And Kent will ſay, her Medway doth excell,
Cotſwould commends her Iſis and her Tame,
Our Northerne borders boaſt of Tweeds faire flood,
Our VVeſterne parts extoll her VVilys fame,
And old Legea brags of Daniſh blood;
Ardens ſweet Ankor let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* ſhe doth liue by thee.

To Imagination. Sonnet. 37.

WHilſt yet mine eyes do ſurfet with delight,
My wofull hart impriſon'd in my breſt,
VViſheth to be transformed in my ſight,
That it like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt,
But whilſt mine eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their obiects ouer-ſoone depart,
Theſe now the others happines doe praiſe,
vviſhing themſelues that they had been my hart,
That eyes were hart, or that the hart were eyes,
As couetous the others vſe to haue;
But finding reaſon, their requeſt denies,
This to each other mutually they craue,
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That eyes could thinke, or that my hart could ſee.

Sonnet

To admiration. Sonnet. 38.

MArualle not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Rauiſh'd a world beyond the fartheſt thought,
That knowing more then euer hath been taught,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruaile not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Ayming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wiſedoms ſelfe to miniſter direction,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruaile not Loue, though I thy power admire,
Though my conceit I further ſeeme to bend,
Then poſsibly inuention can extend,
And yet am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
If thou wilt wonder, heers the wonder Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

To Miracle. Sonnet. 39.

SOme misbeleeuing, and prophane in loue,
VVhen I doe ſpeake of miracles by thee,
May ſay that thou art flattered by mee,
vvho onely write, my skill in verſe to proue.
See miracles, ye vnbeleeuing ſee,
A dumb-borne Muſe, made to expreſſe the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee;
Blinde were mine eyes, till they were ſeene of thine,
And mine eares deafe, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd, by vertues ſprung from thee,
My hopes reuiu'd which long in graue had line.
All vncleane thoughts, foule ſpirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by vertue that proceedes from thee.

READing ſometime, my ſorrowes to beguile,
I finde old Poets hills and floods admire,
One, he doth wonder monſter-breeding Nyle,
Another, maruailes Sulphure Ætnas fire.
Now broad-brimd Indus, then of Pindus height,
Pelion and Oſſa, froſty Caucaſe old,
The Delian Cynthus, then Olympus weight,
Slow Arrer, frantick Gallus, Cydnus cold.
Some Ganges, Iſter, and of Tagus tell,
Some whirl-poole Po, and ſliding Hypaſis,
Some old pernaſſus, where the Muſe dwell,
Some Helicon, and ſome faire Simois;
A fooles thinke I, had you *Idea* ſeene,
Poore brookes and banks, had no ſuch wonders beene.

Sonnet. 41.

DEere, why ſhould you commaund me to my reſt
VVhen now the night doth ſummon all to ſleepe?
Me thinks this time becommeth Louers beſt,
Night was ordaind together friends to keepe.
How happy are all other liuing things,
VVhich though the day diſioyne by ſeuerall flight,
The quiet euening yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his loue at night.
O thou that art ſo curteous vnto all,
VVhy ſhouldſt thou Night abuſe me onely thus,
That euery creature to his kinde dooſt call,
And yet tis thou dooſt onely ſeuer vs.
VVell could I wiſh it would be euer day,
If when night comes you bid me goe away.

SItting alone, loue bids me goe and write,
Reaſon plucks backe, commaunding me to ſtay,
Boaſting that ſhee doth ſtill direct the way,
Or elſe loue were vnable to endite;
Loue growing angry, vexed at the ſpleene,
And ſcorning Reaſons maimed argument,
Straight taxeth Reaſon, wanting to inuent,
vvhere ſhee with Loue conuerſing hath not been.
Reaſon reproched with this coy diſdaine,
Diſpighteth Loue, and laugheth at her follie,
And Loue contemning Reaſons reaſon wholſie,
Thought it in weight too light by manie a graine.
Reaſon put backe, doth out of ſight remoue,
And loue alone, findes reaſon in my loue.

Sonnet. 43.

SOme, when in rime they of their loues doe tell,
vvith flames and lightning their exordiums paint,
Some call on heauen, ſome inuocate on hell,
And Fates & Furies with their woes acquaint.
Elizium is too high a ſeate for mee,
I will not come in Stix or Phlegiton,
The thrice three Muſes but too wanton be,
Like they that luſt, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull *Errinis* frights mee with her lookes,
My manhood dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecates* charming bookes,
I ſtill feare bugbeares in *Apollos* Cell.
I paſſe not for *Minerua* nor *Aſtrea*,
Onely I call vpon diuine *Idea*.

Sonnet. 44.

MY hart the Anuile where my thoughts doe beate,
My words the hammers, faſhioning my deſire,
My breaſt the forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the fuell which maintaines the fire.
My ſighes the bellowes which the flame increaſeth,
Filling mine eares with noiſe and nightlie groning,
Toyling with paine, my labour neuer ceaſeth,
In greeuous paſsions my woes ſtill bemoning.
Mine eyes with teares againſt the fire ſtriuing,
vvhoſe ſcorching gleed my hart to cinders turneth;
But with thoſe drops, the flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more vnto my torment burneth.
VVith *Siſiphus* thus doe I role the ſtone,
And turne the wheele with damned *Ixion*.

Sonnet. 45.

WHy doe I ſpeake of ioy, or write of loue,
vvhen my hart is the very den of horror,
And in my ſoule the paines of hell I proue,
vvith all his torments, and infernall terror?
VVhat ſhould I ſay, what yet remaines to doe?
My braine is dry with weeping all too long,
My ſighes be ſpent in vttring of my woe,
And I want words wher-with to tell my wrong.
But ſtill diſtracted in loues Lunacie,
And Bedlam like thus rauing in my greefe,
Now raile vpon her haire, now on her eye,
Now call her Goddeſſe, then I call her theefe,
Now I denie her, then I doe confeſſe her,
Now doe I curſe her, then againe I bleſſe her.

Sonnet.

Sonnet. 46.

MY loue makes hote the fire whoſe heate is ſpent,
The water, moiſture from my teares deriueth;
And my ſtrong ſighes, the ayres weake force reuiueth;
This loue, tears, ſighs, maintaine each one his element.
The fire, vnto my loue, compare a painted fire,
The water to my teares, as drops to Oceans be,
The ayre vnto my ſighs, as Eagle to the flie,
The paſsions of diſpaire, but ioyes to my deſire.
Onely my loue is in the fire ingraued,
Onely my teares by Oceans may be geſſed,
Onely my ſighes are by the ayre expreſſed,
Yet fire, water, ayre, of nature not depriued.
VVhilſt fire, water, ayre, twixt heauen & earth ſhall be,
My loue, my teares, my ſighes, extinguiſht cannot be.

Sonnet. 47.

SOme men there be, which like my method well,
And doe commend the ſtrangenes of my vaine,
Some ſay, I haue a paſsing pleaſing ſtraine,
Some ſay, that in my humor I excell:
Some, who not kindly reliſh my conceite,
They ſay (as Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my paſsions paine.
Thus ſundry men, their ſundry minds repeate.
I paſſe not I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends, or diſcommends my verſe,
It pleaſeth me, if I my woes rehearſe,
And in my lines, if ſhe my loue may ſee.
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
VVriting her praiſe, I cannot write amiſſe.

Sonnet. 48.

WHilſt thus my pen ſtriues to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrincles in my face,
VVhere in the Map of all my miſerie
Is modeld out the world of my diſgrace,
vvhilſt in deſpight of tyrannizing times,
Medea like I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my world-outwearing rimes,
And murther'ſt vertue with thy coy diſdaine;
And though in youth, my youth vntimely perriſh,
To keepe thee from obliuion and the graue,
Enſuing ages yet my rimes ſhall cherriſh,
VVhen I entomb'd my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name ſhall mount vpon eternitie.

Sonnet. 49.

MVſes which ſadlie ſit about my chaire,
Drownd in the teares extorted by my lines,
vvith heauie ſighs whilſt thus I breake the ayre,
Painting my paſsions in theſe ſad diſsignes,
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happie verſe,
The ſtrong built Trophies to her liuing fame,
Euer hence-forth my boſome be your hearſe,
vvherein the world ſhall now entombe her name,
Encloſe my muſicke you poore ſenceleſſe walls,
Sith ſhee is deafe and will not heare my mones,
Soften your ſelues with euerie teare that falls,
vvhilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to trees and ſtones;
vvhich with my plaints ſeeme yet with pittie moued,
Kinder then ſhee who I ſo long haue loued.

Sonnet. 50.

CVpid, dumb Idoll, peeuiſh ſaint of loue,
No more ſhalt thou nor ſaint nor Idoll be,
No God art thou, Loues Goddeſſe ſhe doth proue,
Of all thine honour ſhe hath robbed thee.
Thy bowe halfe broke, is peec'd with old deſire,
Her bow is beautie with ten thouſand ſtrings,
And euery one of pureſt golden wyer,
The leaſt of force to conquer hoaſts of Kings.
Thy ſhafts be ſpent, and ſhe (to war appointed)
Hides in thoſe chriſtall quiuers of her eyes,
More arrowes with hart-piercing mettle pointed,
Then there be ſtars at midninght in the skyes.
vvith theſe, ſhe ſteales mens harts for her releeſe,
Yet happie hee that's robd of ſuch a theefe.

Sonnet. 51.

THou leaden braine which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſay'ſt my lines be dull, and doe not moue,
I meruaile not thou feel'ſt not my delight,
vvhich neuer feltſt my fierie tuch of loue.
But thou whoſe pen hath like a Pack-horſe ſeru'd,
vvhoſe ſtomack vnto gaule hath turn'd thy foode,
vvhoſe ſences like poore priſoners hunger-ſtaru'd,
vvhoſe griefe hath parch'd thy body, dry'd thy blood.
Thou which haſt ſcorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, ſober, glad, and ſorry,
Thou which haſt band thy thoughts & curſt thy birth,
vvith thouſand plagues more then in purgatorie.
Thou thus whoſe ſpirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and read, admire, applaud my lines.

An aluſion to Dedalus *and* Icarus.

Sonnet. 52.

MY hart impriſoned in a hopeleſſe Ile,
Peopled with Armies of pale iealous eyes,
The ſhores beſet with thouſand ſecret ſpies,
Muſt paſſe by ayre, or elſe die in exile,
He fram'd him wings with feathers of his thought,
vvhich by their nature learn'd to mount the skie,
And with the ſame he practiſed to flie,
Till he himſelfe this Eagles Art had taught.
Thus ſoring ſtill, not looking once below,
So neere thine eyes celeſtiall ſunne aſpired,
That with the rayes his waſting pineons fired.
Thus was the wanton cauſe of his owne woe,
Downe fell he in thy beauties Ocean drenched,
Yet there he burnes, in fire that's neuer quenched.

Another to the Riuer Ankor. Sonnet. 53.

CLeere Ankor, on whoſe ſiluer-ſanded ſhore,
My ſoule ſhrin'd Saint, my faire *Idea* lyes.
O bleſſed Brooke, whoſe milk-white Swans adore
That Chriſtall ſtreame refined by her eyes.
VVhere ſweet Mirrh-breathing *Zephire* in the ſpring,
Gently diſtils his Nectar-dropping ſhowers,
vvhere Nightingales in Arden ſit and ſing,
Amongſt thoſe daintie dew-empearled flowers;
Say thus faire Brooke when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queene,
Loe heere thy ſheepheard ſpent his wandring yeeres;
And in theſe ſhades deere Nimph he oft hath beene,
And heere to thee he ſacrifiz'd his teares.
Faire Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou ſweet Ankor art my Helicon.

Sonnet

Sonnet. 54.

YEt reade at laſt the ſtorie of my woe,
The drery abſtracts of my endleſſe cares;
vvith my lifes ſorrow enterlined ſo,
Smok'd with my ſighes, and blotted with my teares.
The ſad memorialls of my miſeries,
Pend in the griefe of mine afflicted ghoſt;
My lifes complaint in dolefull Elegies,
vvith ſo pure loue as time could neuer boaſt.
Receaue the Incenſe which I offer heere,
By my ſtrong faith aſcending to thy fame,
My zeale, my hope, my vowes, my praiſe, my prayer,
My ſoules oblations to thy ſacred name.
VVhich name my Muſe to higheſt heauen ſhall raiſe,
By chaſt deſire, true loue, and vertues praiſe.

Sonnet. 55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt regiſter my loue,
More then worlds volumes ſhall thereof ariſe,
Preſerue my teares, and thou thy ſelfe ſhalt proue
A ſecond flood downe rayning from mine eyes.
None but my ſighs, and thine eyes ſhall behold,
The ſun-beames ſmothered with immortall ſmoke:
And if by thee my prayers may be enrold,
They heauen and earth to pittie ſhall prouoke.
Looke thou into my breaſt, and thou ſhalt ſee,
Chaſt holy vowes for my ſoules ſacrifice;
That ſoule (ſweete Maide) which ſo hath honored thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy ſacred eyes.
Thoſe eyes to my hart ſhining euer bright,
vyhen darknes hath obſcur'd each other light,

An aluſion to the Eaglets.

Sonnet. 56.

MY thoughts bred vp with Eagle-birds of loue,
And for their vertues I deſir'd to know,
Vpon the neſt I ſet them, forth to proue,
If they were of the Eagles kinde or no.
But they no ſooner ſaw my ſunne appeare,
But on her rayes with gazing eyes they ſtood,
vvhich proou'd my birds delighted in the ayre,
And that they came of this rare kingly brood.
But now their plumes full ſumd with ſweet deſire,
To ſhew their kind, began to clime the skyes:
Doe what I could, my Eaglets would aſpire,
Straight mounting vp to thy celeſtiall eyes.
And thus (my Faire) my thoughts away be flowne,
And from my breaſt into thine eyes be gone.

Sonnet. 57.

MY Faire, had I not erſt adorn'd my Lute,
vvith thoſe ſweet ſtrings ſtolne from thy golden haire,
Vnto the world had all my ioyes beene mute,
Nor had I learn'd to deſcant on my Faire.
Had not mine eye ſeene thy celeſtiall eye,
Nor my hart knowne the power of thy name,
I had beene buried to poſteritie,
Thy beauties yet vnregiſtred by fame.
But thy diuine perfections by their skill,
This miracle (loe) on my Muſe haue tried,
And haue inſpir'd a furie in my quill,
That in my verſe thou liueſt deified.
That from thy ſelfe the cauſe is thus deriued,
That by thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe ſhall be ſuruiued.

Sonet.

AS Loue and I, late harbour'd in one Inne,
VVith Prouerbs thus each other intertaine;
In loue there is no lacke, thus I beginne?
Faire words makes fooles, replieth he againe?
That ſpares to ſpeake, doth ſpare to ſpeed (quoth I)
As well (ſaith he) too forward as too ſlow.
Fortune aſſiſts the boldeſt, I replie?
A haſty man (quoth he) nere wanted woe.
Labour is light, where loue (quoth I) doth pay,
(Saith he) light burthens heauy, if farre borne?
(Quoth I) the maine loſt, caſt the by away:
You haue ſpunne a faire thred, he replies in ſcorne.
And hauing thus a while each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, ſo fooles againe we parted.

Sonet. 59.

DEfine my loue, and tell the ioyes of heauen,
Expreſſe my woes, and ſhew the paines of hell,
Declare what Fate vnluckie ſtarres haue giuen,
And aske a world vpon my life to dwell.
Make knowne that faith, vnkindnes could not moue,
Compare my worth with others baſe deſert,
Let vertue be the tuch-ſtone of my loue,
So may the heauens reade wonders in my hart.
Behold the clouds which haue eclips'd my ſunne,
And view the croſſes which my courſe doth let,
Till me, if euer ſince the world begunne,
So faire a riſing had ſo foule a ſet?
And by all meanes, let foule vnkindnes proue,
And ſhew the ſecond to ſo pure a loue.

Sonnet. 60.

WHen firſt I ended, then I firſt began,
The more I trauell, further from my reſt,
vvhere moſt I loſt, there moſt of all I wan,
Pined with hunger, riſing from a feaſt.
Me thinks I flee, yet want I legs to goe,
vviſe in conceite, in act a very ſot,
Raviſht with ioy, amidſt a hell of woe,
vvhat moſt I ſeeme, that ſureſt am I not.
I build my hopes a world aboue the skie,
Yet with the Mole, I creepe into the earth,
In plenty, am I ſtaru'd with penurie,
And yet I ſurfet in the greateſt dearth.
I haue, I want, diſpaire, and yet deſire,
Burn'd in a Sea of Ice, and drown'd amidſt a fire.

Sonnet. 61.

TRuce gentle Loue, a parley now I craue,
Me thinks, tis long ſince firſt theſe wars begun,
Nor thou nor I, the better yet can haue:
Bad is the match where neither party wone.
I, offer free conditions of faire peace,
My hart for hoſtage, that it ſhall remaine,
Diſcharge our forces heere, let malice ceaſe,
So for my pledge, thou giue me pledge againe.
Or if nothing but death will ſerue thy turne,
Still thirſting for ſubuerſion of my ſtate;
Doe what thou canſt, raze, maſſacre, and burne,
Let the world ſee the vtmoſt of thy hate:
I ſend defiance ſince if ouer-throwne,
Thou vanquiſhing, the conqueſt is mine owne,

EYes with your teares, blind if you bee,
vvhy haue theſe teares ſuch eyes to ſee,
Poore eyes, if your teares cannot moue,
My teares, eyes, then muſt mone my loue,
Then eyes, ſince you haue loſt your ſight,
vveepe ſtill, and teares ſhall lend you light,
Till both deſolu'd, and both want might.
No, no, cleere eyes, you are not blind,
But in my teares diſcerne my mind:
Teares be the language which you ſpeake,
which my hart wanting, yet muſt breake;
My tongue muſt ceaſe to tell my wrongs,
And make my ſighs to get them tongs,
Yet more then this to her belongs.

To the high and mighty Prince, Iames, *King of Scots.*
Sonnet. 63.

NOt thy graue Counſells, nor thy Subiects loue,
Nor all that famous Scottiſh royaltie,
Or what thy ſoueraigne greatnes may approue,
Others in vaine doe but hiſtorifie,
vvhen thine owne glory from thy ſelfe doth ſpring,
As though thou did'ſt, all meaner prayſes ſcorne:
Of Kings a Poet, and the Poets King,
They Princes, but thou Prophets do'ſt adorne;
VVhilſt others by their Empires are renown'd,
Thou do'ſt enrich thy Scotland with renowne,
And Kings can but with Diadems be crown'd,
But with thy Laurell, thou doo'ſt crowne thy Crowne;
That they whoſe pens, (euen) life to Kings doe giue,
In thee a King, ſhall ſeeke them ſelues to liue.

To

GReat Lady, essence of my chiefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempred spirit,
Adorn'd with gifts, enobled by thy blood,
vvhich by discent true vertue do'st inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
vvhich thou by birth tak'st from thy gracious mother,
vvhose royall minds with equall motion striue,
vvhich most in honour shall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muse her selfe shall taske,
vvhich rain'st vpon me thy sweet golden showers,
And but thy selfe, no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose praise my soule shall spend her powers.
Sweet Lady yet, grace this poore Muse of mine,
vvhose faith, whose zeale, whose life, whose all is thine.

To the Lady Anne Harington.
Sonnet. 65.

MAdam, my words cannot expresse my mind,
My zealous kindnes to make knowne to you,
vvhen your deserts all seuerally I find;
In this attempt of me doe craue their due,
Your gracious kindnes first doth claime my hart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each doe challenge part,
And leaue me thus the least that is mine owne?
vvhat should commend your modesty and wit,
Is by your wit and modesty commended,
And standeth dumbe, in most admiring it,
And where it should begin, is onely ended;
Returning this your prayses onely due,
And to your selfe say you are onely you.

To the Lady L. S. Sonnet. 66.

BRight ſtarre of Beauty, on whoſe eye lids ſit,
A thouſand Nimph-like and enamoured Graces,
The Goddeſſes of memory and wit,
vvhich in due order take their ſeuerall places,
In whoſe deare boſome, ſweet delicious loue,
Layes downe his quiuer, that he once did beare,
Since he that bleſſed Paradice did proue,
Forſooke his mothers lap to ſport him there.
Let others ſtriue to entertaine with words,
My ſoule is of another temper made;
I hold it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith, ſhall not inuade:
Still let my praiſe be honoured thus by you,
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I be moſt true.

To Sir *Anthonie Cooke*. Sonnet. 67.

VOuchſafe to grace theſe rude vnpoliſh'd rimes,
vvhich but for you had ſlept in ſable night,
And come abroad now in theſe glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the purenes of the light.
But ſith you ſee their deſtenie is ſuch,
That in the world their fortune they muſt try,
Perhaps they better ſhall abide the tuch,
vvearing your name their gracious liuerie.
Yet theſe mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor trafique further then this happy Clime,
Nor filch from *Portes* nor from *Petrarchs* pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Diuine Sir *Phillip*, I auouch thy writ,
I am no Pick-purſe of anothers wit.

FINIS.

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